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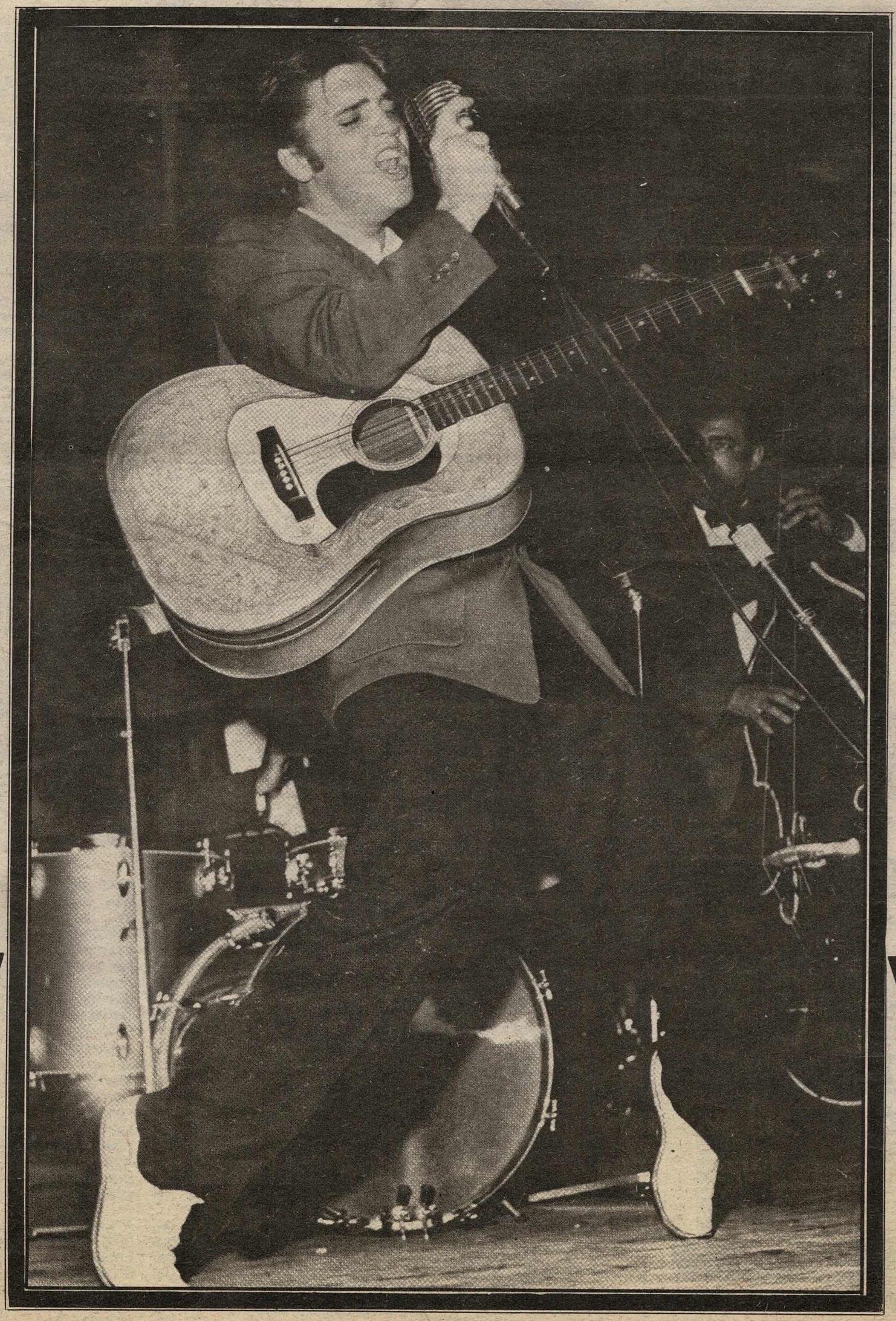

ELVIS LIVES

REMEMBER HIM THIS WAY. PAGE 23.

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Elvis Costello - L.P. £2.99
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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending August 22, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SCHOOL'S OUT	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
2	2	SEASIDE SHUFFLE	Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
13	3	YOU WEAR IT WELL	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
4	4	SILVER MACHINE	Hawkwind (United Artists)
3	5	POPCORN	Hot Butter (Pye)
5	6	PUPPY LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
14	7	ALL THE YOUNG DUDES	Mott The Hoople (CBS)
16	8	LAYLA	Derek & The Dominoes (Polydor)
6	9	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Partridge Family (Bell)
9	10	10538 OVERTURE	Electric Light Orchestra (Harvest)

TEN YEARS AGO

Wekk ending August 23, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
2	2	I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Tom Jones (Decca)
6	3	I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
12	4	THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT	Alan Price Set (Decca)
9	5	EVEN THE BAD TIMES ARE GOOD	Tremeloes (CBS)
3	6	ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	7	DEATH OF A CLOWN	Dave Davies (Pye)
7	8	JUST LOVING YOU	Anita Harris (CBS)
5	9	UP-UP AND AWAY	Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty)
8	10	IT MUST BE HIM	Vikki Carr (Liberty)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 24, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	2	SPEEDY GONZALES	Pat Boone (London)
3	3	THINGS	Bobby Darin (London)
4	4	GUITAR TANGO	Shadows (Columbia)
6	4	ROSES ARE RED	Ronnis Carroll (Philips)
4	6	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
9	7	ONCE UPON A TIME	Billy Fury (Decca)
14	8	SEALED WITH A KISS	Brian Hyland (HMV)
12	9	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
11	10	LET THERE BE LOVE	Nat King Cole/George Shearing (Capitol)

NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending August 27th, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	ANGELO	Brotherhood of Man (Pye)	7	1
2	(3)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters (ABC)	5	2
3	(4)	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	5	3
4	(5)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	7	4
5	(1)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (GTO)	7	1
6	(8)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon (Elektra)	3	6
7	(10)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge (A&M)	9	6
8	(7)	SOMETHING BETTER CHANGE	The Stranglers (United Artists)	4	5
9	(14)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams (CBS)	4	9
10	(6)	MA BAKER	Boney M (Atlantic)	9	1
11	(—)	WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	11
12	(9)	ROADRUNNER	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	7	9
13	(13)	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)	4	13
14	(23)	ALL AROUND THE WORLD	Jam (Polydor)	5	14
15	(12)	IT'S YOUR LIFE	Smokie (Rak)	6	8
16	(11)	EASY	Commodores (Motown)	8	11
17	(24)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	2	17
18	(16)	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	16
19	(25)	SPANISH STROLL	Mink De Ville (Capitol)	3	19
20	(—)	TULANE	Steve Gibbons Band (Polydor)	2	20
21	(15)	PRETTY VACANT	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	8	5
22	(20)	OH LORI	Alessi (A&M)	11	7
23	(19)	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO	Rods (Island)	2	19
24	(18)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	11	1
25	(—)	DEEP DOWN INSIDE	Donna Summer (GTO)	1	25
26	(—)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	26
27	(—)	I CAN'T GET YOU OUTTA MY MIND	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	1	27
28	(—)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	4	15
29	(21)	AMERICAN GIRL	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island)	2	21
30	(27)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	9	16

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN — Elkie Brooks (A&M); ALL I THINK ABOUT IS YOU — Harry Nilsson (RCA); GARY GILMORE'S EYES — Adverts (Anchor); I THINK I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU — Dooleys (GTO).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending August 27, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
2	(2)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
3	(4)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
4	(5)	EASY	Commodores
5	(6)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
6	(11)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters
7	(7)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
8	(9)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby Stills & Nash
9	(12)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
10	(10)	BARRACUDA	Heart
11	(16)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
12	(13)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer
13	(15)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
14	(14)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
15	(20)	ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop
16	(18)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	The Sanford-Townsend Band
17	(22)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson
18	(8)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
19	(24)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
20	(21)	CHRISTINE SIXTEEN	Kiss
21	(3)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
22	(26)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner
23	(19)	YOU'RE MY WORLD	Helen Reddy
24	(29)	STAR WARS	London Symphony Orchestra
25	(—)	KEEP IT COMING LOVE	K. C. & The Sunshine Band
26	(—)	DON'T WORRY BABY	B. J. Thomas
27	(—)	STARS WARS THEME	Meko
28	(17)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
29	(—)	EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE	Bee Gees
30	(25)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending August 27, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (Atlantic)	6	1
2	(3)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	20	1
2	(4)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	7	2
4	(2)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	9	2
5	(5)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	27	5
6	(5)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	10	1
7	(21)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	2	7
8	(8)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	35	1
9	(12)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	40	1
10	(7)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	17	4
11	(—)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	11
12	(11)	LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M (Atlantic)	4	11
13	(10)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	9	4
14	(15)	BEST OF ROD STEWART	Rod Stewart (Mercury)	6	14
15	(13)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	18	7
16	(—)	ELVIS 40 GREATEST HITS	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	16
17	(9)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	13	1
18	(17)	NEW WAVE	Various Artists (Philips)	2	17
19	(14)	ON STAGE	Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (Oyster)	5	13
20	(22)	LIVE! IN THE AIR AGE	Be Bop Deluxe (Harvest)	5	17
21	(—)	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	21
22	(30)	FLOATERS	(ABC)	2	22
23	(18)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	11	9
24	(20)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	17	2
25	(26)	IN THE CITY	Jam (Polydor)	2	25
26	(16)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	38	5
27	(19)	GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	15	6
28	(24)	MY AIM IS TRUE	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	2	24
29	(23)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	4	23
30	(29)	THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS	(Arcade)	7	14

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ANYTIME, ANYWHERE — Rita Coolidge (A&M); GREATEST HITS — Hot Chocolate (RAK); SIMPLE THINGS — Carole King (Capitol); IT'S A GAME — Bay City Rollers (Arista).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending August 27, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
3	(4)	JT	James Taylor
4	(3)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
5	(6)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
6	(5)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
7	(8)	REJOICE	Emotions
8	(9)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
9	(11)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
10	(7)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
11	(10)	COMMODORES	Commodores
12	(13)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
13	(17)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
14	(14)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
15	(16)	FOREIGNER	
16	(18)	RIGHT ON TIME	The Brothers Johnson
17	(21)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
18	(20)	FLOATERS	
19	(22)	STEVE WINWOOD	
20	(19)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
21	(23)	A PLACE IN THE SUN	Pablo Cruise
22	(24)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
23	(26)	I, ROBOT	The Alan Parsons Project
24	(15)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
25	(28)	SHAUN CASSIDY	
26	(—)	SIMPLE THINGS	Carole King
27	(29)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
28	(12)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
29	(—)	PLATINUM JAZZ	War
30	(27)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

ELVIS' LAST RIDE

ELVIS PRESLEY's sudden death last week, at the age of 42, leaves a mystery that will remain unsolved for all time. No-one will ever know exactly what killed him. Officially he died from a heart attack, but doubtless this was the final result of numerous contributory factors.

It's been suggested that Presley had become addicted to drugs. His former bodyguard Red West claims the singer was taking dozens of pills, and giving himself several injections, every day. Even his ex-wife Priscilla admitted to reporters that he had a serious drugs problem.

But country medical examiner Dr. Jerry Francisco, who performed the post-mortem, contradicted this. "If the use of drugs was that frequent, we would have found some evidence in our examination", he said, adding that only drugs taken for hypertension and a colon problem had been found in the body.

The death certificate shows that Presley died from "cardiac arrythmia". Dr. Francisco described this as a severely irregular heartbeat, possibly caused by high blood pressure and a coronary artery disease. "Elvis died in four minutes and no-one could have saved him", he stated. Presley's personal doctor said that "any one of a number of things could have killed him".

The fact is that Presley's health had been deteriorating steadily since 1973. He had been in hospital five times in the past four years, and was treated for hypoglycaemia (sugar deficiency), intestinal blockage, "recurrent pneumonia", gastric flu, fatigue and eye problems, as well as his obesity.

He collapsed on stage at Baltimore as recently as April 10, and his constant efforts to lose weight must have aggravated his heart condition. Only minutes before he died, he was dripping with sweat after a hectic ball game.

Even so, he was determined to continue performing. He was to have played a concert in his home town of Memphis last Saturday, when reportedly he would have announced his engagement to 20-year-old Ginger Alden whom he planned to marry at Christmas.

And ironically, his manager Colonel Tom Parker had recently returned from Japan and Australia, after setting up the first leg of the singer's projected 1978 world tour. Parker was due to visit Britain later this year.

Presley was interred in the family mausoleum, 300 yards from his mother's grave, in Memphis cemetery last Thursday. This is now destined to become a shrine to his memory. His body was embalmed, so ensuring its preservation — presumably until his tomb is opened in the distant future.

Another mystery surrounds the amount of money left by Presley. During his career, he earned an estimated 7,000 million dollars, but he spent it on a lavish scale, and set up huge trust funds for his daughter Lisa. He is believed to have kept 35 million dollars in his current bank account, but the full extent of his fortune will take months — possibly years — to assess. And it will continue to increase, as additional royalties flow in.

His death has led to a boom in Presley record sales. RCA, who earlier this year reissued his 16 British No. 1 hits, are distributing further large quantities of this set to dealers. But they are not planning any immediate new releases or rush memorial albums. Commented an RCA spokesman: "We are simply fulfilling demand for the existing catalogue. To do anything else would, at this stage, be in bad taste".

In fact, five of Presley's most recent releases — two singles and three albums — have shot into the NME Charts this week (see facing page).

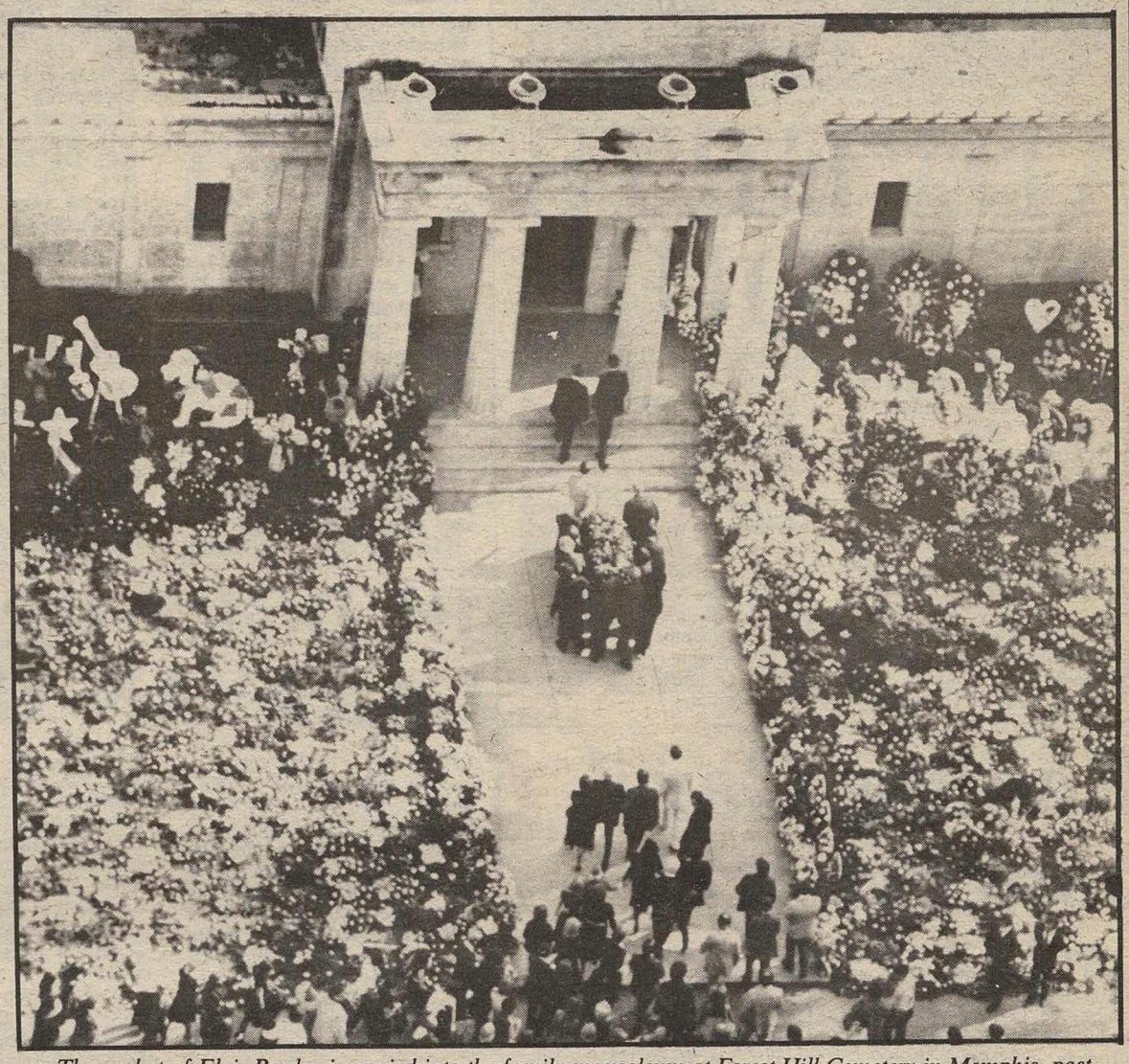
RCA had already planned to re-release the soundtracks of five of his 33 films in October — "Girls Girls Girls", "Fun In Acapulco", "Kissin' Cousins", "Loving You" and "Roustabout" — and they intend going ahead with this plan, as well as a "Greatest Hits" elpee in November.

A total of 47 Presley singles each sold over a million copies, with the biggest seller of all "It's Now Or Never" amassing almost ten million. His aggregate global sales are in the region of 300 million (national Press reports of 500 million sales are exaggerated, probably counting each album as six separate units), making him the world's second biggest record seller of all time.

He also held the world's largest collection of Gold Discs — over 100. But many of these were from smaller territories, where it is not necessary to sell a million to qualify for a trophy.

There is likely to be a steady supply of new Presley material for two or three years. RCA have "a fair number" of unreleased tracks in the can, and only recently he recorded a batch of songs in his own private studio.

● Radio 1 is to broadcast Elvis Presley's story in 13 parts, introduced by Wink Martindale and starting on Sunday, October 9.



The casket of Elvis Presley is carried into the family mausoleum at Forest Hill Cemetery in Memphis, past huge banks of flowers completely covering the area.

Left: the funeral cavalcade takes Elvis to his final resting place

New Vic refunds to ticket-holders

SIX THOUSAND people who were left holding tickets for cancelled concerts, when London's New Victoria Theatre closed suddenly last month, now have the opportunity of getting at least some of their money back.

The venue ceased operations after the company running it called in the liquidators. Bookings had already been accepted at the box-office for projected concerts by the Stanley Clarke Band, Bonnie Raitt, Hot Chocolate and Harry Chapin — and, at the time, there seemed little prospect of refunds being made.

But now the accountants say they have £24,000 in cash, plus other assets, at their disposal. And they invite ticket-holders to write to them — the address is Stoy Hayward, 54 Baker Street, London W1, and reference 13/LHJ should be quoted. Applicants should supply either ticket details or photostats of the tickets.

There is no guarantee that the full face value of the tickets will be refunded. But, at worst, ticket-holders can expect a percentage of their original outlay to be returned.

● Control of the New Victoria has now reverted to the owners, the Rank Organisation, but its fate, remains undecided. A Rank spokesman said this week: "We still don't know when the theatre will be back in operation, or what its function will be when it re-opens."

ASBURY JUKES AT THE PALACE

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and the Asbury Jukes hve been added to the bill for the Garden Party at Crystal Palace in South London on Saturday, September 10, for which Santana and Elvis Costello are already set. It will be the band's only British date, and they return to the States immediately afterwards. At least one more act has still to be confirmed for the Palace event.

McKenna leaves SAHB

KEYBOARDS player Hugh McKenna has left the Sensational Alex Harvey Band, in order to find "more musical freedom". He had been with the outfit since their inception five years ago, and he's been replaced by Tommy Eyre, who makes his British debut with the SAHB at the Reading Festival this Sunday.

After the Reading event, the band set out on a European tour, and they have a new album scheduled for October release. A spokesman said there are plans for them to headline a string of British dates towards the end of the year.

PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

Song of Paul Simon	£4.95	Best of Neil Diamond	£2.95
Neil Diamond/Love at the Greek	£5.50	Best of Steve Stills	£3.95
Genesis Song Book	£2.95	Songs of Paul Simon	£4.95
Wings Over America	£3.95	Queen/Day at the Races	£2.35
Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here	£2.95	Queen/19 Songs	£2.00
Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock	£4.95	Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.25
History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953	£2.95	Queen/A Night At The Opera	£2.35
NME Book of Rock	95p	Songs Of David Bowie	£3.50
Jackson Brownie/21 Songs	£5.50	Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£3.95
Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough	£3.95	Bowie/Lyrics & Photos	30p
Steve Miller/23 Songs	£3.95	Shadows/Best of Shadows	£1.95
Free/12 Big Hits	£2.50	Lead Guitar Tutor with Record	£3.50
Paul McCartney/In His Own Words	£1.95	Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor	£3.50
Stones/Black & Blue	£2.50	Rock Bass Tutor With Record	£3.50
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Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Planxty 26 Songs	£1.75
Bob Dylan/Desire	£2.35	Rock Guitar Tutor with Record	£1.50
Frampton Comes Alive	£3.95	Bass Guitar with Record	£1.50
Beach Boys/20 Golden Greats	£2.95	Wishbone Ash/15 Songs	£1.50
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Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells	£2.50	Marc Boland Lyric Book	95p
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Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits	£3.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 1	£6.95
Rod Stewart/15 Songs	£2.95	Neil Young Complete Vol. 2	£6.95
Allman Bros. 15 Songs	£2.95		
74 88 Guitar Chords	£4.00		
Beatles Complete/Guitar Or Piano each	£3.95		
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Hendrix Biog. words + pics	£3.75	Beatle Book (Parkinson)	£1.50
Bowie Biog. words + pics	£3.75	Hard Days Night	£1.50
Allman Bros, words + pics	£3.75	Beatles in Help	£1.50
Beach Boys Biog, words + pics	£3.75	Beatles forever (ready soon)	£15.00
Country Music encyclopaedia	£3.95	Unlimited Magazines 1-13 each	£1.00
British Beat	£2.25	Linda's Pictures (McCartney)	£7.50
Ency. of Rock. 1955-75 H.B.	£3.95	All Together Now (H.B.). 328 pages	
Van Morrison. Into the Music	90p	Comp. Discography 1961-75	£10.00
The Who, Gary Hermann	£1.00	Complete Beatles Quizbook	£1.25
David Bowie Story	60p	One Day at a Time (Lennon)	£3.95
Dylan. Retrospective. U.S.A	£3.15	Beatles discography (Guzek)	£1.50
Rock Files 1, 2, and 3	each 75p	Grapefruit. Yoko Ono. H.B.	£2.95
Rock File Vol 4	£1.25	Dig It. Bootleg Discography	£1.75
Led Zep Biog (R Yorke)	£3.50	Wings Story	85p
Shooting Stars (McCartney. etc)	£5.00	Linda's Diary 1977	£2.75
Illus. NME Bk. of Rock. H.B.	£4.95	Love Letters to the Beatles	60p
Record Hits 1954-76 Charts	£1.95	Beatle Book (100 pics/life story)	75p
Elvis in Hollywood	£2.50	Beatles Souvenir Pack	£2.00
Dylan Approximately	£4.25	Longest Cocktail Party	£2.10
Dylan. Writings & Drawings H.B.	£2.50	Lennon Remembers (paper)	£1.25
Jim Morrison Poems	£1.95	Beatles Biography (Hunter Davies)	£3.50
Pink Floyd. R. Saunders	60p		
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GAYE ADVERT: She's 21 today!

ADVERTS ON TOUR

THE ADVERTS have a hefty series of gigs during the next four weeks, aimed at promoting their current chart-contender single "Looking Through Gary Gilmore's Eyes".

Confirmed dates are Manchester Electric Circus (August 28), Blackburn Lodestar (29), Edinburgh Tiffany's (30), Paisley Silver Thread (31), Leeds Polytechnic (September 1), Plymouth Woods Centre (6), Penzance The Garden (8), Doncaster Outlook (12), Coventry Locarno (13), Rotherham Windmill (15), Liverpool Eric's (16), Birmingham Barbarella's (20), Scarborough Penthouse (23) and Wakefield Unity Hall (24). More are being set.

A spokesman said that, owing to recording and touring schedules, it will be some time before the band next play London. Today (Thursday) bassist Gaye Advert celebrates her 21st birthday together with the other members of the outfit — T.V. Smith (vocals), Laurie Driver (drums) and Howard Pickup (guitar).

Racing Cars' concert trek

RACING CARS release their second Chrysalis album tomorrow (Friday), in time for their Reading Festival appearance on Sunday. Then, after a string of European dates, they begin a full British tour at the end of next month. And their debut visit to America is timed to start in early November.

Confirmed tour dates are Liverpool Polytechnic (September 29), Newcastle Mayfair (30), Sheffield University (October 1), Middlesbrough Town Hall (2), Aberystwyth University (5), Bradford University (7), Leicester Polytechnic (8), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (9), Birmingham Town Hall (11), Leeds University (14), Manchester Belle Vue (15), Cardiff Top Rank (16), Southampton University (19) and London Hammersmith Odeon (20). At least two more still have to be finalised.

The band's new album is "Weekend Rendezvous". Besides the title track, it features several of their best-known stage numbers including "Down By The River (Swampy)" and "Taking Over".

Three more Yes shows

SUTHERLANDS ADD 12

YES have added three more concerts to the eight already set for them in mid-autumn. Besides their four previously-reported shows at Wembley Empire Pool, they now play another two nights at this venue on October 28 and 29. And they are doing a third night at Glasgow Apollo on November 8. Donovan is again the support act, and tickets for these extra gigs go on sale tomorrow (Friday). Wembley tickets are £4.25 and £3.75 (also available by post, ring 01-902 1234 for details), and at Glasgow they are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (to personal applicants only).

ANOTHER 12 concerts have been confirmed for the Sutherland Brothers and Quiver's British tour, for which initial dates were reported last week.

The extra gigs are at Belfast Ulster Hall (September 9), Dublin Stadium (10), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Leeds University (October 8), York Theatre Royal (9), Cardiff University (14), Plymouth Guildhall (16), Exeter University (17), Oxford New Theatre (18), Eastbourne Congress (22), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (26) and Swansea Brangwyn Hall (27). Their show at Guildford Civic Hall is brought forward from October 18 to September 27.

This means the band now play a total of 28 dates, making it one of the longest of the autumn tours.

SAYER EXTRA

LEO SAYER has added a second London date to his British tour schedule, reported last week. It's on Sunday, October 23, at the Palladium — three weeks after his first gig at this same venue — and he is playing two performances.

BUDGET PRICE CARAVAN GIGS

AFTER 13 YEARS together, making them one of Britain's longest established bands, Caravan headline their first ever major British concert tour next month! It ties in with the release this weekend of their first Arista album "Better By Far". Support acts on all dates is another Arista band Nova, whose "Wings Of Love" elpee will be issued to coincide with the tour.

And there is an opportunity for audiences (except in London) to recoup the whole of their entrance money. Promoter Peter Bowyer is limiting the admission price at all provincial gigs to £1 and, under a special deal with Arista, everyone will be given a voucher entitling them to 50p off both the Caravan and the Nova albums.

Dates are Bristol Colston Hall (September 19), Birmingham Odeon (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Glasgow Apollo (24), Manchester Free Trade Hall (27), Sheffield City Hall (29) and London Hammersmith Odeon (October 2).

The album vouchers will also be given to the Hammersmith audience, although there the admission prices are £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

Caravan are Pye Hastings (vocals and guitar), Richard Coughlan (drums), Geoffrey Richardson (viola, flute, mandolin and guitar), Jan Schelhaas (keyboards) and latest recruit Dek Meesecar (vocal and bass).

Ramones cancel

THE RAMONES' projected British visit in late autumn has been cancelled. They were to have toured here extensively in November and December, and a provisional date sheet had already been drawn up for them. Reason for the cancellation is that their record label Sire has just signed a distribution deal in America with Warner Brothers, who want the band to remain in the States and work over there. The Ramones are not now expected here before next spring.

Van Der Graaf for 18 concerts

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR expand into a five-piece in time for an 18-date national tour, starting in mid-October. Cellist and keyboards player Charles Dickie augments the existing line-up of Peter Hammill (guitars and keyboards), Nic Potter (bass), Guy Evans (drums) and Graham Smith (violin). The band's latest album "The Quiet Zone, The Pleasure Dome" is released on September 2, and their tour dates are:

Cambridge Corn Exchange (October 14), London Victoria Palace (16), Oxford New Theatre (17), Leeds University (19), Bath University (21), Bristol University (22), Norwich Theatre Royal (23), Derby Kings Hall (27), Nottingham University (29), Redcar Civic Centre (30), Manchester University (November 5), Sheffield Top Rank (6), Birmingham Town Hall (7), Exeter University (8), Plymouth Woods Centre (9), Penzance The Garden (10), Hastings Pier Pavilion (12) and Dunstable Civic Centre (13).

B.B. KING DUE IN OCTOBER

B.B. KING returns to Britain in early October, to headline a string of seven or eight concerts, Supported by Bobby Bland. Agent Dennis Vaughn told NME: "They're playing dates in Scandinavia, Holland and Switzerland, are due to arrive here in the first week of October. We have them provisionally booked for two nights in London, and six provisional dates." Full details are expected in a week or two.

CAMEL'S RETURN

CAMEL set out next month on their first British tour for 18 months. During that time they've been consolidating their status in America and Europe, and they've spent seven months recording their new album "Rain Dances", released by Decca this weekend.

They have also acquired a new member, with ex-Caravan bassist and vocalist Richard Sinclair replacing Doug Ferguson.

Their tour dates, including two major London shows, feature a new act built around the new LP. It includes a light show described as "a visual extension of the album". Promoter is Peter Bowyer, and tickets are on sale now — for all provincial gigs they are priced £2.25, £1.75 and £1.25, and in London £3, £2.25 and £1.50.

They visit Manchester Free Trade Hall (September 23), Liverpool Empire (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Newcastle City Hall (27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28), Southampton Gaumont (29), London Hammersmith Odeon (30 and October 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2), Birmingham Odeon (3), Sheffield City Hall (4), Leeds University (5), Blackburn King George's Hall (6) and Cardiff University (8).

NONA IN GABRIEL SHOWS

NONA HENDRYX, formerly a member of the now-defunct Labelle and the group's main songwriter, has been added as special guest to Peter Gabriel's upcoming British tour — which, as previously reported, opens in Newcastle on September 13.

To coincide with her visit, Epic Records release her debut solo album "Nona Hendryx" on September 16 — and a single, Russ Ballard's "I'm Winning", comes out the same day.

Backing her on the tour will be her recording band comprising Carmine Rojas (bass), David Prater (drums), Denzil Miller (keyboards) and Eddie Martinez (guitar).

and Mink join the Feelgoods

MINK DE VILLE, the highly acclaimed New York band who are already set to headline their own British debut concert at London Rainbow on September 25, are to appear as special guest artists on the Dr. Feelgood tour opening the next day.

This means that instead of playing just their own one-off gig, as originally expected, they will now be doing 25 dates in this country!

ON THE ROAD

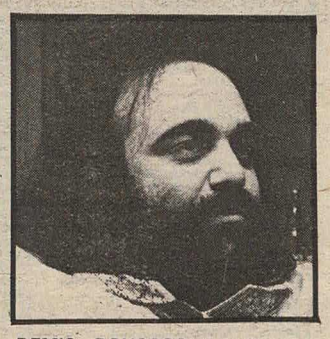
BONEY M — the American group based in Germany, who are currently leading the NME Singles Charts Points Table for 1977 — are set for their British debut in the early part of next year. They will be playing several major concerts around the country, including at least two in **London**, tied in with a massive Atlantic Records promotion campaign.

THE SAINTS, currently back in their native Australia for a short holiday, return to Britain in the autumn for an extensive tour. It will coincide with the release of an EP, featuring four of their stage numbers. Bassist Kym Bradshaw has left the band, who are now seeking a replacement in time for their upcoming gigs.

DOOBIE BROTHERS headline three concerts next week, following their appearance at the **Reading** Festival on Sunday. Supported by British band Crawler, they play **Birmingham** Hippodrome (next Monday, 29), **Manchester Ardwick** Apollo (Tuesday) and **London** Rainbow (Wednesday).

MIKE HARDING takes his one-man show on tour in September with dates at **Manchester Middleton** Civic Hall (1), **Brighton** Folk Festival at the New Exhibition Centre (2), **Kendal** Town Hall (3), **Southport** Theatre (4), **Warrington** Wilderspool Leisure Centre (7), **Buxton** Playhouse (8), **Oakengates** Town Hall (9), **Halifax** Civic Theatre (10), **Blackpool** ABC Theatre (11), **Oldham** Coliseum (12), **Barnsley** Civic Theatre (15), **Newark** Palace (16), **Chester** Deeside Leisure Centre (17) and **Batley** Variety Club (18).

JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT play **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (tonight, Thursday), **Liverpool** Eric's Club (Friday), **St. Albans** City Hall (Saturday), **London** Speakeasy (September 1), **London Kensington** Nashville (11), **Norwich** Arts Centre (22), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (24) and **Southampton** University (29).



DEMIS ROUSSOS headlines a week at the **London** Palladium, opening November 3. Tickets are on sale now.

CAROL GRIMES has dropped the London Boogie Band tag, and has re-named her outfit Sweet F.A. — it comprises Henry McCullough and Neil Hubbard (guitars), Dave Cochran (bass) and Glen Le Fleur (drums). They play **London Camden** Dingwalls on September 8 then, after tours of Germany and Holland, have gigs at **Coventry** Mr. George's (October 6), **Manchester** Electric Circus (7), **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (8), **Barrow** Maxim's (13), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (14), **Derby** Bishop Lonsdale College (15), **London** Dingwalls again (27), **Scarborough** Penthouse (November 11) and **Sheffield** Top Rank (13). More are being set.

DONNA SUMMER is due in Britain in October, as part of a full European tour. She will be headlining at a major **London** venue, and there is also a possibility of her playing one or two provincial gigs. Donna's No. 1 hit "I Feel Love" has now sold over half-a-million in this country, to give GTO Records their first Gold Disc.

BILLY OCEAN has September gigs at Top Rank suites in **Swansea** (7), **Bournemouth** (10), **Southampton** (12), **Cardiff** (14), **Sheffield** (19), **Plymouth** (21), **Reading** (23) and **Brighton** (28). He also plays **Eastbourne** Kings Country Club on September 24.

STRIFE play **Burton** 76 Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Stafford** Top Of The World (August 29), **Porthcawl Stoneleigh Club (30), Bradford** Princeville (September 1), **Oxford** Cowley Club (2), **Accrington** Lakeland (4), **Cromer** West Runton Village Inn (7), **Manchester** Electric Circus (9), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (10), **Perranporth** Green Parrot (13), **Torrington** Plough (14), **Penzance** Garden (15), **Plymouth** Woods (16), **Axminster** Town Hall (17), **Chester** Quaintways (19), **Mansfield** Kingsway Hall (24), **Preston** Grapevine (October 7), **Warrington** Lion Hotel (8), **Ulverston** Penny Farthing (14), **Bristol** Granary (15), **Derby** Kings Hall (20), **Southport** Dixieland Showbar (27) and **Dudley** J.B.'s Club (29).

DON WILLIAMS now plays **Middlesbrough** Town Hall on September 16, instead of **Nottingham** Albert Hall, as part of his previously-reported British tour.

JASPER CARROTT's autumn concert tour takes in **Gloucester** Cambridge Theatre (November 1 and 2), **Preston** Guildhall (4), **Liverpool** Royal Court (11), **Stoke** Queen's Theatre (12), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (13), **Oxford** New (14), **Chester** ABC (18), **Peterborough** ABC (19), **Newcastle** Theatre Royal (20), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (22), **Paignton** Festival Theatre (26), **Bristol** Hippodrome (27), **Leeds** Grand (December 2), **London** Palladium (4), **Birmingham** Hippodrome (5 week), **Brighton** Dome (14) and **Leicester** De Montfort Hall (16).

ROSETTA STONE — the band fronted by ex-Bay City Roller Ian Mitchell, who have just been signed by Private Stock Records — support Gary Glitter on his upcoming tour, announced last week. This applies only to concert dates, and not to Glitter's cabaret stints.

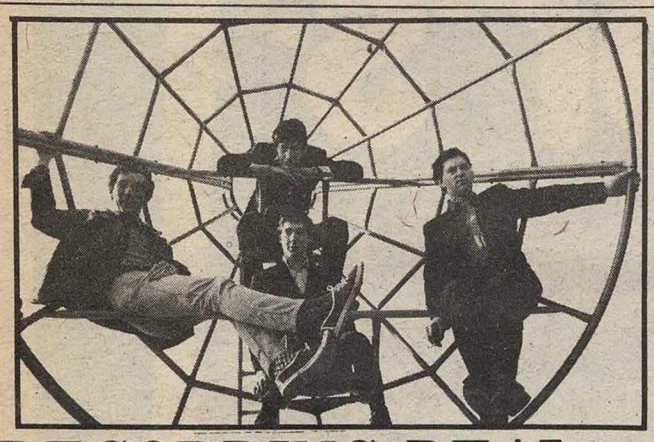
JOHN MARTYN, currently touring Australia, returns to play two nights at **London** Marquee Club on September 7 and 8. Tickets are £1.25 (in advance) and £1.50 (on the doors).

FLYING ACES play **Pontyclun** Vale Club (tonight, Thursday), **Cowbridge** Town Hall (Friday), **Llandrindod Wells** Pavilion (Monday), **Swansea** Circles (September 1), **Pontypridd** Regent (2), **Abertillery** Six Bells (3), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (4) and **Tonypandy** Legion Hall (5). Richard Treece (lead guitar) and Micky Gibbons (drums) have left the band, and are replaced by Steve Joseph and Clive Roberts. They begin a nationwide tour on October 2.

TRAPEZE, with new lead singer Pete Goalby, extend their current tour with gigs at **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (September 2), **Nottingham** Boat Club (3), **Newbridge** Club and Institute (4), **Hitchin** College (10), **London Kensington** Nashville (16) and **Northampton** College (27).

PISTOLS FILM STARTS SOON

PLANS FOR THE Sex Pistols to star in their own full-length feature film are now almost complete, and a spokesman said this week that it is expected to go into production very soon. U.S. film-maker Russ Meyer and the script-writer are now in London, putting the final touches to the screenplay. But details of the movie's content and story-line are being kept secret for the time being.



This is one of three projects keeping the Pistols busy at the moment. The second is work on their debut album, which Virgin hope will be ready shortly in time for late September or early October release. The band will not be releasing another single until after the elpee.

Their third project involves a series of occasional hush-hush gigs, which they are playing without prior notice in order to avoid repercussions or objections. They played their first at Wolverhampton Lafayette last Friday, when they were billed as The Spots, and the audience were not told their true identity until they went on stage.

A Virgin spokesman explained: "They want to work, but the only way they can do so is under a cloak of anonimity. They're not setting aside a specific period of time for these gigs — they'll simply slot them into their schedule, if they can rely on club managers' discretion. If any word leaks out in advance about one of their proposed dates, it will be cancelled immediately."

RECORDING DEAL FOR BUZZCOCKS

ONE OF THE pioneer new-wave bands, The Buzzcocks, have signed a long-term worldwide deal with United Artist Records. They go into the studios immediately to record a new single, probably one of their most successful stage numbers "Orgasm Addict", and work starts shortly on their debut album. The Manchester-based band are being lined up for a nationwide tour in October and November, but meanwhile they play four selected gigs at Manchester Rafters (September 1), Liverpool Eric's (3), London Charing X Road Sundown (4) and Birmingham Barbarella's (6).

TOUR OPENS OCTOBER 6

Dr. Hook plays two at Rainbow

DR. HOOK & THE MEDICINE SHOW's long-awaited British visit has at last been confirmed. They were originally thought to be coming last spring, and later they were sought as guests on the Beach Boys' ill-fated tour. But now they will definitely be here at the tail end of a European tour, opening in the middle of September.

They kick off at Manchester Belle Vue on October 6, and their schedule includes two nights at London Rainbow on October 14 and 15. Full dates and venues plus booking details, will be announced next week. The band's latest album "Makin' Love And Music" is released by Capitol next month, along with a yet-to-be-decided single.

Thunders due back: single, LP and tour

JOHNNY THUNDERS and the Heartbrakers, who quit Britain in July to avoid the ignominy of being kicked out officially, return here on Sunday week (September 4) — with the full blessing of the Home Office!

They have now been granted permission to work here and, as soon as they arrive, they go into the studios to record a new single — probably "Do You Love Me".

A month-long tour for the band, occupying the whole of October, is being lined up and the first confirmed dates are at Bristol Polytechnic (1), Southampton Top Rank (10), Sheffield Top Rank (11), Glasgow City Hall (30), and Edinburgh Tiffany's (31). Remaining gigs will be announced in next week's issue.

Their debut album "Lamf", recorded with producer Chris Stamp before they left Britain, is due out in mid-September. And they will be playing selected European dates, both before and after their British tour — including a prestige show at Paris Olympia on September 25.

There are plans for the Heartbreakers to co-headline a punk-teds gig with Shakin' Stevens and the Sunsets. The idea is the brainchild of their manager Lee Childers, and it's an attempt to reconcile the two factions. The show is being arranged for September 20, but a venue has not yet been set.

JAM IN PLAN FOR ESSEX PUNKFEST

PLANS ARE well advanced for a one-day open-air punk festival to be staged in Chelmsford, Essex, next month — despite the enforced cancellation of several similar projects this summer. In fact, no major punk festival has so far got off the ground, but the Chelmsford organisers are confident that theirs will be the first to succeed.

The Jam, The Boys, Generation X and Fruit Eating Bears are in line for the concert, to be held at the town's football ground on Saturday, September 17. Also on the bill are John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett and reggae band Aswad.

A licence application has already been submitted, and a hearing takes place this week. The promoters say there have been one or two objections from local residents, but insist they are "hopeful" after initial talks with the council.

Slaughter on the streets

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS top another new-wave package tour which goes on the road this week under the banner of "Slaughter On The Streets". They are supported by The Drones, plus another act which will vary from one venue to another. Confirmed dates are London Covent Garden Roxy Club (tonight, Thursday), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (Friday), Wigan Casino (Saturday) Sheffield Top Rank (Ausust 29), Cardiff Top Rank (31), Bournemouth Top Rank (September 2), Manchester Electric Circus (3), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (5), Derby Cleopatra's (7), Dunfermline Kinema (10), Aberdeen Top Rank (13), Birmingham Rebecca's (15), Plymouth Top Rank (16) and Southampton Top Rank (17). More are being set.

Tom Robinson dates

TOM ROBINSON BAND — who, as reported last week, have just signed with EMI — play a short series of gigs before starting work on their first album. They visit High Wycombe Nags Head (tonight Thursday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (Friday), London Highgate Jacksons Lane Centre (Saturday), London Tottenham Ct. Road. Other Cinema (Sunday), London Fulham Golden Lion (August 29), London Camden Brecknock (30), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (September 1), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (2), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (3), Ipswich Tracey's (7), Coventry Mr George's (8), Scarborough Penthouse (9) and London Marquee (11). It has now been confirmed that their debut EMI single "Motorway" will be issued in mid-September.

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GABRIEL BENEFIT

PETER GABRIEL and his band headline a special charity concert at Haslemere in Surrey next Tuesday (30) at 8.30pm. It's part of the ten-day International Youth Festival Of Hope For Mankind, organised by Ockendon Venture, which began this week at the town's Keffolds venue.

The event includes gigs by local bands, workshops sideshows, theatre, discussions and many fringe attractions. Daily admission is £3.50 including meals, but those attending the Gabriel concert will be asked to donate a further £1. Gabriel himself starts his previous-reported British concert tour next month.

STONES FILM FOR RAINBOW

THE FILM "Ladies And Gentlemen — The Rolling Stones", covering the band's 1973 U.S. tour, is being shown at London Rainbow on Friday, September 16. Although it has been widely distributed in the States, this is its first British screening. Ticket prices and booking details are not yet available.

Ace break-up is confirmed

DESPITE denials to the contrary, it now seems that Ace have in fact broken up — although not necessarily permanently. A spokesman told NME this week: "It simply hasn't worked out. Things wern't going right, and they couldn't afford to tour, so they've now decided to go their own ways."

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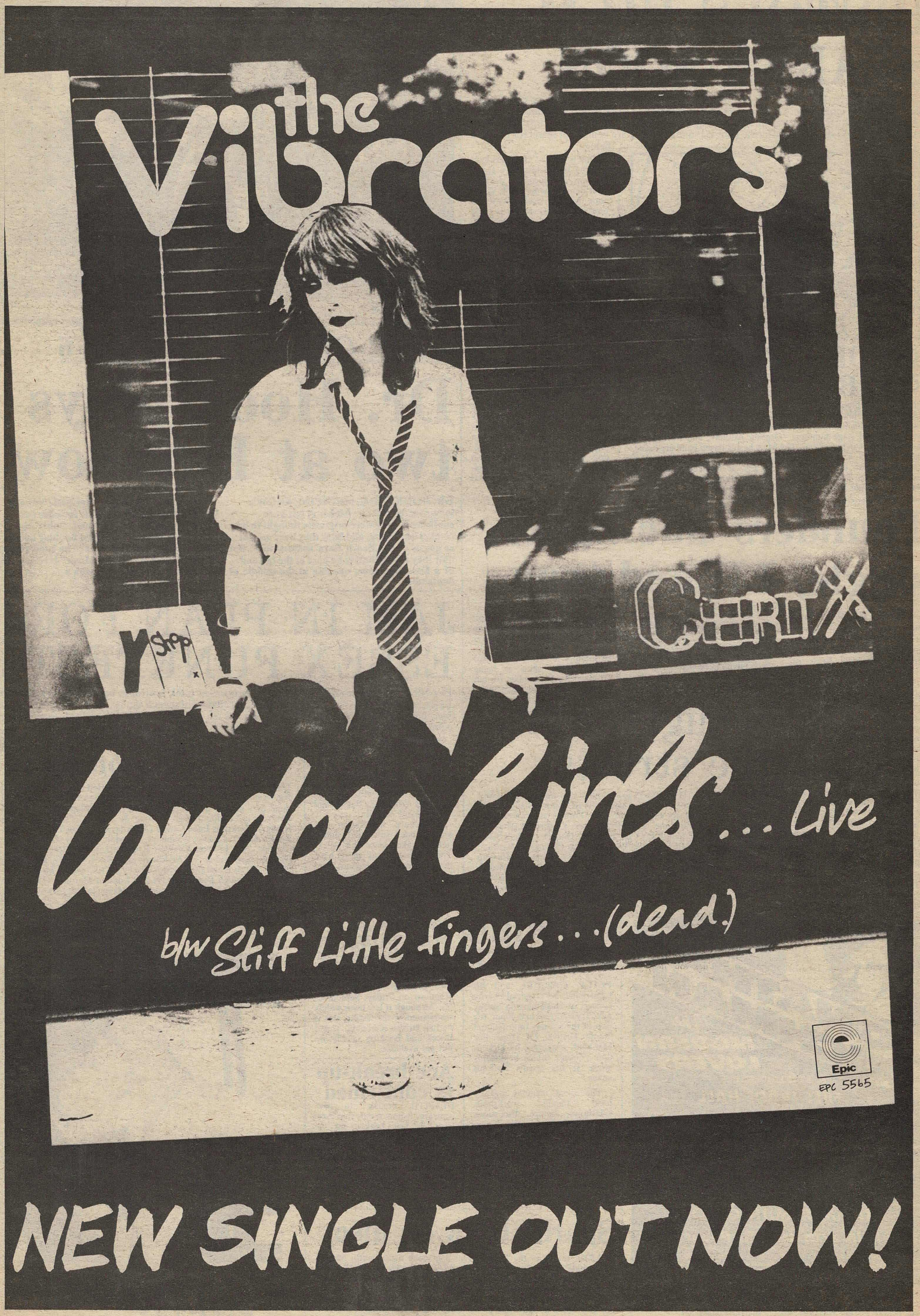
Sparks back on disc

SPARKS return to the British recording scene next month, when their single "A Big Surprise" is released by their new label CBS. It's followed on October 7 by their album "Introducing Sparks". The band are now down to the duo of brothers Ron and Russell Mael, who used session men to back them on these recordings. The Maels are now based permanently in California and, although there are no official plans for a British tour, it's understood that a visit is in the early stages of discussion.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"In the future everyone will be a star for fifteen minutes" — Andy Warhol

D. P. Costello of Whitton, Middlesex, it is your turn to be The Future of Rock & Roll

IT'S BEEN a rough old week for Elvis Costello.

Last weekend he was right up there in the playlists with his "Red Shoes" single — a tentative third-time-lucky — a cosey Top 20 cloister for the album and even the national press getting hot-to-trot with the Costello form for 1977.

The Daily Express's showbusiness correspondent, a fellow with the unlikely name of Garth Pierce, did an interview with E.C. for a full-page 'this-is-my tip-to-click' item dated for last Thursday as did an influential scribe from the Daily Mail, again for last week.

And what happens? Some other geezer sharing Costello's maiden name sloughs off the mortal coil and all the 'tastemakers' consider it irreverent to even make mention of this young-blood's very existence.

Result: the man who would be king's career is in a right two-and-eight for the whole week of August 13-20. A grevious impasse after such a mecurial lift-off . . .

EL'S ALREADY had his share of controversy, y'know. Yessir, even the National Front have apparently been trying to dog his tracks ever since the release of the first-ever Costello vinyl artifact "Less Than Zero" (Stiff 45) which bears a heavy anti-N.F. bias, the song itself being a tacitly fanciful depiction of the landed gentry's fave black sheep boy of the Isherwood era, Oswald Mosley.

"Calling Mr. Oswald with the swastika tatoo". . . croons our El before pointing out in a ream of impressive if often fairly obtuse couplets, the innate British hypocrisy afoot on the double-moral-standard twists that forbid your favourite new wave band, say, from polluting the main media outlets while some gnarled pathetic self-confessed anti-Semite like the senile Mosley can blithely saunter into the BBC studios and run off at the mouth for 45 rivetting minutes over his sordid reminiscences.

The marchings, the beatings, the black shirts, the foul sub-Nietzchen rhetoric — the Nation 'tut-tutted' at the time, but now it's OK 'cos the old fool's past it and virtually everything in this scum-pit that is England gets a benevolent white-washed canonization as time goes by.

Just a few obligatory barbed questions behind and ol' Mose can bleat on about his mistakes, his regrets, his thoughts on the current state of unrest, and everything remains hunky-dory.

It's OK with everyone except for one Mr. Costello, computer operator of Whitton near Twickenham, married with one child, whose brain somehow has been left unaffected by TV-land brain-cell bleach-out, who is offended by having this slimey old fascist drooling away in his living room and who, instead of penning a barbed missive to his local MP, sets down and writes a classic work of sly simmering anger.

"Let's talk about the future now we've put the past away".

We're in a pub just round the corner from Island Records' St Peters Square building, Elvis and me, talking about the subject matter of "Less Than Zero" when Jake Riviera suddenly pipes up with the information that all the Yanks who've heard it think it's about Lee Harvey Oswald.

"Yeah right," Costello's terse gruff voice breaks in.

"In fact (he's quite animated now) just for the States, I'm going to write a song about ....a guy, yeah, this guy's watching the box when he suddenly sees his girlfriend right behind Lee Harvey Oswald just at the moment when Jack Ruby shoots him. And the screen....the shot freezes, y'know...."

He sits back with a self-satisfied smirk, savouring this perverse little morsel while Jake, whose job it is partly to deal with all the little weirdnesses spurting from the Costello 'cerebus' gives his protege a part-'pained', part-'aw come *on*', and part. . . well, impressed squint.

Costello is temporarily fulfilled though. He looks pleased with himself, pleased enough that maybe, just maybe he'll go ahead and conceive just that plot-line for a song tonight when he gets back to Whitton.

After all, his song-vignettes — a lot of them anyway — are pretty damn weird — starting from simple everyday occurences the composer finds himself observing on the tube, or maybe on his way down to the off-licence, and then blossoming into raging chunks of perfectly matched melody and savage eloquence.

Like even *I'm* in an Elvis Costello song. El reckons he saw me one night on a tube bound for Osterley and...."you were obviously pretty 'out of it' 'cos you didn't even notice all the other people in the compartment staring at you. I was just amazed that one person could draw that much reaction from others. After I saw you there, I came up with 'Waiting For The World to End'. You're the guy in the opening verse."

I touch my forelock at the imparting of this factoid. After all, being in a Costello song is a deal more prestigious than being a name in this little black book he carries around, and which possibly might soon be making quite a name for itself.

Elvis's black book? Oh, it's just full of these names of folk who have crossed our El, who have hindered the unravelling of his true destiny these past years. Maybe they were responsible for not signing him to their label (prior to the Stiff inking this is) or maybe they referred to him as another Van Morrison sound-alike just like all those other squat, nervy types with short hair and glasses with whom such parallels appear obligatory in today's music press.

Whatever the cause, they're all marked men, cows before the slaughter, names and livelihoods about to come under the thunder of Costello.

Elvis is very into revenge, see. "The only two things that matter to me, the only motivation points for me writing all these songs," opines Costello with a perverse leer, "are *revenge* and *guilt*. Those are the only emotions I know about, that I know I can feel. Love? I dunno what it means, really, and it doesn't exist in my songs.

"Like" — he's into this discourse now — "when I played earlier in front of all those reps or whatever they're called — all those guys working for Island — did you hear me introducing 'Lipservice'?

" 'This song is called 'Lipservice' and that's all you're gonna get from me'. That was straight from the heart, that, 'cos last year I actually went to Island with my demo tape and none of them wanted to know. Back then they wouldn't give me the time of day. But *now*..."

NOW, ELVIS Costello is gloating because suddenly he's one of the new breed golden boys, already a name to be bandied about, with two excellent singles under his belt and a much-raved-over album finally in the shops after a couple of months of collecting dust in the warehouse while Stiff and Island re-jigged terms of distribution.

And of course, all the pop pen-pushers are latching on fast, getting nosey about the past and generally pushing for an intimate gander at the man behind the horn-rims and insect ungainliness.

Results thus far have been pretty uneventful, however, what with the press boys generally getting scattergunned by Elvis' tight-lipped "Fuck-you" fiestiness and backing off under the deluge to pen pieces loaded with said-one-dimensional verbal acidity.

This policy in fact seems lately to have reached such tight lipped proportions that when Costello was finally awarded the prestigious cover-space of two rival music rags during the same week, the one which purported to carry an actual interview caught Costello at his moodiest, refusing to give any details about his life whatsoever, coming on rude and terse to the point where the piece itself insight-wise was little more than a bad joke.

My single encounter with Costello, however, was a good deal more revelatory, basically because we both ended up drunk and talked for some four hours. Still he refused to discuss his past musical endeavours in any detail and it was only afterwards, by chance, that I learnt about his former identity as one D.P. Costello, lead singer of a bluegrass group called Flip City whose collective high-point was the totally unexciting fact of them having a residency as house support-band at the Marquee maybe two years back.

" 'Course nobody wanted to know back *then*. None of yer Chas de

● *Continues over page*

FEATURE: NICK KENT

PIX: PENNIE SMITH

The Man Who Would Be King Contd.

● *From previous page*

Whalleys were around *then*. And —Costello turns quite venomous at this point — "neither were *you!* I remember the time you came down to the Marquee when we were supporting Dr. Feelgood and you spent all your time in the dressing-room talking to Wilko Johnson. You didn't even bother to check us out. Oh no! And I really resented you for that, y'know. For a time, anyway. You were almost down there on my list."

Costello always seems to double back to this unhealthy infatuation of his with reeking vengeance on his self-proclaimed wrong-doers. He now almost relishes the fact that literally every record company in Britain he personally approached with his demo-tape turned him down, and admits that the years of bottling up the vast frustrations of being a nonentity out in the cold looking for a foot in the door have conversly granted him the basic ego-drive with which he intends to bring the whole music scene to its feet right now.

His taste for vengeance is the first, most tangible human emotion he intends to whip out here. His penchant for further anti-social emotions he will blithely display as our talk proceeds.

BUT LET us return for a moment to the budding mystique building up around the Costello past. Facts he cares to own up to are these: born in the London area, spent most of his formative years in Liverpool, possibly the only town in the world he still looks upon with any kind of affection, raised as a Catholic — "I had to either be Catholic or Jewish, now didn't I" — and married when he was young.

He refuses however to talk about his wife and one child or the nature of this realationship with them at all, slyly noting —"I'm very, very 'country music' in my attitude to talking about my marriage."

Musically speaking, Elvis Costello's career commenced last year when he noticed an advert in the music press calling for demo tapes to be sent to a brand new small label, Stiff records. He took down the address and was over the same afternoon with his previously universally-rejected demo tape.

Jake Riviera takes up the story from here. "Elvis's tape was actually the very first tape we received at Stiff. It was so weird because I immediately put it on and thought, 'God, this is fuckin' good' — but at the same time I was hesitating because after all it was the first tape and I wanted to get a better perspective.

"So I phoned up Elvis and said, 'Listen, I've listened to your tape, it sounds really good and I'm interested, but could you give me a week in which to check out a bunch of other tapes and I'll get back to you?' Elvis said 'Fine' and so I waited a week, received a load of real dross in the mail and immediately got back in touch."

On a more ironic note, Riviera's partner Dave Robinson had in fact granted Costello an hour's worth of free studio time a couple of years earlier, at exactly the same time as another scuffling unknown named Graham Parker was being granted the same privilege.

"That's what pisses me off so much whenever writers compare me to Graham Parker, saying he influenced me and stuff, 'cos I was in the same studio across from 'im two years ago recording my stuff when he was doing his first demos".

As a matter of some slight interest also, Robinson recorded an American solo blues singer named William Borsay at roughly the same time as Costello and Parker — before Borsay returned to the States and changed his name to Willy De Ville.

Concerning the tape itself, Elvis reckons it's not worth much retrospective scrutiny. "I just grabbed at the chance and did 15 songs in that hour, often just making stuff up in my head as I went along."

Anyway, the interview is going along quite amicably, if a little on the stilted and impersonal side, in the garden of this pub, when all of a sudden a delegation from Island Record corps descends upon the scene.

Costello eyes them all suspiciously as they file past, before resuming the thread of our chat. Then one of the delegation chooses to seat herself at our table.

The lady, who seems to have a thoroughly predetermined belief in her chosen state of grace as a truly wonderful human being, definitely wants 'in' on this conversation. At first she just sits there, causing Costello and I to look at each other uneasily. Then she opens her mouth.

I cower back, but Elvis seems in the mood for a bit of retaliation. This, after all, is just the sort of person he loves to hate: a trendy female who looks like she walked straight off King's Road. Her approximate stereotype has been set up to be ripped apart in numerous Costello songs.

She's the classic "Natasha who looks like Elsie" out of El's brutal "I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea", a prime exponent of "Lipstick Vogue" chic.

Anyway, she makes her point. She says she's very interested in Elvis. She wants to know just what makes him tick, or words to that effect.

"Oh I'm thoroughly despicable", retorts Costello quite pleasantly.

"But don't you have any friends?" she enquires.

"Absolutely none", comes the reply.

Elvis goes on to inform her that success means mothing to him, going to America means nothing to him ("I'd rather go back to Liverpool") that everything, in a nutshell, all conventional desires, means less than zero to her sudden object of fascination.

"Oh all you people are the same", she retaliates, her initial disappointment now sowing into rabid aggression. "You're all so boring."

"Oh yes that's it. I'm absolutely despicably boring. You're quite right."

Satiated by her enquiries, the girl finally gets up from her seat, feigning extreme boredom with a low farting noise ushered from her divinely facile lips to register full disgust. As she retreats back to a bunch of real 'macho' lugs all rabbiting on boisterously well away from our table, Costello looks quite triumphant.

He's now close to being fairly drunk — after one amiable Islandeer innocently asked him what he was drinking and consequently had to foot the bill for a triple Pernod. He leans over to me in a confidential gesture.

"I was just waiting for her to bring her 'macho' boyfriend of hers over. That would have really been fuckin' confrontation. I'd have either smashed my glass and gone for him that way or . . ."

The words trail off into a deft silence, the eyes glare triumphantly and our El quietly digs his hand into one of his four jacket pockets to produce an enormous bent steel nail, the kind of oppressive-looking affair that would be ideal for pinning whole limbs to crosses at a human crucifixion. This, Costello is stating wordlessly, is his chosen weapon of defence: it glistens menacingly against the glasses strewn over our table, far more menacingly than any cold gleaming switchblade wedge.

Satisfied by this display of sinister deliberation — yes we get the picture, Elvis — he pockets the nail once more and the *tete a-tete* continues. Somehow, mind you, this incident with Miss Vamp has granted us a neutral terrain, common ground on which to consummate an easier intimacy outside of the usual rigidly forced mode of communication common to all first-time-around circumstances. Costello's already well lubricated by now from his booze intake and I've adamantly followed suit so that all of a sudden it's almost like we're old mates, awkward familiarities receding to make way for a shades-off and all - cards - on - the - table confrontation.

Costello's slightly nervy abruptness of manner has vanished completely to be replaced by the style of a man totally coldly calculatingly confident. The real Elvis Costello finally is now ready to open up.

The first volley goes something like this, tying in with Costello's surprising infatuation with country music, particularly the work and lives of two heroes of his, George Jones and Gram Parsons. Parsons' blighted life and times he is particularly enamoured of.

"Yeah, Gram Parsons had it all sussed. He didn't stick around — he made his best work and then he died. That's the way I want to do it. I'm never ever going to stick around long enough to churn out a load of mediocre crap like all those guys from the '60s. I'd rather kill myself. I mean, Parsons' exit was perfect."

So you want to snuff it about four years from now, O.D'd on morphine on the floor of some cheesy motel in the desert with ice-cubes up your arse and some moron groupie giving you a hand-job, do you Elvis?

El considers this for a moment, then replies — "Well, not exactly like *that* I suppose. I see my exit as being something more like being run over by a bus. But . . . you think I'm joking, right — but I'm deadly serious about this. I'm not going to be around to witness my artistic decline."

'Ere but El, you told me a while ago that you've got at least 400 songs under wraps . . .

"Well by 400, I mean songs that aren't finished. A lot of them are just ideas — songs I won't use — but lines and couplets that I'll take and add to new things. So saying I've got 400 . . . I mean, that number means absolutely nothing, O.K. But what you're asking, no I'm not into stock-piling material for 'if' and 'when' I dry up.

"I'm not into doing a Robbie Robertson."

O.K., but this Gram Parsons fetish (G.P. is El's very favourite album, by the way) I mean, he was a champion drug abuser and you don't look the type who'd be into that at all.

"Yeah, right. I don't take drugs. I mean, I can't even be in the same room as other people doing cocaine because just being in contact with them, I get three times as wired as them just being there. (Pause) But . . . but I do know what it's like being out of control. I know all about alcohol, for example, because well, let's say I went through my phase of drinking heavily. Really heavily."

I counter this revelation by going for the obvious and wondering out loud whether Costello was drinking during his tenure those years he worked in the computer factory.

"Ah you're not going to . . . I mean, that's a bit too obvious isn't it, making a good quote out of me being miserable and unhappy working with these fuckin' computers and being a secret aftershows drinker (laughs). No, I'm not going to fall for that one."

COSTELLO'S not over-anxious to go into details concerning those years of clouded anonymity cloistered amongst the computers, just as he adamantly fends off queries concerning his wife and child. It's only some weeks later that I'm informed by another source that the exact nature of his job was as computer operator for the firm run by 'beauty consultant' Elizabeth Arden (thus the autobiographical snippet about working for the 'Vanity factory' on, I think, "I'm Not Angry" for the "Aim" album).

However, he claims that he was viewed upon as a factory 'freak' — an object of mild affection and ridicule even though he looked as pastily anonymous as he does now (El's worn the same hairstyle, clothes and bi-focals for years now, or so he claims).

Also his job, he reckons, could have been performed by any unskilled peon off the block and he's basically overjoyed at having seen the last of the miserable building since he left that place of employment maybe three months ago. (Interestingly enough, Jake Riviera recently attempted to get BBC 2 interested in filming a documentary on Costello's progress from the computer factory out into the big, bad grief-ridden world of show-biz using the gent's 'interesting' circumstances and the fact of his first album being released simultaneous to the change of employment as sufficient bait for some bright young director to pick up on the concept. Predictably, the TV boys nixed the idea in its proverbial bud.)

Immediately prior to his joining 'the professionals', Costello's forays into music business-land were kept down to hyper-anonymous trips to Highbury's Pathway Studios where the "Aim" album was recorded with Nick Lowe, arguably El's greatest fan, producing (Lowe and Costello had actually first met some years prior to this creature, mating backstage at Eric's in Liverpool after a Brinsley Schwarz gig). Or there was the occasional trip to the Stiff offices where Costello would sit almost hiding behind a newspaper, just waiting, biding his time until his secret weapon was unveiled and all the biz would swoop down eagerly to chew on his toe-nail clippings.

Costello, see, claims he knew all along about the massive shake-up his show cases talents would cause the biz, that all the drool-soaked rave reviews and budding cult acceptance would surge in and wash off his ego like water off a duck's arse.

Cults, thinks El — who needs em? He'd far rather be zeroing out of 10 million TV screens on Thursday night with Jimmy Saville's bazooka cigar and the usual posse of silly little girls milling around. The album itself — well, El read all the reviews of course. Including our Roy Carr who betwixt dropping adjectural 'brilliants' like so much pidgeon shit, zeroed in on Costello's emotional masochism as a lynch-pin for his critique.

"Well at least he picked up on something as opposed to all the others who obviously didn't bother to understand any of the songs but just churned out the superlatives. I mean, that . . . uh 'mascochist' thing is only relevant for two or three tracks — on "I'm Not Angry" it's there plus "Miracle Man" — but it's an interesting point because as far as I can see, those are the only songs in the rock idiom where a guy is admitting absolute defeat — taking all this sexual abuse say — without either doing the old 'James Taylor' self-pity bit or coming on all 'macho' with the whole revenge bit . . ."

Hold on there a tic, El. I mean, what about . . . well take Lennon's "Jealous Guy".

"Ah, but with that one, Lennon's saying "I'm sorry that I made you cry"" . . .That's the key line because he's already got her back. He's triumphed, so all that self-confessed 'I'm so weak' stuff is stated from a position of strength. No, I'm talking about being a *complete* loser. That's something totally new to the rock idiom which by its very nature is immature and totally 'macho'-orientated in its basic attitude. Only in country music can you find a guy singing about that kind of deprivation honestly."

So we start to talk about other songwriters — First, the obvious ones like Springsteen who El reckons to be a lousy lyricist — "His stuff about being on the streets is trite and unbelievable — the only song I like of his is "E Street Shuffle". I heard it in the bath once and thought it had a good riff".

And Van Morrison — El just sneers and claims he's never even heard "Astral Weeks". So much for influences. Lou Reed and Patti Smith El's hardly heard a note of — "though I never miss reading one of their interviews."

Only the name of Pete Townshend produces anything like an interesting retort.

"Yeah well his early stuff of course — I mean, 'Substitute' is a perfect song but he blew it by being too bright for his own good, too analytical. Actually, that's one thing — I'm wary of falling into the same trap that Townshend did. There's parallels there — they've already been noted. It's the same thing as being called 'the balladeer of the new wave' by one paper because of 'Alison'.

"See, I'm 22 *(Yeah, and I'm Raquel Welch — Ed)* — that's only one year older that Johnny Rotten, isn't it. I just don't want to become the 'elder statesman of punk' or whatever, which is just what Townsend got locked into back in the 60's. It's a dangerous position."

A FEW more things about Elvis. He hates trendies, King's Road and particularly Dingwalls.

"I don't like playing while people are fuckin' feeding their faces," he opines.

He won't allow any other guitar players onstage with him in this band.

He really has no friends.

He's just written another song about the National Front called "Night Rally."

Contrary to the venomous attack on Stiff and Costello over the ill-fated Dingwalls' debacle in *Gasbag* two weeks back, Elvis in fact took the 8-page-long guest list for the night and mercilessly scythed off half the names including such as Richard Williams who, as A & R man for Island Records, personally turned down El's demo tape last year.

Also, Elvis personally vets all guest lists making sure that anyone whose name was down but who didn't turn up the last time his name was included is struck off the list forevermore.

Jake Riviera and Nick Lowe both think he's loopy but a genius to boot.

Finally — if they ever do another "Rock Dreams" book, Elvis Costello will surely be in there along with the rest. He'll be the mousey figure, all insect anonymity, seated in a tube train carriage in his insurance clerk-suit and misty bifocals mostly hidden by a copy of the *Evening Standard* with Elvis Presley's death announced in grandstand type alongside the latest tales of National Front marches and King's Road Punks-Teds confrontations.

Only his hands will be prominent — all shot through with cold-blue veins bulging as they form clenched fists, the knuckles of which scream forth with two blood red tattoos On the left fist reads "Revenge". On the right reads "Guilt".

The main headline will read "A Walking Time-Bomb — The Man Who Would Be King."

"Watch Him Closely."

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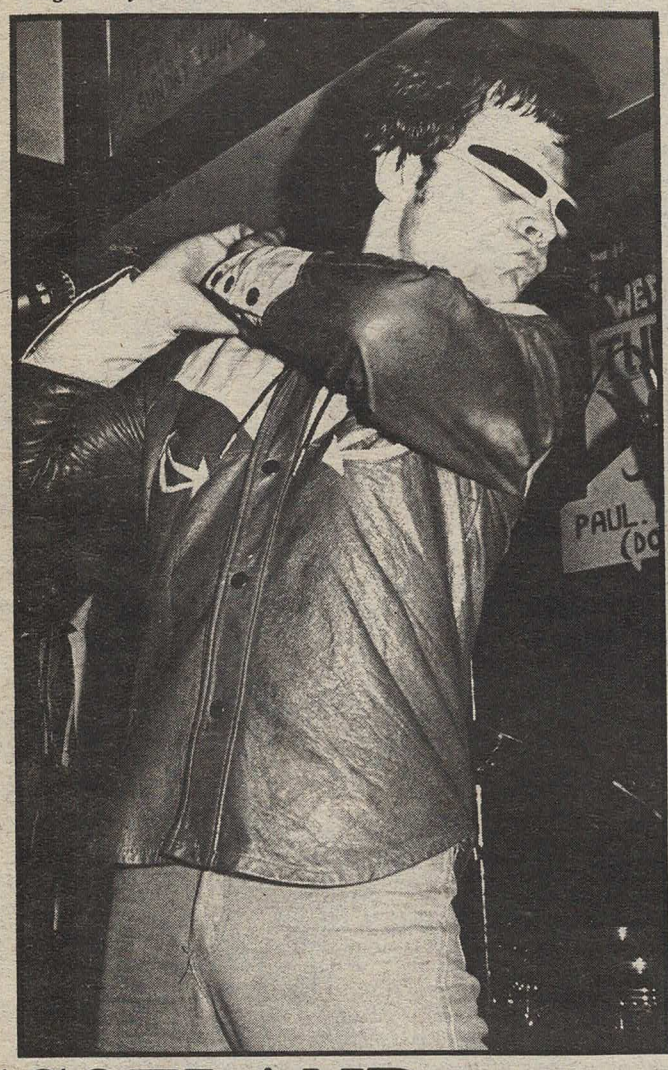

SCOTLAND HOLDS ITS OWN: THE REZILLOS WALK THE LINE

"Just what the world needs — another record label."(Frank Zappa)

NORMALLY of course your mother should know, but in this case it's just what this here Scottish part of the world did need.

Sure there have been Scottish record label before, but always for hale and hearty folkies or the dreaded tartan and bagpipes syndrome — neither of which is exactly going to excite the average rock ear.

Only the shortlived Middle Earth Label in the halcyon hippie days ever came close to answering the needs of the kids.

But now at last Scotland has its own independent rock label — Edinburgh based Sensible Records.

Edinburgh may be only 400 miles from London, but it might as well be the dark side of the moon when it comes to recognition of talent. Any gifted soul who had ideas of 'making it' had to head south or wither in the vine.

But lately signs of a grassroots Scottish renaissance have been appearing with bands and individuals becoming more and more reluctant to leave.

Cado Belle, for example, have chosen to remain based in Glasgow, and Jim Hutcheson, creator of that striking Steve Winwood album sleeve, is another who has decided against joining the talent drain by staying to work in Edinburgh.

Sensible Records is the latest example of this new Stay North Young Man spirit.

Its founder is Lenny Love, the Scottish rep for Island Records, who opted to shelve promotion in favour of staying home to seek an outlet for his own creative talents.

Sensible Records has been the outcome.

The arrival of Sensible and the success of its first venture have breathed a general air of optimism into a reviving rock scene.

The success in question belongs to those colourful characters The Rezillos and their double B-side, "Can't Stand My Baby/I Wanna Be Your Man", a single which has shipped over 7,000 copies into the shops and which John Peel recently avowed would be in his Top 10 singles of the year.

Los Rezillos first emerged in March 1976 from the fertile imaginations of Eugene Reynolds (vocals), Luke Warm and Hi Fi Harris (guitars) and Dr. D. K. Smythe (bass), who met around Edinburgh due to various factors bringing them there. (Ironically, half the band are in fact English.)

Enter Fay Fife (and the since departed Gayle Warning) on vocals and Angel Paterson on drums and the line-up was complete, though we musn't forget the shadowy fringe figure of William Mysterious currently depping on bass.

Their first gig exploded, appropriately enough, on Guy Fawkes Night, since when the band, with shameless and brazen use of initiative and imagination, have gone from strength to strength.

During their short career, The Rezillos have already managed the seemingly impossible feat of being both dubbed rock'n'roll revivalists *and* banned for being punks! The explanation is that The Rezillos are, to use their own term, a New Wave beat group.

Although the bulk of their set consists of oldies, they want to put the skids firmly under the revivalists idea.

Hi Fi Harris insists, "We're adapting it for 1977 — how it would have been played today.

"Before they couldn't get feedback or a raunchy sound on guitar, so they had to put up with this thin sound. But now you've got the technology to do it, and I'm sure they would have done in some of these cases.

"We're playing it as we think it should be played — we're not copyists."

Similarly, the garish PVC stage gear is only reminiscent of the '60s — good and colourful, and piece of show patter which the punters love.

As for their New Wave affiliations (resulting from their express train energy), Hi Fi manfully confesses: "This is a tag that's suddenly been dumped on us. I dunno what New Wave is, what it's really meant to say.

"We're definitely not a punk band! But this New Wave thing seems to take in any band that's come out around now that's playing in, say, a more simple vein rather than the highly technical line. Having fun is what we're about, and if that's what the New Wave stands for, then we're definitely New Wave."

Playing oldies, however entertaining, is nevertheless something of a musical blind alley.

The brand new bright tomorrow of any band lies in its writing, so The Rezillos are slowly and critically working in their own matching songs. Luke Warm wrote "Can't Stand My Baby" and has also penned several others, including the projected follow-up, the fabulous "Good Sculptures", written round a riff that threatens to become an instant classic. With both Decca and CBS chasing the band's signatures, The Rezillos look set to grab their quota of star time.

And then of course they'll have to move South.

Sensible, bowing to the inevitable, are willing, at present anyway, to act as a springboard for budding Scottish talent, settling for the credibility that such step-ups will bring.

The strength of Sensible will be that it will not be solely a New Wave label but will reflect, given the restrictions of budget, all kinds of Scottish talent.

And Scotch Mist it ain't.

□ IAN CRANNA

ONLY ONE man *could* have dominated the British national press for five days solid — but not even Elvis Aaron Presley would have realised that he'd have to die to do it.

And the Fleet Street hacks, bless 'em, must have had their quills sharpened for some months in advance, so quick off the mark were they when the Great Event Came To Pass on Tuesday evening. Their work began, on Wednesday morning, in a fairly unhysterical, almost dignified manner:

'ELVIS PRESLEY IS DEAD' *(Daily Mirror)*, 'ELVIS' KING OF ROCK, DIES AT 42' *(Daily Mail)*, 'ELVIS DIES AND THE AGE OF ROCK IS OVER' *(The Guardian* — so where's the pun in that?)

But by Sunday, the school of journalism which is a far deeper shade of yellow than mere jaundice burst forth its bile in an unprecedented exhibition of ghoulish sensationalism: 'ELVIS — HIS IDEA OF A NIGHT OUT WAS A TOUR OF THE UNDERTAKERS' *(Sunday Mirror)*, 'HE KNEW HE DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO GO' *(News Of The World)* and, easily top of the Muck-o-Meter, 'ELVIS WAS MY LOVER — BY DIANA DORS', published by our old friends, the *Sunday People*, who scored an enviable double-header by centre-spreading Jimmy Savile's remarkable piece of negative positivism, 'THE ELVIS I KNEW WAS NO JUNKIE!'

More on these 'world exclusive phew - what - a - scorcher - shock - horror scoops' later. Back to the morning after the Fateful Day. The Dailies handled it in a reasonably straight-forward manner. It was front-paged on each one, of course, the 'populars' banner-headlining the story as a lead, the 'qualities' giving it a sober prominence.

Martin Walker, writing in *The Guardian: "The King is dead and there will be no replacement. Elvis Presley, the founder, the greatest exponent, and the most passionate figure in rock and roll . . ."*

Sub-heading their lengthy obituary of **Mr.** Elvis Presley 'The King Of Rock And Roll Music,' *The Times* maintained that "Blues Suede Shoes", "Hound Dog" and "Heartbreak Hotel" . . . *"establish the music's otherwise fitful claim to be a 20th Century art form."* The unidentified obituary writer concludes, somewhat testily: *"What lay behind the music was never clear, if indeed there was anything at all. But, merely by unnuendo, he is assured of his place in history."*

The *Mail, Mirror, Sun* and *Express* all ran hastily-prepared centre-spreads.

'TOO OLD TO ROCK . . . TOO YOUNG TO DIE! — Without him, there would have been no Beatles, no Mick Jagger' *(Daily Mail)*, 'REQUIEM FOR THE KING — KING OF ROCK, KING OF

Sunday People
AUGUST 21, 1977 No. 4989 12p
ELVIS WAS MY LOVER by DIANA DORS
Another great exclusive
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MY wild, wild love affair with Elvis Presley has been one of the best-kept secrets in showbusiness.
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Interview by DAN WOODING
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THE KING'S JEWELS
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CENTRE PAGES
Continued on Page 2

A MATTER

PRESLEY'S DEATH:

THE GIRLS THAT HE LOVED AND LOST

KID ELVIS
first picture of Elvis taken at the age of two

By GEORGE LYNN

He had a weakness for beauty queens with lacquered hair

ELVIS was loved by millions of women.

But the few who broke through the wall of seclusion he built around himself found that he was completely different from the idol that women swooned over.

There was world-wide hysteria when he was drafted into the United States Army in 1957 and sent to Germany minus his shiny black looks.

Divorced

It was there he fell in love with a 14-year-old schoolgirl.

She was a colonel's daughter, Priscilla Beaulieu.

Two years later her parents allowed her to join Elvis after he was posted back to the States.

And when she was 21, they were married. He was 31.

A year later, their daughter, Lisa, was born. Five years later they were divorced.

Priscilla then revealed that, for a wife, life with Elvis was less than paradise.

She said: "We hardly saw each other. And when we did, his pals were nearly always around."

Priscilla decamped with a karate expert.

This hurt Elvis deeply, but he always retained an affection for his ex-wife.

He consoled himself with a succession of girl friends.

Elvis had a weakness for beauty queens with lacquered hair like 20-year-old Ginger Alden, a Deep South brunette and former holder of the Mid-South Fair title.

She took over from another ex-beauty queen, 25-year-old Linda Thompson, who shared his life for five years.

But, when their affair broke up Linda confessed: "Life with Elvis meant living like a bat."

And, speaking of the twilight world inside the Presley mansion, she complained: "I was cooped up as Elvis's pet."

Actress Natalie Wood, who was one of his first Hollywood girl friends, blamed the fans for not allowing Elvis to live a normal life.

She said: "I've never seen anything like the madness that surrounds Presley."

"He could never go anywhere without causing a sensation.

"That's still why he doesn't want to be seen anywhere.

"He's basically a very ordinary, very nice man who can't see why he should be singled out in this way."

Ex-wife Priscilla dispelled the myth that Elvis was a great lover.

She said: "He didn't sleep with the girls.

"When El got tired he would give the girls a whack on the backside and send them away."

His idea of a night out was a tour of the undertakers!

TO the end, Elvis Presley believed that he would come back to Earth after

THE KING AND I

By JOHN McNAMEE

ACTRESS Suzanna Leigh has talked ...dly to me about her long and close ...ship with the tragic King of ... Elvis Presley.

"... were never lovers," she said. "But ... as close to him as anybody could get.

"We used to get on so well. I think the ... we became such good mates was that I ... the only leading lady who didn't want ... him when we made a film ...

I was as close to Elvis as you could get says sad Suzanna

THE ELVIS I KNEW WAS NO JUNKIE!

by JIMMY SAVILE

MY HAND finds it difficult to write the words "Elvis is dead."

For six and ... millions of fans it is still impossible to accept the fact. That such a thing could happen just seems ... ever crossed our minds.

Last Tuesday, when Elvis died, a thousand million people did a little also. You, ... a thousand million ... high a price ...

friend, I probably ... indiscriminate.

For a girl ... Charlotte, ... Rose, Memphis ... as a model ... while ... Elvis ...

affect as many people's ... Besides Elvis, who ... who would cry to ... about the Presley ... or holding the ... and who will make the ... temporary.

The point is that for ... years each for many millions of people, Elvis has been like a relative, the one our local brother ... was going to ... Many wives said his ... worshipped him. Those wives simply ... the wrong word.

His fans OWNED him. They WERE him. He had FAMILY.

What explains why, when he made a film that was bad, it was still a success? It wasn't the story, it wasn't the music. It was Elvis. The ... the ... either.

'God must have been impatient for some rock 'n' roll in Heaven'

OF TASTE

THE MEDIA AFTERMATH

SCREEN, KING OF HEARTS' *(Daily Express)*. The *Sun* was less reverent: 'IDOL WHO HAD US ALL ROCKING' . . . *"could not stop stuffing himself full of stodgy foods. In frequent tantrums, the lonely fattie would fire a pistol into walls and furniture in anger. Then he would return to his munching, munching, munching."*

The *Daily Mirror* was undoubtedly the fastest to run their 'World Exclusive'. They'd already paid Chris Hutchins a few bob for his 'Family' pieces on Tom Jones, Engelbert and O'Sullivan, and Mr. Hutchins was right there on August 17 with his 'Inside Story':

'DRUG YEARNING THAT DRAGGED DOWN A LEGEND' . . . *"For the last five years, to my knowledge (sic), he has depended on drugs so heavily his entourage included a full-time doctor."*

These profusely-illustrated centre-spreads continued on Thursday, the *Daily Mirror's* 'inside story' now delving into 'THE PRIVATE HELL OF THE KING OF ROCK — THE FEARS' *(assassination)* 'AND THE FANTASIES' *(some stories that Tom Jones told Chris Hutchins).*

Peter Greig's long article in the *Daily Mail* ('EMPTY THRONE OF THE KING WHO DIED AFRAID AND ALONE') was built upon F. Scott Fitzgerald's fragile premise "The rich are different", and rambled on for three pages about Elvis' preoccupation with *'dark fantasies'*. Greig risibly concludes, *"But it's too late for psycho-analysis."*

The *Express* ('21 YEARS THAT ROCKED THE WORLD') had Caroline Coon condemning the *"commercial cash-in"*, and quoted The Damned's Brian James *("I felt bad when I heard the news but for us he died ten years ago. His death marks the end of that era. And it's about time.")* and J. Rotten Esq. *("Elvis was dead before he died and his gut was so big it cast a shadow over rock 'n' roll in the last few years. Our music is what's important now.")*

Robin Denselow wrote a sensible appraisal in *The Guardian ("He deserves to be remembered not for his unhappy private life or his recent patchy output, but for those exhilarating and extraordinary years before 1958, and a talent that remains as enigmatic and unknown as the man because it was never fully tested")* which contrasted starkly with *The Times'* clinical leader comment: *"While Presley himself was an indifferent singer and musician, performing for the most part mediocre songs, a poor actor and, it seems, a totally uninteresting person, the phenomenon which he became was of considerable social significance. He was the catalyst of the still unabated youth revolution."*

Friday and Saturday's coverage was mainly concerned with the millions of dollars expected to be inherited by Presley's nine-year old daughter, although London's *Evening Standard* carried a noteworthy leader column under the heading 'HE WAS THE ONE', which concluded: *"Presley's death, like his life, is inevitably attended by much that is ersatz and professionally staged — an extravagance of kitsch of every variety. But there is no mistaking the real shock, bereavement and desolation on thousands of those faces pressed against the gates of his house and queueing sadly for the memorial services. Will they cry like that for Johnny Rotten?"*

Sunday, bloody Sunday, was muck-raking day with the *Mirror* negating their level-headed leader comment *("For all his personal problems, he spread happiness and understanding")* by running extracts from the 'biography' by Dave Hebler and the West brothers, Red and Sonny — Elvis' ex-bodyguards — which details Presley's obsessions with death and the supernatural.

The *News Of The World* was relatively restrained (odd, since Chris Hutchins is credited with their front-page 'exclusive', too), merely detailing 'starlet' Suzanna Leigh's *'confessions'* about 'THE KING AND I': *"We were never lovers, but I was as close to him as anybody could get."* Ms Leigh co-starred with Presley in *Paradise Hawaiian style* (1966), generally considered to be one of his all-time cinematic lows.

Would that Diana Dors was so coy. Her *'wild, wild affair'* with Elvis was splashed all over the *People*.

"I was 24, Elvis 21 — and both of us were sex symbols at the height of our careers . . ."

It was in the grounds of Ms Dors' 'million-dollar' Beverly Hills mansion that the assignations took place: *"There, amid the orchids and the gardenias, we would make love. He was the nearest thing I've ever known to Heaven."*

Touching, isn't it, how "one of the best-kept secrets in show business" should just happen to appear on the front page of the *People* five days after Elvis' death?

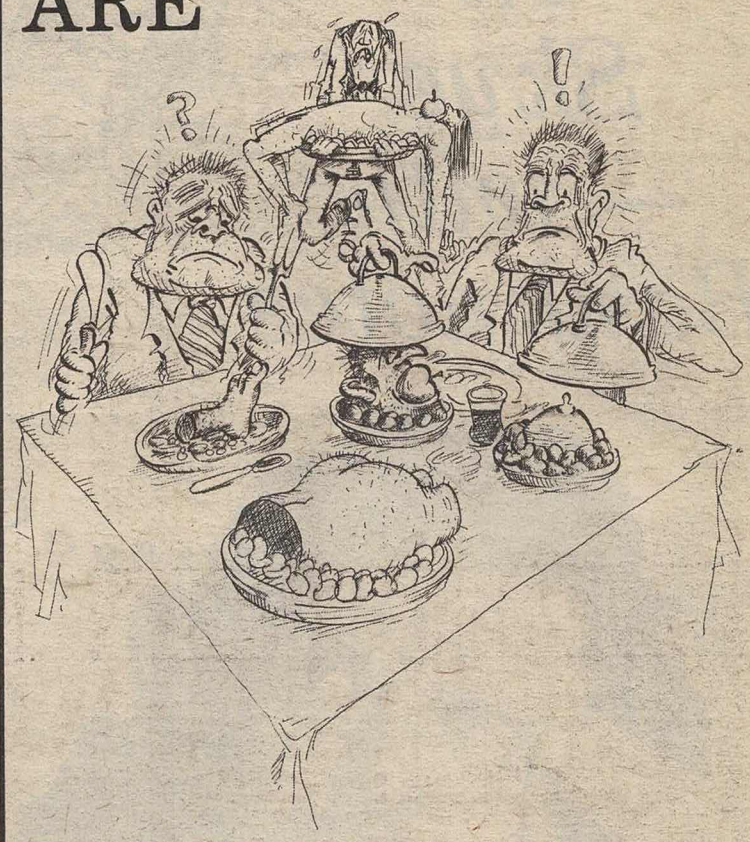
Most moving, also, that in the same paper, Jimmy Savile can tell us that after *"all our many meetings"* (later reputed to be 'half-a-dozen') he is convinced that Elvis was 'NO JUNKIE!" *"A drug addict takes dope for pleasure; Elvis took it for pain. And the side-effects caused the over-weight."*

And, it seems, it's not over yet. In Monday's *Daily Express*, George Gale laments the death of Elvis Presley because *"It has caused the man to be grotesquely flattered and all that he represented to be, in consequence, praised. Presley seemed to brutalise sex, to deprive it of love and affection, and to glorify all that is ugly and violent in its representation, He is the first and foremost exponent of punk rock."*

As millions of words are being spewed forth on Elvis the Man, the Legend, the Obsessed, the Neurotic, the Enigma, the Lonely, the Middle-Aged . . . one anonymous fan is tersely quoted in Sunday's *Observer: "Please don't say he was fat."*

□ MONTY SMITH

YOU EAT WHO YOU ARE



BOYS! NEXT time your date rolls her china blues at you and breathes "You look good enough to eat!" don't just bargain for that blow job you figured on! Could be that cute little scimatar she's touting around in her purse could be handy for more than cleaning her toenails!

Might be she's trying to live in the style of her new idol Alferd Packer, a Utah prospector trapped in the Colorado mountains with five colleagues in the winter of 1874! Who emerged with spring, alone — having bolted his buddies. (The full story, by the way, is recounted in Dashiell Hammett's "The Thin Man".).

Student at the University of Colarado celebrated "Alferd Packer Day" by naming a restaurant after him; the "Alferd Packer Society" campaigns for Colorado's environment with the slogan "Take A Land Developer To Lunch"; while "The Friends Of Alferd Packer", Congressional staff working in Washington, have as their motto "Serving Our Fellow Man Since 1874."

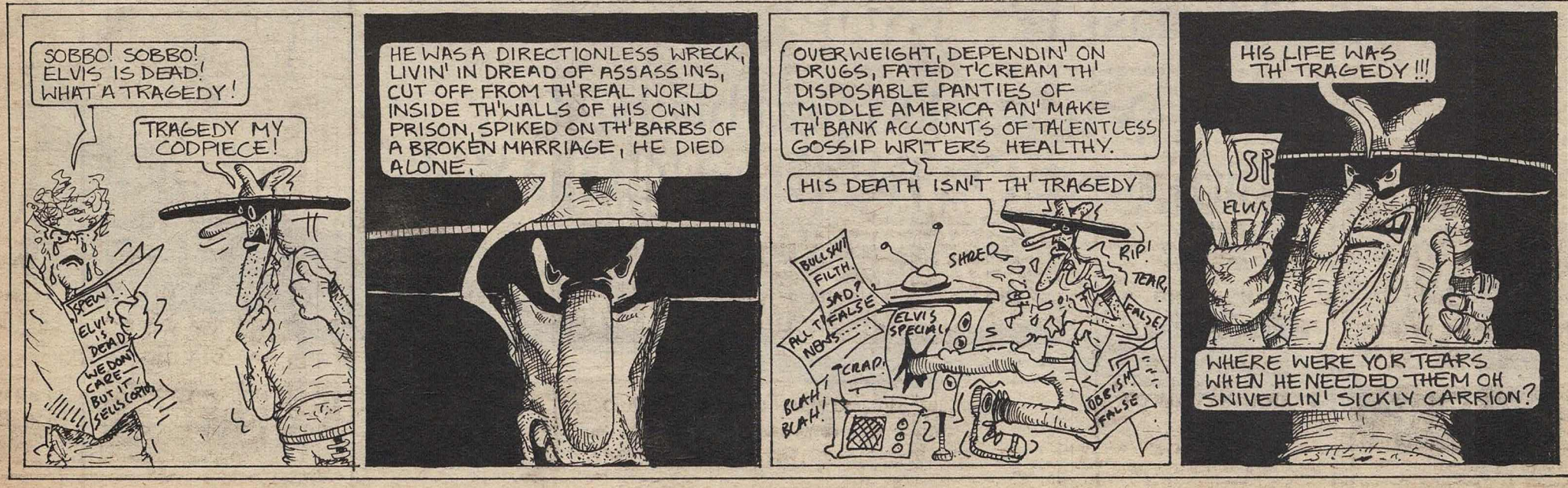
Could be the last bright sparks who put up the plaque commemorating Al in the Grill Room of the Washington Agriculture Department! But the General Services Adminstration ordered it down with a growl; "This reflects badly on the meals that are served to Government employees in Government restaurants."

Though Ferdie lived to a grand old age, the sentencing judge vowed: "There was only six Democrats in all of Hinsdale County and you, you man-eating son of a bitch, ate five of them. I sentence you to hang till you're dead, dead, dead, as a warning against further reducing the Democratic population of this country."

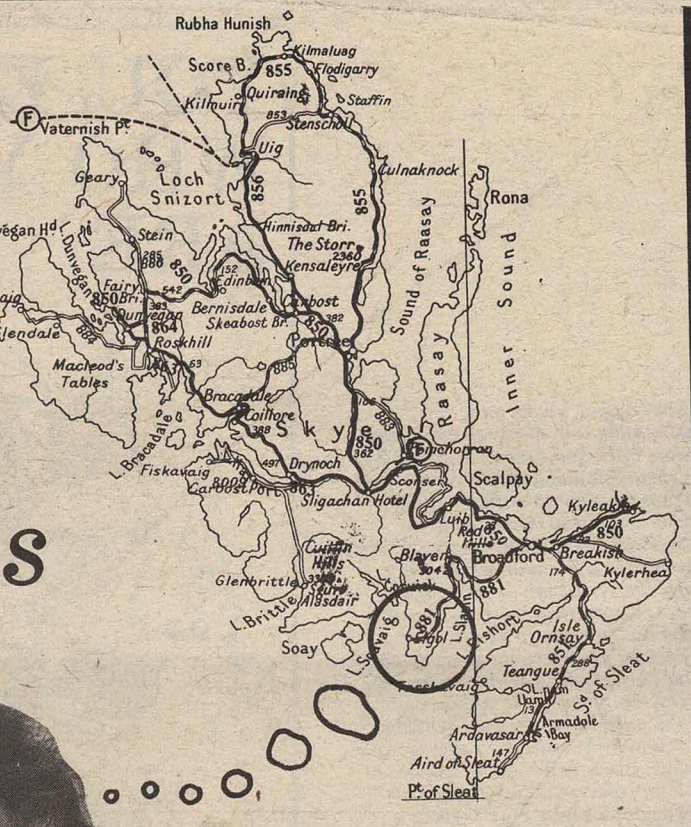
Plans by hardened Commies to eat the entire membership of the National Front are at present being given careful consideration.

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LONE GROOVER — *BENYON*


SOBBO! SOBBO! ELVIS IS DEAD! WHAT A TRAGEDY!
TRAGEDY MY CODPIECE!
SPEW! ELVIS IS DEAD! WE DON'T CARE — BUT IT SELLS COPIES
HE WAS A DIRECTIONLESS WRECK, LIVIN' IN DREAD OF ASSASSINS, CUT OFF FROM TH' REAL WORLD INSIDE TH' WALLS OF HIS OWN PRISON, SPIKED ON TH' BARBS OF A BROKEN MARRIAGE, HE DIED ALONE.
OVERWEIGHT, DEPENDIN' ON DRUGS, FATED T' CREAM TH' DISPOSABLE PANTIES OF MIDDLE AMERICA AN' MAKE TH' BANK ACCOUNTS OF TALENTLESS GOSSIP WRITERS HEALTHY.
HIS DEATH ISN'T TH' TRAGEDY
BULLSHIT FILTH. SAD? FALSE ALL T' NEWS
ELVIS SPECIAL
SHEER
RIP!
TEAR
FALSE!
CRAP!
BLAH! BLAH!
JOBBISH FALSE
HIS LIFE WAS TH' TRAGEDY!!!
WHERE WERE YOR TEARS WHEN HE NEEDED THEM OH SNIVELLIN' SICKLY CARRION?

Anderson In Skye —with Banknotes

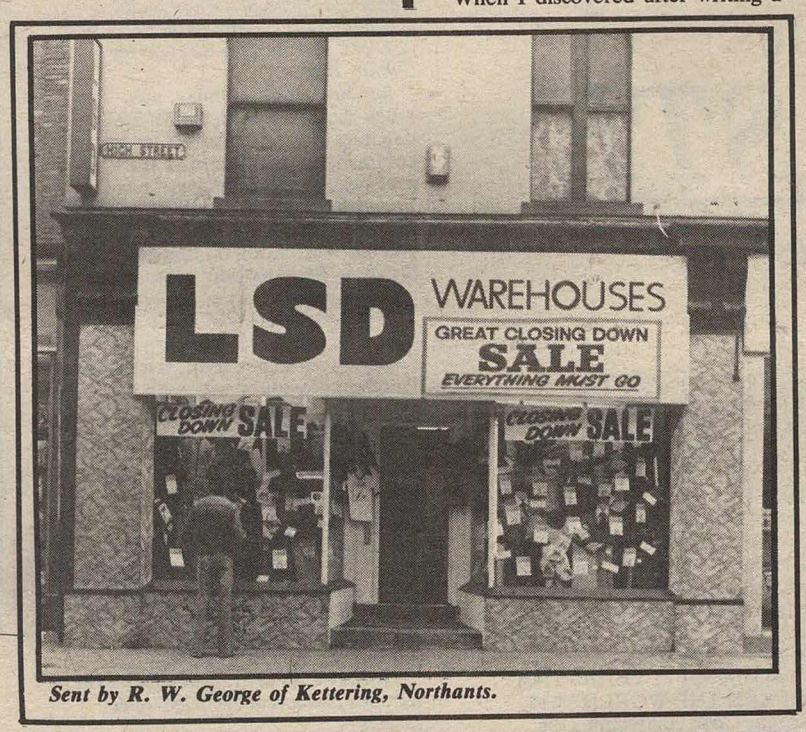


REPORTS WHICH appeared recently in *The Scotsman* and other papers suggesting that Ian Anderson was about to purchase Strathaird, a vast estate on the Isle of Skye, for a figure approaching £250,000 were "premature", according to Jo Lustig, manager of Jethro Tull.

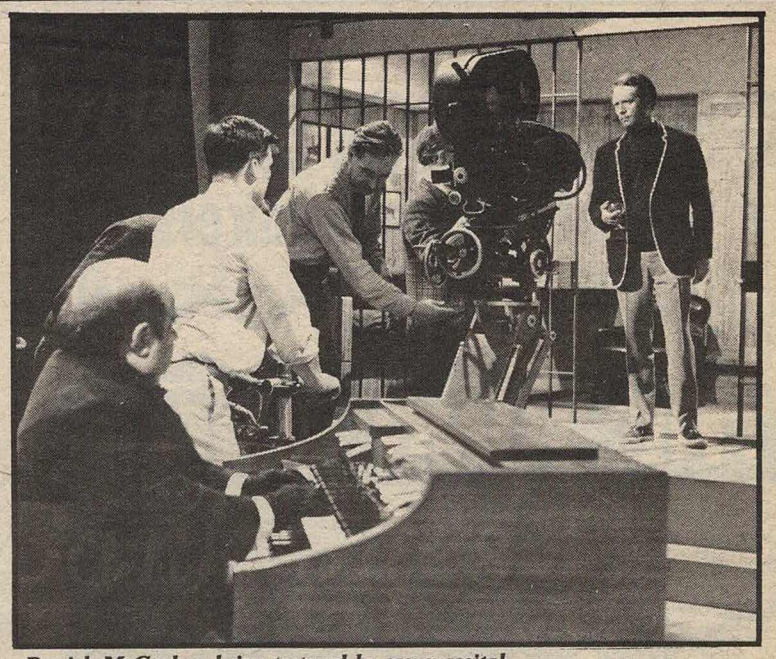
The estate — desirable indeed — totals 15,000 acres and comprises a mansion, the coastal township of Elgol, two crofting settlements, as well as several peaks in the Cuillin range and, presumably therefore, a few dead mountaineers.

For over 1,000 years Strathaird has been the ancestral home of the MacKinnons. A spokesman for the Clan (yes, we do mean Angus) said on hearing the reports: "He's not even a bloody Sassenach — he's a mere Lowlander. All the same, I hope if he does buy the land that he treats it with the respect it deserves; and if he doesn't then I hope the resident water-spirits get him."

□ BOB WOFFINDEN



Sent by R. W. George of Kettering, Northants.



Patrick McGoohan being tortured by organ recital

PRISONERS OF THE PRISONER

I'VE ALWAYS tended to view fan clubs with a mixture of trepidation and amusement. Anyone who devotes a major percentage of his spare time to the greater glory of a movie-star, rock and roll hero or what have you tends to be slightly weird.

When I discovered after writing a recent piece on the cult TV show *The Prisoner* (NME July 9) that there was a fan club dedicated to it, I wondered what the hell the organisers would be like.

In previous years, I'd had a couple of brushes with the Trekkies, the fanatical and highly organised followers of the *Star Trek* series. Their devotions ranged between camping round in pointed rubber Mr Spock ears to earnest discussion of trivial points in any one of the 96 episodes of the show.

So what were the *Prisoner* fans like? Did they twitch, look furtive or wear badges with numbers on? As a matter of fact, they didn't. *(Cries of "Shame!" — F. St. Ed.)* They came on like fairly normal individuals in their late 20's.

Roger Goodman and Judie Adamson are the national co-ordinators of Six Of One, *The Prisoner* Appreciation Society and the first thing they want to make perfectly clear is that theirs is not a fan club, either for the show or for its star Patrick McGoohan. No, what they run is an Appreciation Society.

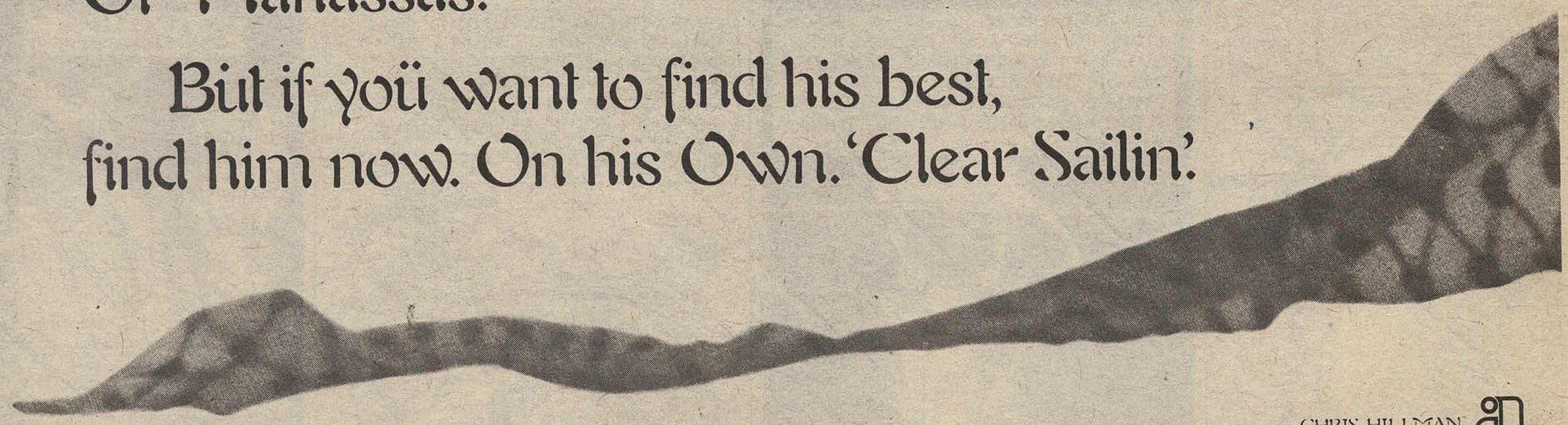
So what exactly is the difference?

From their conversation it's apparent that there's some gulf between *Prisoner* enthusiasts and more run-of-the-mill fans. Far from passively worshipping, they view *The Prisoner* as a very positive allegory of modern life. It appears that a large percentage of their members are people who feel their individuality is imprisoned by jobs, mortgages, marriages and many of the other trappings of modern

'CHRIS HILLMAN

You could have found him in 'The Byrds'.
Or 'The Flying Burrito Brothers'.
Or 'Manassas'.

But if you want to find his best,
find him now. On his Own. 'Clear Sailin'.



CHRIS HILLMAN
Available on Asylum Records K 53060 asylum

living, and in whom the show strikes a rebellious chord.

"So many of our members felt before joining that they were alone in their response to the show."

Aside from its more metaphysical and social aspects, Six Of One also fulfils the more normal fan club functions. For a £2 subscription it supplies you with a badge that carries the show's penny-farthing logo, and four quarterly copies of their magazine *Alert*. Members also get privileged purchasing deals on *Prisoner* T-shirts, books and (although the organisers don't sound too happy about it) discount prices on seven-foot-diameter weather balloons similar to the ones that constantly herd McGoohan back into captivity and snuff other recalcitrant prisoners.

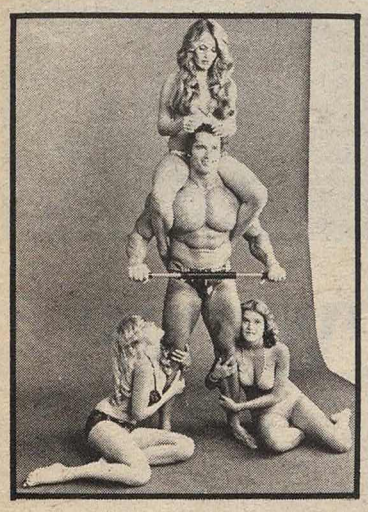
They also arrange regular meetings. Their first Grand Annual Convention took place last Easter in Portmerion, the baroque Welsh holiday resort that was used as the sinister village in the show. A second one is planned for 1978.

Roger and Judie claim that the main purpose of the society is to "bring the show into sharper focus." From later conversation, it would seem that the convention brought the fans into sharper focus. One faction spent their time rushing about in blazers and striped shirts, straight out of the programme, while others (to quote a letter in the magazine) discussed "the relationship between *The Prisoner* and Marx / psychedelia / James Joyce / William Blake / Lenny Bruce / pregnancy and birth / spiritual development and the search for God / etc."

A long way from the Rollers Fan Club, huh?

□ MICK FARREN

Six Of One, The Prisoner Appreciation Society, *can be contacted at P.O. Box 61, Cheltenham, Glos. GL52 3JX.*



You Too Can Have Bodies Like This (If You Have A Body Like That)

IF YOU had the world's most perfectly developed body, wouldn't you flaunt it? Arnold Schwarzenegger holds that distinction. Son of an Austrian police chief, this meat mountain began building up his body during his teens and hasn't stopped since. He's been Mr. Universe five times and Mr. Olympia six times and boasts a 57 inch chest, 22 inch arms and 28 inch thighs. Measure yours next time you're in the bathroom.

Arnold officially retired from competitive bodybuilding in late 1975 and now lives in Santa Monica running a mail order and real estate business. Not content with being a muscular businessman, he decided to take up acting and won the Golden Globe Award for Best Male Acting Debut in Bob Rafelson's Stay Hungry. Released in 1975, it didn't smash box office records but still surfaces at local fleapits from time to time.

Arnold is now star of a new movie called Pumping Iron, to be seen in this country at the end of September. The title of the movie is the bodybuilder's term for lifting weights in order to develop your muscles and dates back to San Quentin Prison in the 1930s. The movie stems from a book of the same name which, although it was ignored when first published in November, has now become a cult classic and has run to fifteen printings.

The movie, which focuses on the amateur Mr. Universe contest and the professional Mr. Olympia battle is, by all accounts, excellent. Schwarzenegger, it seems, has charisma as well as gargantuan biceps. Rumours are that he'll be over here for the film's opening. No doubt one of our skinny interviewers will pluck up the courage to speak to him.

□ DICK TRACY

B.O.F.s CLOSE PUNK VENUE

THE ELECTRIC Circus, Manchester, opened about ten months ago, a middling venue for a depressing number of orginary, run-of-the-mill rock bands.

It housed the "Anarchy" tour twice. Exceptions. Rare glints that hinted at the future.

A few months back, at the end of April, it inauguarated its policy of booking punk and suchlike on Sundays.

With odd early exceptions, like X.T.C., all were smash hits, Over the past few weeks the Circus has not only become Manchester's premier venue, but also one of the best in the country; almost but not quite, the prestige venue that Manchester really needed. It was certainly punk/etc., that established the Circus as such.

Sunday nights there have become gathering of the masses, with, for some, the music often incidental.

Co-owner Allan Robinson, recognising the enormous pulling power punk possessed, especially compared to the mainstream stuff he's been putting on on Fridays and Saturdays, set about spreading punk/etc to Saturday night as well (though openly admitting he didn't like the music too much!)

The news was greeted with much glee.

But, of course, young people aren't allowed to have too much fun, right?

Trouble came with the Authorities, Fire, Health, Space. "Each person must have eight and a half feet within which to dance; maximum number allowed: 280 — which effectively means that the Circus must close.

They never bothered before punk was established regularly.

Lately, they've been particularly perturbed.

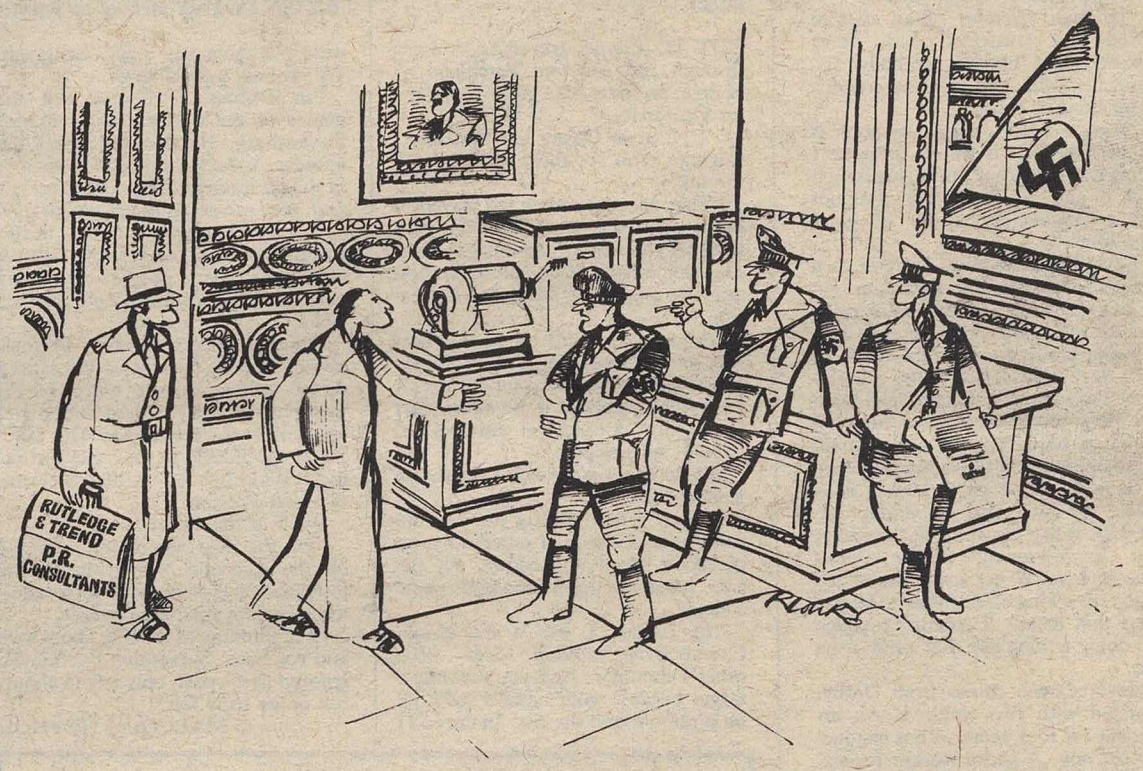
Robinson, and partner Graham Brooks, are understandably a little peeved. They're shutting at the end of September. And that's gonna leave a huge hole as far as Manchester's concerned.

The last night is going to be a party — October 1st. Hopefully, Buzzcocks, The Worst, The Fall, The Drones, Slaughter, The Rip-offs, The Negatives, V2, The Distractions, Warsaw and The Nosebleeds, or at least some of them, are gonna play.

And nobody's going to leave, know what I mean?

□ PAUL MORLEY

LOWRY



"I'll be perfectly frank with you, gentlemen. We've called you in because of this unfortunate public image that we here at the Gestapo seem to have developed."

CLEAR SAILIN'

CHRIS HILLMAN
Available on Asylum Records & Tapes K 53060 asylum

A new musical, "England, England", based around the lives of the Kray twins, opened in London last week. It is written by Snoo Wilson and Kevin Coyne, who is interviewed below; the play is reviewed in cols. 4 and 5.

K.C. ON SUNSHINE TRAIL

THERE IS a genuine need for communication, on the part of the audience. They want to be communicated with. They want to share in the particular experience of the artist.

"In such stressful times, they're bored and frustrated with being bombed and blasted, verbally and musically; and generally regarded a silent herd of cattle.

"And I don't care anymore if people say 'this is weird', because I know it's not. What I'm saying is, you talk to me, we'll all talk. I'm not hiding behind a battery of giant amplifiers."

Kevin Coyne talking. At home on a sunny South London afternoon. As he talks, his eyes fix, his voice rolls, and his head bobs and shakes in time to some internal bodily tick-tock.

"I feel very strong now. I know what I'm saying is going to last. I can see the grass growing out of these old buildings here. There's a wonderful air of optimism at the moment. There is so much going on and there is so much to say. And essentially the message is like the chant at the end of the performance, *'Give some love/And you'll get some back.'* It's taken me a long bloody time to realise what that means. I couldn't imagine me doing a thing like that a few years ago."

Kevin Coyne comes from Derby. Married with two children. An art student for four years. A bus conductor for one. A social worker for six. Maker of three albums for Dandelion and five for Virgin.

Compassionate, Personal, Comic, Original. A social commentator and songwriter with something to say. His songs, like coins, double-sided: a mirror to the soul and a mirror to the outside world. Above all, an entertainer.

A prolific songwriter — 125 songs registered at the Performing Rights Society — with another 30 songs written for playwright Snoo Wilson's musical "England, England", inspired loosely around the infamous Kray twins.

ASIDE FROM his current theatrical involvement, 1977 is musically a year of change for Kevin Coyne.

The January release of the impeccable "In Living Black And White" was of dual significance; neatly sealing the end of Coyne with band, whilst marking the beginning of Coyne with guitar, voice, and tapes.

In performance the home-assembled tapes provide a continuous tickertalk canvas for Coyne to explore the numerous complexions within his songs.

On his recent tour (as support act to Shakti) the tapes were employed with considerable effect. Their content ranged from musical spoofs of blitzing boogie to unsettling dribbles of institutional cackle (C. F. "Case History No. 2".)

A Coyne solo show is unlike anything currently available on a British stage.

"I'm developing the tapes into something which has limitless potential. That's very exciting. It's injected something new into me. It's made me look forward to and enjoy performing again.

"I've started investigating natural sounds, making tapes of the wind and trees. Or taping people's conversations in the street. I want to create different shows for different situations. I want to say something positive about where I am at the time. I try wherever I go to relate to what's going on through the local papers — who's the local pop star who's the local target.

CUT TO Coyne, travelling in a car through the concrete hutchland of Hulme, en route for a gig at Manchester University.

. . . Cut to Coyne onstage, later, singing "Who are these architects on the hill?"

"That actual building we played in Manchester was surrounded by what must be the worst, possibly the most dreadful estates of human habitation that I've ever seen. I find it so distressing.

"And in the midst of it, we have this seat of learning, with relatively privileged people, who maybe aren't even thinking about it. So at the start of the show, I came out with this off-the-cuff monologue."

Coyne spent a weekend gigging in Ireland too.

"When I was playing there, I did some special things. I taped a hymn, played a bit of mini-Moog, put the two together, then adopted papal stances.

"In Belfast I was a bit afraid. Everybody's looking over each other's shoulder. And you feel like a target because your name's stuck up on posters round the city. In the end I went out there and made 'em laugh. We all had a good laugh.

"In Dublin, I shouted out the names of the Concentration camps, Ravensburg, Buchenwald. And the audience naturally threw in the names of the internment camps. Because it is *real,* they are going to put you away if you don't do what you're told in this world. Once you can recognise what's happening then people can unify against the forces that would put you away."

"Putting people Away"; Coyne's observations as a social worker exert a direct influence over much of his material. Indeed the desperation and eloquence of "House On The Hill" refers specifically to time spent working at Whittingham Psychiatric Hospital, near Preston.

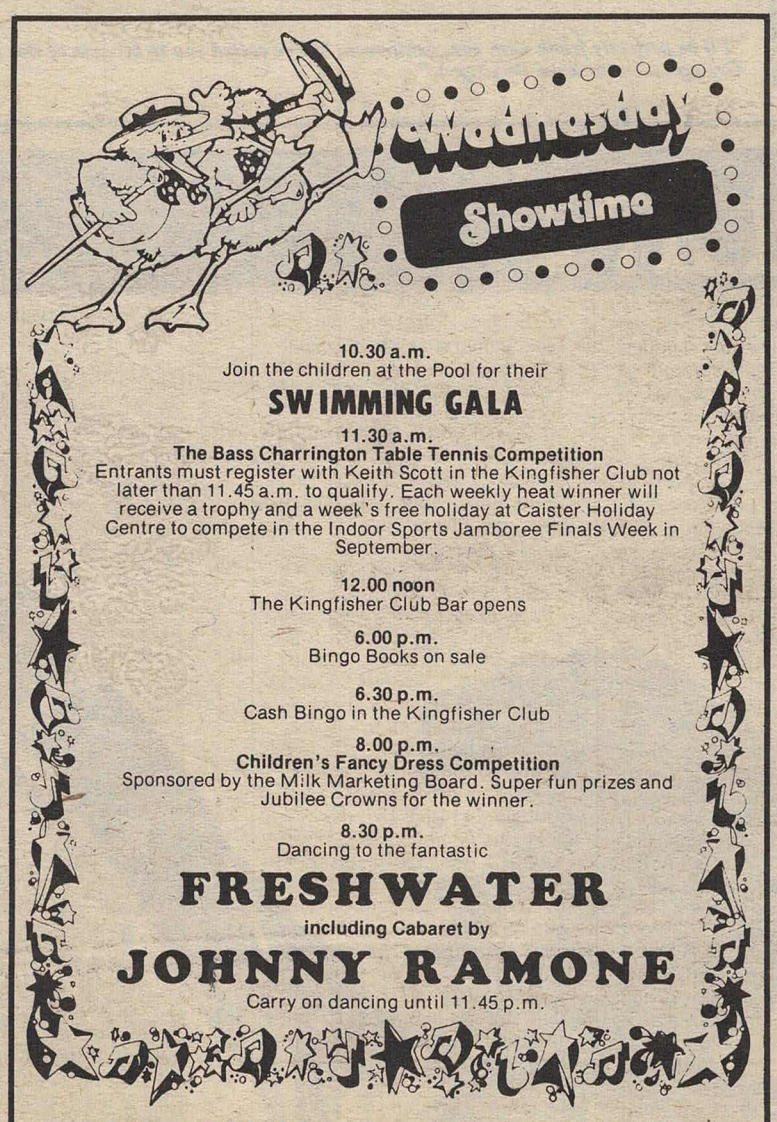
What of the future?

"On the next album, I'm working on the principle of playing all the instruments myself, with some additions from sympathetic people.

"I'm thinking of it being about love and romance. Something I've maybe ignored in the past, only talked about, but never truly felt."

□ MALCOLM HEYHOE

KEVIN COYNE picking up positive, optimistic vibrations.


Wednesday
Showtime
10.30 a.m.
Join the children at the Pool for their
SWIMMING GALA
11.30 a.m.
The Bass Charrington Table Tennis Competition
Entrants must register with Keith Scott in the Kingfisher Club not later than 11.45 a.m. to qualify. Each weekly heat winner will receive a trophy and a week's free holiday at Caister Holiday Centre to compete in the Indoor Sports Jamboree Finals Week in September.
12.00 noon
The Kingfisher Club Bar opens
6.00 p.m.
Bingo Books on sale
6.30 p.m.
Cash Bingo in the Kingfisher Club
8.00 p.m.
Children's Fancy Dress Competition
Sponsored by the Milk Marketing Board. Super fun prizes and Jubilee Crowns for the winner.
8.30 p.m.
Dancing to the fantastic
FRESHWATER
including Cabaret by
JOHNNY RAMONE
Carry on dancing until 11.45 p.m.

From Ladbroke Holidays Souvenir Programme. Thoughtfully contributed by Julie Charlesworth, Weybridge, Surrey.

KRAY TWINS OF A DIFFERENT COYNE

ENGLAND, ENGLAND, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre

THE KRAY Twins were quintessential East End villains, lionized by society, who gave generously to charity, mingled with celebrities and MPs, loved their mother and achieved one of the ultimate accolades the Swinging 60s could bestow — to be photographed by David Bailey!

They also had an irritating habit of rubbing out people who rubbed them up the wrong way, leaving their remains embedded in concrete propping up the Westway. They're now doing "not less than" 30 years, but only because — as John Pearson pointed out in his excellent, and terrifying, biography of the twins, *Profession Of Violence* — "the Krays destroyed themselves: another time society may not be so lucky".

The Krays (albeit thinly disguised) are the two pivotal characters in Snoo Wilson's new play *England, England,* with 23 songs by Kevin Coyne worked into the plot.

It's a long play, three quarters of an hour too long, and 23 songs, even spread over two and a half hours — are too many, tending to slow down the pace. Little attempt is made to incorporate the songs into the body of the play, characters are passed microphones and dilligently sing their pieces while the other actors stand awkwardly round.

As for the twins, well, they're nearer to Monty Python's Piranha Brothers than the Krays, what little maleficence there is in the play coming from Bob Hoskins' Jake.

"You know what I'm going to do to you", he says at one point to a society lady who allows brother Jim to seduce her while her husband helplessly watches, "I'm going to slit your fucking throat, and you," stabbing a vicious finger at her husband, "can watch"! Hoskins at times generates pure evil and comes closest to evoking the horror that was the Krays.

Jake says at one point: "We're the original stuff of humanity. Practically everyone in this country, except us, is totally and utterly decadent".

The Krays did have their own code, and saw their killings as a method of cementing their eroding empire of crime, employing terror as a tactic. At one stage they compare themselves with soldiers killing for their country, but the Krays' motives for killing were pleasure, greed, gain and vanity.

I felt Wilson avoided that in the play, or gave sufficient insight into the brothers' involvement with crime and violence, confining himself to observing but not condemning.

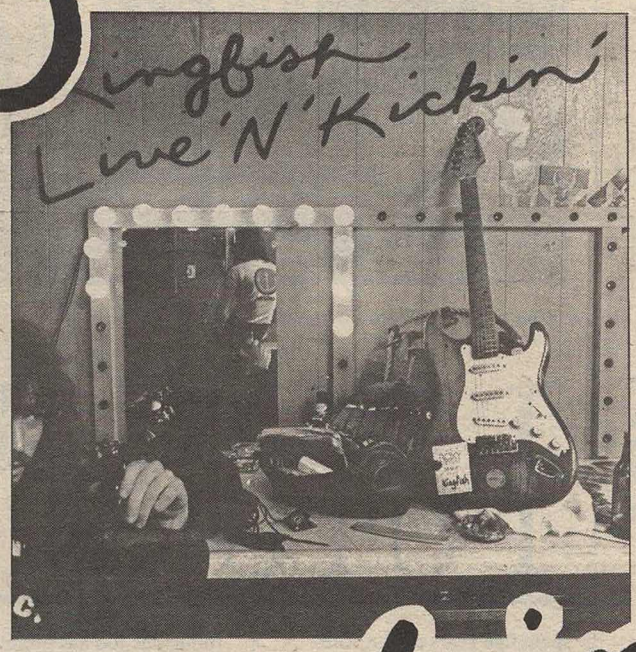
Despite all this, and the fact that neither Hoskins nor Brian Hall step outside caricature, it is a very funny play, with many amusing scenes as the brothers try and ingratiate themselves into society, with Jake pacing about the stage looking like Mick McManus, trying to coax the Earl of Hainault into getting him an OBE.

Nearly all the cast double as musicians and singers, and a pretty potent team they are, particularly on "America". I'd be interested in hearing Coyne's songs out of the context of the show and put on record sometime in the future.

Where he can go after the Krays is a point of conjecture, although apparently he's working on a musical based on the Moors Murderers, Ian Brady and Myra Hindley. Whatever next, a musical based on David Irving's Hitler as a benevolent dictator? And that's just one small step away from Mel Brooks.

PATRICK HUMPHRIES

Kingfish



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The ONLY ONES. Pic: JOHN A. TYGIER

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE OF... etc. Pt 52

"FLARED TROUSERS . . . FLARED TROUSERS . . .", the audience at the Marquee taunt brightly. On stage The Only Ones are sticking together the kind of set that makes most people with any savvy realise they're in on the act, so to speak, of something a little bit out of the ordinary. The off-stage abuse drones on regardless — this ain't vacancy, this lot are permanently out to lunch.

Guitarist / songwriter / singer Peter Perret relates his view to me with a lissom chuckle. "Inspirational innit? Having a lot of kids shout flared trousers atcha. We had to check we weren't wearing them too. This business is making me paranoid."

Lead guitar and demon bowler merchant John Perry expresses his opinion of a member of the audience who's come for The Heartbreakers and scorned The Only Ones in earless rage by falling asleep with a copy of *Sounds* draped over his face. He can only be brought round by throwing a bag of vegetable matter at his nose.

The Only Ones, in case you didn't know, are one of the four new English bands worth crossing the street to see these days. They don't fit any of the tags that copy writers use to keep their allusions safe but it would be better for all concerned if we stopped making potential heroes conform to an archetype.

I'll tell you what they look like instead. Perret is thin and Angloid and wears eye make-up:

"Got any mascara?" he mumbles.

Nope. Why do you wear that stuff anyway?

"I enjoy it. I prefer looking in the mirror 'cos I can come to terms with what's on the other side."

Perry has the air of a man who lives from day to day. He spent five years on the dole, sold pencils for a week and practised at being a freelance astrologist.

But he doesn't write songs about the state of the nation. Perret would probably like to be plastered on the sumptuous pages of the *Sunday Times* colour mag. He wants to be a star.

Unfortunately, he can't pretend to feel martyred even though he too has sampled the munificence of Her Majesty's Charity.

Strange boys, these. They prefer to concentrate on being good at what they do, in this case being musicians. So they have an arranged set. Sometimes they smash up their equipment through sheer frustration and it seems genuine:

"We work better when there's a bit of hostility. I express displeasure verbally as well." See they're versatile.

The Only Ones' history is not of the kind you could write a rock book about. Perry once got paid ten quid for a pub gig — "A few more of those and we'd be well away"; they have to play discos in Coventry and, when they're very naughty, London's Speakeasy.

Perret used to front a Forest Hill flop called England's Glory who were much liked by cultists, men of influence and extreme indolence and a girl called Zena who subsequently became Perret's manager for the love and not the money (they get 15 quid a week actually, which is worse than the dole).

Perry played gigs around Bristol and London until in 1975 one Robert Hunter, rock and roller, beat poet extraordinaire and lyricist for The Grateful Dead, cornered him into laying down some licks for an unreleased album. Word was that Hunter would try and schlep the tapes Friscowards where Uncle Jerome, Tower Of Power and assorted heavies would embelish the follow up to "Tales Of The Great Rum Runners".

Trouble was the old bozo reckoned that Dolby equalisation in England differed to that in the States and the tapes stayed on the shelf.

Next year "Tiger Rose" came out anyhow but Perry missed the moolah and the kudos. However, he doesn't linger on this episode even though I beat him about the neck and proclaim the virtues of the Dead for six hours.

"I dunno . . . those West Coast guitarists don't play with enough attack. The Doors were good, they had economy and structure, but I don't play the Dead or Quicksilver much now."

Perry himself is an ace guitarist, looks as lazy as hell but plays with total control. Feedback, sustain, rough and smooth. ATTACK? He wipes the floor with any new wave aspirant and there's nothing more to say on that matter.

Bassist Alan Mair used to be with a Scottish band called The Beat Stalkers, who appeared on the same *Ready Steady Go* as The Small Faces and The Who. He was a teen idol in Glasgow for years. His playing reminds me of old Love records, simple and effective.

Drummer Mike Kellie has had a proper grounding in big time, having scared shit out the skins with Spooky Tooth, been part of Peter Frampton's band (check out the initial album) and sundry other ill fated ventures. He too gets 15 quid a week:

"I've been hibernating to protect myself. I may be naive with money but I am intuitive. I hadn't found a songwriter like Peter before, and now we're all waiting for this thing to go the whole way. They turn me on. Like John has something recognisably great; he encompasses so much without ripping anyone off. Peter is peculiar. The band name came to him in a dream. He woke up and wrote it down. I give us nine years before we split up. Until then it's permanent."

Perret reckons that Kellie flipped when he realised what it was like to be back at the bottom, but soon adjusted. This is dedication.

"He was the one we worried about most. We found 'im in the gutter with two pairs of ripped trousers to his name." Yeah, the stuff of which legends are made. Leastways Kellie is a superb drummer, gives the band a sound and a confidence which suggests they could make a go of persuading the current climate that something had better change.

"Obviously we aren't punks, but punks ain't stupid. They've rebelled against one system and they'll kick against their own limitations. We can make great records too; we love studios."

The proof of this is apparent on their "Lovers Of Today" single, an instant modern pop statement. Like all Perret's songs it uses personal experience for subject matter. Relationships with human beings and all that jazz. Released on their own Vengeance label, it immediately sparked off the general lemming-like rush by the cheque book-snapping company men.

"We ain't signing anything yet. I've always done things my own way because I must work with people I can trust as friends. Also we're looking for the right producer. He exists somewhere on the planet."

Perret expresses a preference for Matthew Kaufman. He's an ardent Jonathan Richman fan (aren't we all?) but his style is stubborn and clear sighted.

Perret hates songs with stupid words and English heavy metal. He listens to Bob Dylan all the time "and Richman 'cos the words are so stupid".

There is nothing stupid about The Only Ones though. You know that sometimes in rock'n'roll, once in a blue moon, you get a taut feeling in the stomach and a tingling in the brain which tells you that here is a visual compulsion to stay the entire birth pangs of whatever damn fool trend is going down at the moment and scorch all the muthas to a pile of disposable rubble.

The Onle Ones hit me like that. You can only blame yourself if you don't check them out now.

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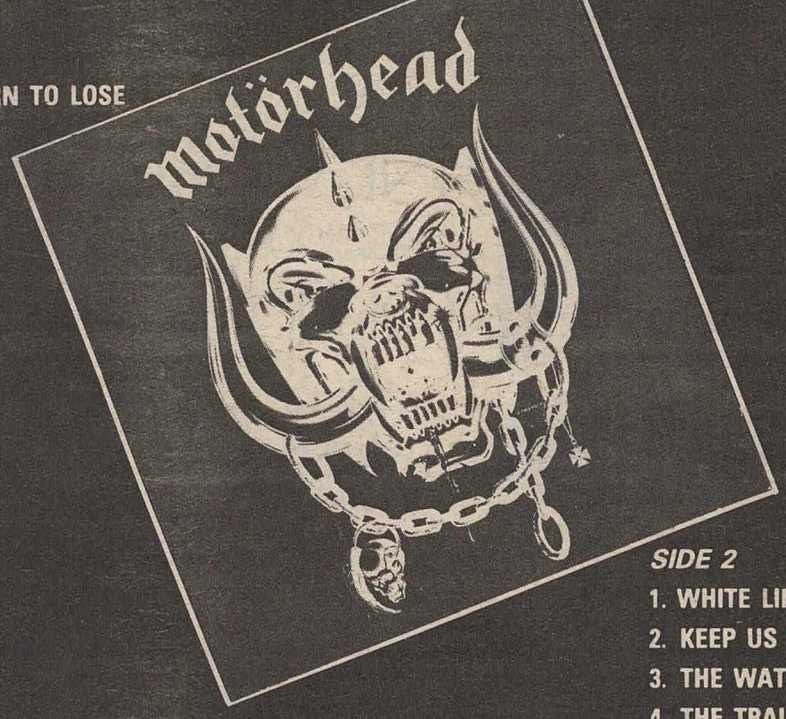

SIDE 2
1. WHITE LINE FEVER
2. KEEP US ON THE ROAD
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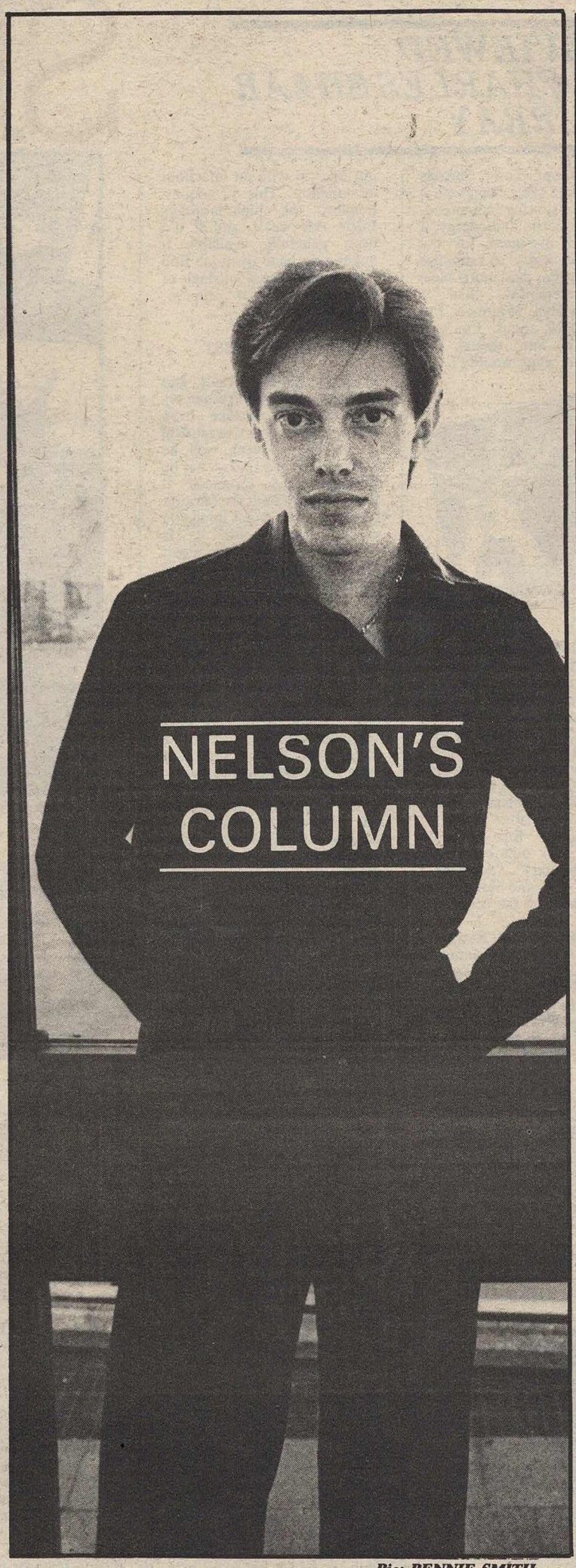
By BILL NELSON

Himself. In Person.



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

The Price Of Freedom

. . . In which the ***Be-Bop Deluxe*** *leading light explains in his own fair hand a few of the compromises a musician has to make in order to be free to ply his trade.*

ALL PRINT is propaganda. Just four words for you to remember as you read this or any other page of your fun filled *NME*. What, you may ask, has that statement got to do with Be-Bop Deluxe, and why is Bill Nelson writing his own features these days?

Well, a few weeks back, in a *Sounds* article on Be-Bop, I made a few gentle stabs in the direction of the rock press. Nothing nasty you understand, just my usual moans about misrepresentation etc. The kind of thing you'll hear from any musician who's suffered the unavoidable discomfort of having his work slagged off in black and white for all to see.

Anyway, as a result of that particular article, I've been invited by *NME* to write anything I like for publication in these very pages. I reckon they think that if I'm given enough rope, I'll hang myself.

Of course when I was offered this wonderful opportunity, I nearly snatched their hands off. Sure, I'd love to have all that space to myself, make a change to see a bit more Be-Bop in *NME* and a bit less of that other pop group — you know, those nasty sex-persons we're always reading about.

Then I thought, what should I write about? I mean, I can't tell you the truth can I? You wouldn't want me to lose all my strange friends overnight by saying what a rat-race rock 'n' roll is with details of names and phone numbers and everything, would you . . . ? O.K. here goes . . . No, I've changed my mind, it's not worth the risk. You can rest easy friends, your secrets are safe with me.

Cynical? I most certainly am. Cynicism happens to be one of my higher attributes, though I haven't managed to push it quite as high as that Chris Whats-iz-name who often writes for these pages. You know who I mean, the one with the incomprehensible Polish name and the shabby mac'. I must admit that I've never met such a dyed-in-the-wool cynic in all my life.

Very aloof too; a superstar amongst cynics you might say. No, I mustn't get bitter just because he's nastier than me. After all, I've had my chance. This is the third attempt at writing this article as it is, and the first two were far more bitchy, so you see, I'm not such a bad guy after all.

LET'S MOVE on to more reasonable matters. I'm writing this at Oxford's renowned Manor Studios where we're in the process of completing our next album. It will be a double album, hopefully selling for a little less than a double album would normally sell for, but, because of various reasons such as car accidents and more recently ill health, it won't be available till January.

The material is quite a change for Be-Bop, and rather strange in a subtle way. It's rhythmically much more straightforward than previous material but has a strong element of the bizarre and the whimsical running through it. An odd combination I think you'll agree, though I suppose you'll all draw vastly different conclusions when you eventually get to hear it. But then one of the more pleasant side-effects of doing what I do, is being able to hear the different interpretations people have of it all.

I'm often asked in interviews to give specific meanings to the lyrics, which, while an understandable request, is a little absurd as I hardly know what they mean myself. Words have a magic which is made all the more potent when not completely understood by their captor, for true poetry is caught, not written. Snatched out of the air like radio waves, irresistably drawn by human antenna into the ink of the author's pen and as mysterious as automatic writing.

Nearly had my neck in the noose there, didn't I? I must remember that this is the *NME* and poetry is a dirty word. Regardless of that, you won't get any more album selling talk from me in this article. All print is propaganda, remember?

LET'S MOVE on once more. It seems quite fashionable nowadays to refer to anything remotely adventurous as 'New Wave' and anything older than six months as 'Old Wave'. Quite a healthy attitude, I must admit, though it does have a few unpleasant side-effects, one of which is the obvious division of music fans into two separate camps, neither being prepared to open their ears to the other side's music.

The blame for this rests as much with the media as with anyone else. The new wave has always been with us in one form or another, though its voice has often been too small to be heard. Musically literate and forward-thinking people such as Brian Eno, Fred Frith, John Cale, Bowie, Phil Manzanera, Robert Fripp and even such ageing luminaries as Pete Townshend amongst others have contributed in their own way to an exploratory feel in rock 'n' roll for quite sometime now.

And I mean *rock 'n' roll* and not jazz — which often gets too sophisticated for its own good.

The ability to change and progress is in all of us but we're not going to extend ourselves very far musically if we restrict our listening to what is deemed fashionable. There's just too much good music around to fall into that trap. And while we're on the subject of traps, watch out for this one:

There was a phrase coined way back in the early '60s, supposedly to describe that era's discontented youth. The phrase was 'Angry Young Man' and it carried with it certain intellectual and political overtones. Now while the cultivation of a 'political consciousness' is to be commended, the extension of such into the glossy realm of popular music is a somewhat dubious exercise.

It's been tried time and time again and usually with the same end result. Youth asserts itself, sometimes brilliantly, often blindly, but always with the kind of vitality that raises the hackles of those faceless souls who regulate our daily lives.

Angry Young Men, Hippies or Punks, whatever the cause, it's demise will almost certainly be the absorbtion of the movement into the dark confines of big business bank accounts. All those record companies chasing after the Pistols and Clash etc didn't give a damm about politics; they could smell money, Big Money.

Don't get me wrong, there's nothing wrong with that. Record companies exist to make profits and there *are* people working in the big companies on a 'shop-floor' level who really do get off on the music as much as you or I. Without those people we certainly wouldn't be able to hear as much music as we do now.

But money earned from music has to be put into a proper perspective. I haven't met a musician yet who wants anything more than to make his music freely and without interference from outside authority. Obviously that freedom doesn't come cheap. There's no way I can write, record and perform at the highest level I'm capable of, and work in my old day job at the same time. So to keep doing what I'm doing, what I believe I'm *meant* to do, I have to enter the arena of marketing, interviews, contracts, publicity and so forth — all seemingly extra to the music itself.

It's rather like walking a tightrope where one step to the right tumbles me into an ocean of pure 'product' and one to the left lands me back in the day job. No fun at all.

THE TRUTH is that any band who sign a record deal, new or old wave, run exactly the same risks. The answer lies in using the techniques of the business to further the cause of what originally inspired me to make music, and if that happens to earn me money, then fine, because all it really does is buy me time to make more music still.

The last thing I'd do, though, is use a fashionable political stance to sell my art, and no matter how sincere some of the New Wave might be in that direction, all their managers and publicists are really doing is selling political posturing and pantomime anarchy dressed up as the real thing.

This is dangerous ground and guaranteed media fodder which, while selling records, produces unnecessary overtones of violence amongst an all too gullible public. Fear not though, because in the end, all will be absorbed. No matter how much fun it is running around in our silly costumes, desperately trying to startle the world, nothing much will change outside of these pages.

We may not want to grow older, but unless teenage suicide becomes the very next craze, we're all going to be faced with the scorn of tomorrow's generation. Me? I've got enough music in me for a thousand years yet, and that's *all* I care about.

Well, without running into more pages, there's not much else I can say and I do have an album to finish, so I'll hand you back to the regular *NME* staffers with thanks to them for giving me the space.

This journalism thing's all right, but I wouldn't fancy it every day. Still, if nothing else, this proves that I'm just as self-opinionated as the rest of 'em.

SINGLES

REVIEWED By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

SINGLE OF THE WEEK AGAIN. FOR THE FIRST TIME

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: Waiting In Vain (Island). From the moment I first heard "Waiting In Vain" on the "Exodus" album. I knew it was a single. No matter how cleverly it had been disguised as an album track, its true singlehood shone through like a 1000-watt bulb behind a muslin screen. The epitome of the stoned summer love song, it was the perfect ideal single for a hot June.

The trouble is that right now we're in miserable stinking wet August with poh-leece'n thieves in the street, but what the hell, "Waiting In Vain" still sounds just fine: a record which helps you surmount bad times without necessarily ignoring them. I just wish that it'd been released three months ago, that's all.

Still, better late than never; especially when it comes equipped with a fine B-side (not from the album) that's good enough to be an A in its own right. Entitled "Roots", it extends a deceptively simple metaphor into a witty, compassionate and uncompromising critique of the Entire Human Condition, plus you can dance to it. I really don't care if the elitist Jahgoneers of the moment are down on Bob Marley, 'cuz he's still more than all right with me, and "Waiting In Vain"/"Roots" is deffo this week's ace 45.

WHITE PRE-RELEASE OF ME OWN (ETC)

GENERATION X: Your Generation (Blank white label). Ho ho ho. Generation X's debut single for Chrysalis (the label that loftily denounced the New Wave with a series of po-faced generalisations in its press handout for the new Racing Cars album) has been slightly defused by the presence of a 1000 or so bootleg copies of an outtake version. Ho ho ho. *"Your generation don't mean nothin' to me,"* sings Billy Idol with all the spontaneous venom of a plastic rattlesnake over a wildly out-of-control scrap-metal backup dependant almost entirely upon recycled Who and Yardbirds cliches. Our generation means nothin' except a good source for stealing licks, huh? Well, screw you, kid!

ACE FUNNY RECORD OF THE WEEK

THE ROADIES (LEWIS & LUCE): Packer Of The Leads (EMI). *"Is that your new boyfriend, Gladys?" "Mm-hmmm . . . isn't he something?" "God, he's ugly!"* And the classic "Leader Of The Pack" becomes the absurd "Packer Of The Leads", a ball-bustingly funny pastiche guaranteed to warm the heart of anybody who's ever carried a PA system up a fire escape on a cold rainy night. *"I remember the first night my baby saw stars / it was the night he forgot to bring the guitars / as he flew through the air in his Osmonds vest / and landed on the mixing desk / I knew that I loved him / the packer of the leads."* If every roadie in the country filches 20p out of the road float to buy this, it'll be a massive hit. However, since roadies who filch from the road float usually spend the loot on beer, the most that can happen is that it'll be a perennial fave on motorway-caff juke-boxes.

OLDIES AND WEIRDIES

MANDY MILLER: Nellie The Elephant (EMI): SLIM WHITMAN: Home On The Range (UA). I dimly remember "Nellie The Elephant" from *Children's Favourites* (9 a.m. on Saturday mornings on the Light Programme when I was but a puling toddler — I still like a good pule now and then, actually) and when I was playing it in the review room Tony Parsons came in and sang along with it — demonstrating commendable enthusiasm and energy, if a certain disregard for the niceties of pitch — so I suppose Mandy Miller has more New Wave credibility than I thought. Slim Whitman I'm not so sure about. I'm told Mums like him, though I'm pretty sure mine wouldn't.

T.RÉX: Bolan's Best Plus One (Cube). An EP — no less — comprising two hits ("Ride A White Swan" and "Jeepster"), one album track ("The Motivator" from "Electric Warrior") and — wowie zowie — an *unreleased track* called "Demon Queen", a dithyrambic acoustoid piece which sounds to be from the late Tyrannosaurus Rex era — probably an outtake from "Beard Of Stars". "Jeepster" comes off best, and Marc don't 'arf look silly on the cover.

BILLY LEE RILEY: Red Hot (Charly). Another EP, with an exceptionally nice cover as well. You get "Red Hot", "Pearly Lee", "Flying Saucers Rock And Roll" and "She's My Baby", with the bonus of Jerry Lee Lewis on suitably demented piano here and there. It's meaner, thicker and raunchier than your average rockabilly, and if Billy Lee Riley is also playing lead guitar then he may even qualify for folk hero status. Makes me think of metallic blue Stratocasters and patented sneers. G-R-E-A-T.

A COUPLA STATUS SINGLES FOR THE HIPPER-THAN-THOU

THE LURKERS: Shadow (Beggars Banquet). Punkorama third class. It's good to leave lying around because the sleeve's pretty good and it says "Free Admission Single" on the label. This has been a special communique from Poseurs Anonymous.

IGGY POP & JAMES WILLIAMSON: I Got The Right (Siamese). Roy Carr — who knows everything and if there's something he don't know he knows where to look it up — says that the dittybrace on this single are "Raw Power" outtakes emanating from the French Iggy Pop fan club. The production credit reads "Williamson/Mogane", so draw your own conclusions (and send them on a postcard to *Time Out*). *"I got the right to say what I want"*, procaims the Ig defiantly, but James Williamson proves might-is-right by turning up his guitar so loud that you can hardly hear the mighty Pop anyway. On the other side he transforms the phrase "Gimme Some Skin" into an entire song, aided by Williamson blatting out one riff with an infectious monomania. This is unquestionably the highest-energy single this week, and if it'd been generally available it might even have given Jah Bob a little competition for single of the week. As it 'appens, though . . .

AND THE REST

DAVID ESSEX: Cool Out Tonight (CBS). Presumably this isn't an outtake from Gypsy Dave's abortive musical about Hitler — yeah, well, he is from the East End — but he arranged and produced it himself and it ain't the least bit offensive. The worst thing you could say about it is "vapid" . . . and the nicest thing you can say about is "vapid", too.

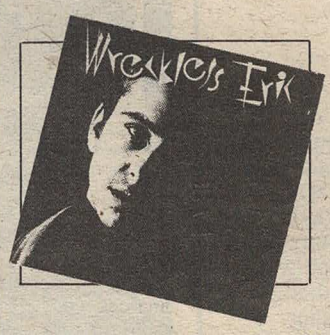
MORNING NOON AND NIGHT: Bite Your Granny (UA). Bite yo' tongue! I'm sick and tired of records that glorify anti-social activities, and I sincerely hope that the BBC doesn't aid and abet these granny-hating creepos by playing this record. Listen, if there's a demented outbreak of granny-biting in the U.K. it'll be all these guys' fault and I bet they don't care *at all.* C'mon — you going to encourage this stuff? (Actually, it's really not worth getting hung up about . . .)

LEO SAYER: Thunder In My Heart (Chrysalis). I used to like Leo Sayer's voice and some of his songs (I still think that the first side of his "Silverbird" album is one of the great Quaite Naice records of our time). I still like his voice, but his current material and musical stance are contemptible. It'll probably go down a storm with the International Disco Conspiracy and its acolytes and all who live in that particular universe.

HELLO: Heart Get Ready For Love (Arista). I remember these guys . . Status Quo for the under-12s with a lead singer who looked like a fish. This is a warm, cuddly piece of cosiness for small girls who need reassurance. Vaguely comparable to a bunny-rabbit hot water bottle in handtooled pink rubber. By Fiorucci.

COLOSSEUM II: Lament (MCA). Listen, this ain't just rabid punkophilia but so many records these days sound as though they're playing at about 20rpm too slow. If "Lament" was any slower it'd have to be played backwards. It's the classic case of an album track that should stay on an album, 'cuz while it might be quite nice when you're flat on your back at 4 a.m. trying to summon up enough energy to clean your teeth and go to bed, it would undoubtedly constitute a severe hazard to motorists if it

WRECKLESS ERIC. Pic Chris Gabrin



was played on the radio. I mean, they'd be nodding out at the wheel all over the country, plowing through the crash barriers, crunching into the motorway caffs and wreaking all kinds of havoc. Anarchy on the A40!

WHOOPS, ANOTHER OLDIE AND WEIRDIE SURFACES FROM THE PILE

GARY GLITTER: Baby Please Don't Go (GTO). A track from Herr Glitter's very first elpee (unless, of course, it was his second or even his third) and a Trash Aesthetic triumph of the first water. "Baby Please Don't Go", you will recall, is a well-known blues most often credited to Big Joe Williams which long ago had the distinction of being the A-side of Them's "Gloria". This Glitterised version features the guitar riff from the Them version and the time-honoured belt-drive Computadrum sound which drove so many people to the brink of the abyss back in the early '70s. Anyone who was that way inclined could probably make out a more than adequate case on behalf of GeeGee as Lord High Imperial Precursor Of Rock And Roll Minimalism and therefore a spiritual ancestor of The Ramones, but I've just got back from Dublin and I'm totally exhausted, so I might as well just sit back and wait for some illustrious employee of one of the more desperate rock rags to bash out a 16 part essay on the subject. In the meantime, there's only three reasons why this isn't a single of the week: (1) it's a re-issue (2) it's a re-issue (3) I'm an incurable snob.

AND BACK TO REALITY

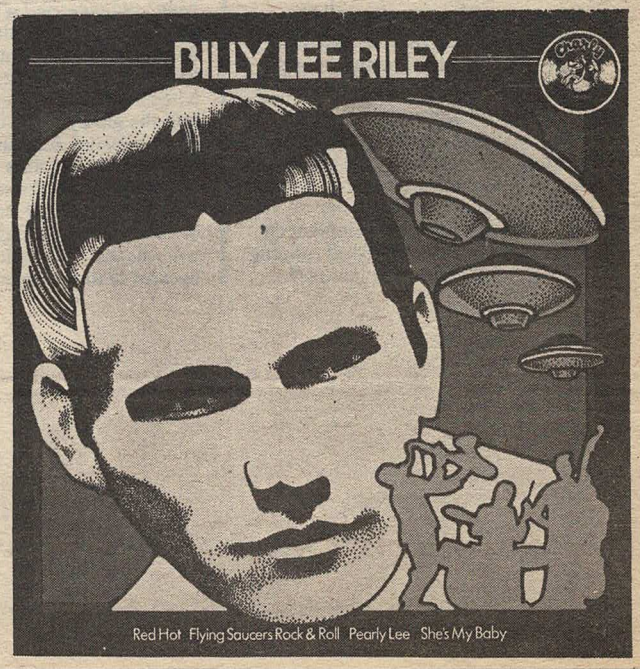
TRICKSTER: If That's The Way The Feeling Takes You (Jet). These guys evidently wish they were The Doobie Brothers. Still, things could be worse. They might actually *be* the Doobie Brothers.

THE VIBRATORS: London Girls (Epic). Skreeeeeeeeeek (applause) ranting intro ramalamaramalamaramalama (applause). If these guys are punks, then Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich were mods. The Flowerpot Men were hippies and The Sweet were faggots. On the other hand, if they ain't punks then why do they sound like a spiky-haired equivalent of instant mashed potatoes? Yeah, I know they were in (more or less) at the start of The Whole Thing, but being first don't necessarily make you best. Unless Knox can come up with some songs that sound like he *needed* to write them and can sing them in a voice that sounds like his natural mode of expression, then The Vibrators aren't going to be more than just a punk decor artefact. Still, it's fashionable, it's cute, it's contemporary and the bass player's very good. Have fun in Berlin, boys. It must be great to be able to piss off and be creative in exciting foreign parts. I'm really envious.

WRECKLESS ERIC: Whole Wide World (Stiff). A fine piece of sparse, tough, bitter underdog rock and roll from the label that proves that you don't have to be glamorous, beautiful and expensive to be a pop star. Wreckless Eric sounds like an anti-hero of the first water, and this is perfect background music for fantasies about eight-stone weaklings kicking sand in the faces of beach-bum Adonises (or Adonii, if you want to be purist about it). A-side produced by Nick Lowe for Ian Dury Productions, B-side produced by Ian Dury for Nick Lowe productions. Dig it, Clark Kent is much hipper than Superman these days. I mean, who wants a skintight red white and blue costume with boots and cape when you can wear a baggy blue suit, white shirt, red tie and a pair of thick glasses?

LA BELLE EPOQUE: Black Is Black (Harvest). Appalling ultracringe revibe of Los Bravos' '60, imbecile-rock triumph. The orientation of this retread version is discothunder. It's the kind of record that somehow seems to end up on the Radio 1 playlist, but they'll have to do better than this to pacify the youth of the nation.

JOHN OTWAY AND WILD WILLY BARRETT: Racing Cars (Polydor). Since "Racing Cars" is in big green letters on the pic sleeve and "John Otway And Wild Willy Barrett" is in small white letters, it looks like this is something to do with Morty Et Cie. In other words, it looks like another manifestation of the Bowie "Low"/Lowe "Bowi" or Fleetwood Mac "Rumours"/ Rumour "Max" syndrome, which it isn't. Instead it's vaguely amusing British folk club humour revved up a little bit. Should really appeal to the inexplicably committed Otway/Barrett coachloads.



REVIEWED By NEIL SPENCER

DENNIS BROWN. Pic: KATE SIMON

Rockers Time . . .

(And every third week from now on.)

RAMPANT SINGLE OF THE SUMMER

MARCIA AITKEN: I'm Still In Love With You (Lightning). Have to kick off with this one, since, in one form or another it's currently so inescapable. The reason for its popularity isn't hard to spot; a classically simple hook line that snags like a cat's claw, plus an eminently danceable rhythm. The backing's unexceptional and even the vocal catches fire only intermittently, but it still adds up to a smash. Intriguing dub too.

AND THEN THERE WERE . . .

TRINITY: Three Piece Suit (Lightning). Trinity is currently in the ascendant as JA's hottest talk-over artist (certainly second only to Big youth in my book after offerings like last year's "Hang On Sloopy"), and this toast of Marcia's "I'm Still In Love" shows why; a dazzling verbal shuffle on the theme of how to dress well and get laid with style. *"You shoulda seen me and the big fat thing/Me dub up on the big bed spring/With me t'ree piece suit and t'ing/Wi' me diamond socks an' t'ing."* jests the man, with a humour and vigour that put it into a class above the original. Recommended.

QUEEN NINEY & THE AGGROVATORS: Natty Dread Time (Jamarel). The same story as Trinity's told from the woman's side by that rarest of reggae artists, the female talker. Again, "Still In Love" is the inspiration, the theme lewd as the Queen declares on the superior sexual powers of dreads "from Brixton town."

Top side is brazen enough to appeal but it's the Aggrovators' playing on the fiercesome dub that's the real attraction.

ROMANTIC ROCKERS

BAGGA MATUMBI: Can't Satisfy (Trojan). In the last year or so UK reggae productions have improved beyond recognition, and innovative and popular sides are now as likely to originate in Peckham as Trenchtown (viz Black Slate's masterful "Sticks Man" earlier this year). This is a brilliant slice of warm dancefloor intimacy from one of the UK's best reggae outfits, Matumbi. They also have a double A side hit "After Tonight/Man In Me" on Trojan release, but this is the one to go for; cool and seductive rockers, immaculately delivered harmonies.

BROWN SUGAR: Hello Stranger (Lover's Rock).

ROLAND & CAROLYN: I Admire You (Lover's Rock). More South London reggae, again in the warm lilting groin-to-groin mould that's always popular in the clubs. Can't say that Brown Sugar's version of the old Barbara Lewis classic melts my heart, though the song itself still does, and the hard-riding dub compensates for any A-side limpness. The Stylistics' influenced "I Admire You" leaves me with no mutual congratulations, though again the dub's interesting.

VIVIAN JACKSON: I Love You (Grove Music). The eccentric and engaging Vivian Jackson aka Yabby You fails to ignite on this stately mid-tempo piece of courtship after a promising opening gambit *("Take my hand/I'm a stranger but I love you").* "Hold My Hand", the flip, is an abrasive toast by Jah Baba who delivers with engaging style but runs short on lyrical invention.

DANNY RAY: Waiting In Vain (Golden Age). Lame version of Marley's (about-to-be-a) hit, devoid of the latter's charm and weatherwise unlikely to presage anything other than more grey skies. The flip is "Natty Wait In Vain" by Superstar, a toaster in the same caste as I. Roy, but he likewise can't inject any life into the flaccid proceedings.

TWELVE INCHERS

DENNIS BROWN & TRINITY: Funny Feeling (Hawkeye). Much as I disapprove of the growing practice of the 12-inch single (a cumbersome and expensive item and therefore totally at odds with the true idea, tradition, and ethic of the single), reggae's already using the form to inventive and interesting effect, coupling a song with a talk-over version of same on one seven or eight minute side. This , like recent sides by Pat Kelly/Dillinger ("Talk About Love") and Vivian Jackson/Trinity ("Babylon Kingdom Fall") is a case in point. Brown offers a customarily polished vocal performance on this sprightly paean to romantic sex which then segues into an energetic toast by Trinity that soon becomes routine by his standards. Flip is "To The Foundation" — same rydim, different song — plus tasteful dub of same. A meaty package, but a bit steep at £2.00 when you consider that it wasn't so long back that most reggae albums retailed at around a quid!

GEORGE FAITH: I've Got The Groove (Black Swan).

KEITH ROWSE: Groovy Situation (Black Swan). The two latest from producer Lee Perry's cornucopic Black Ark studio, released on Island's revived Black Swan subsidiary. The George Faith offering is very much in the same vein that Perry's been working for the last year — charging bass and razor-honed hi-hat bouncing in cool echoing production — and remains unexceptional, though mention must be made of the bizarroid flip, a slow-motion work out on (erk) Paul Anka's 1959 schmaltz teen ballad "Diana". You work it out.

The self-penned Keith Rowse number is far more interesting; a sultry slowie sung with assured and sometimes breathtaking soul (soul as in Benton, Bland, Cooke and Mimms), plus some sneaky squeaky female sound effects. Ideal for soft Caribbean nights of passion, or a good substitute if you're stuck with a British summer.

RICO: African Dial (Island). Recorded live at the Rainbow earlier this summer (Summer?) when the band were support to The Wailers, trombonist Rico and his ensemble blow a fiery version of a fave from their repertoire. Strictly instrumental, strictly class playing, but strictly speaking you'd be better using your money to see the band live. Flip is dub of "Africa", a reminder that Island have now sidled out a dub version of Rico's "Man From Wareika" album, entitled, unsurprisingly enough, "Wareika Dub".

OTHER STUFF

LAMBERT DOUGLAS: Jah Jah No New (Trojan). Catchy up-tempo rocker with plenty of lift on the bass and some all too sparse staccato piano in support of Lambert's breathless and entrancing soprano testimony to the immortality of Jah, The flip boasts a fine, sparse dub. Likeable.

THE SILVERTONES: What A Situation (Trojan). A restrained rocker. The old-style vocal trio bewail the plight of their native land in pure touching tones that are straight out of the gospel choir. Pleasant but lacks immediacy. Dub is genial rather than inspirational.

All these records are on UK release. Your friendly local reggae shack should be able to supply the goods, while many 'New Wave' shops are also stocking JA product.

Otherwise, Daddy Kool Records, 44 Hanway Street W.1. (the coolest spot in the West End) operate a Mail order service

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BILLY IDOL. Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

THERE'S A PLAICE FOR US

***GENERATION X** go to the seaside, and **PHIL McNEILL** goes with them to make the shocking discovery that these boys are NORMAL. Like, no Anarchy in the Chip Shop, no Carnage in Cleethorpes. Not much amazing conversation either.*

TONY JAMES. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

CLEETHORPES is a dowdy little seaside resort five miles from Grimsby. When in Cleethorpes you eat fish — even if you're in a punk rock group.

"What are you having, Phil?"

"Skate and chips."

"Skate?" Tony James asks. "Has skate got bones?"

Think so.

"I'll have plaice and chips," he tells a passing waitress.

"I don't serve this end," she replies and walks on.

"See?" James exclaims — "See that — rejected by authority already!"

Yes, you guessed. The 'angle' for today is what normal blokes Generation X are. They don't know whether skate's got bones or not, they eat fish and chips, and when the waitress stands them up they don't turn the table over but rather poke fun at what's expected of them.

Great. Except it's hardly scintillating copy, is it? Skate bones in Cleethorpes doesn't have quite the same ring as sten guns in Knightsbridge . . .

Interviewing Generation X was painful. As we laboured over the plaice and peas, desperately willing some spark to show itself even momentarily in the conversation, I could feel my energy draining away.

Worse, I could feel the band's energy sapping too — and they were due onstage as soon as we walked back down the seafront to the Winter Gardens.

But then . . . But nothing. I blew it. Did a duff interview, wore the band out before they set foot onstage, and couldn't even finish my Grimsby fillet.

I asked them things like: "So after John Towe left, how did you find Mark?"

And they told me things like: "Well, right, how I see it, right, if someone's right for the group you just know it, right?"

You should have been there.

But the most amazingly normal thing is, after I'd spent two hours wearing him down with dreary, unimaginative interrogation, Tony James actually quite seriously said he thought I was "cleverer" than them.

I can't think *why* he said it, but he was wrong.

After all, I haven't just signed a recording contract with Chrysalis Records. All right, this may simply be a reflection on how dumb Chrysalis are — they could have had me three years ago and solved all their problems — but record companies are like that.

Still, even in the current spend-crazy climate, I salute any chap who's just got himself *signed*. Normal blokes Generation X may undoubtedly be, but they've got that special bit of paper, and that's why they aren't *quite* as normal as you and me.

Oh, *and* they were punks a bit earlier than the rest of you (count me out, Gen X's manager said afterwards that he thought my Grateful Dead badge upset his boys). So they may be normal — but they were normal first!

TONY JAMES was actually in one of the earliest normal rock groups in the country. Known as London SS — a name which has since attracted a certain amount of Sanctimonious Slagging from vigilantes of the new normality — it also boasted Mick Jones (Now of The Clash) and Brian James (now of The Damned).

They were into The Stooges and the Dolls and that, but after nine months auditioning drummers and never playing a gig they broke up. "Thank God," says James. "It would be pretty awful to be lumbered with a name like that now."

After that James met a remarkably pretty youth through the personal ads in the music papers, where many a true romance has been forged. The youth's name was Billy Broad, and the group James was applying to join consisted of him and a drummer.

However, Billy Idol (for it is he) and his new bassist heard Acme Attractions were "putting a group together" so they ditched the drummer and went along.

Putting a group together? Maybe this isn't such a normal set-up after all . . .

"Well, not actually *putting* a group together," James corrects himself. "John Krivine was interested in managing a group, right, and he had a singer, right, Gene October, right, but no one else. And we met Gene — and because they had kind of like management and money, we figured like, y'know, okay let's go . . ."

"Yours was plaice, wasn't it?" the figure of authority interrupts.

With Billy Idol reluctantly taking

BOB ANDREWS

guitar duties, and a drummer called John Towe, Chelsea "went out" very quickly, playing a mixture of oldies and Idol-James originals. But our chaps soon became disssatisfied with October's renditions of their songs (rather than with his politics, a misconception which writers who fell for some October wisecrack in an early *Sniffin' Glue* have waxed snotty about).

Billy Idol wanted to sing his own songs, so he, James and Towe walked out of Chelsea, splitting from Acme at the same time; the final motivation came when they discovered a name too good to resist nestling in Billy's bookcase.

Andy Czezowski became their manager, and Bob 'Derwood' Andrews became their guitarist after being snaffled from a group — "just a kid band" — whom Idol encountered performing at a youth club party. (Andrews made life hard by thinking Idol wanted him to "come over here a minute" for a fight.)

Gen X opened Czezowski's Roxy Club in December. By the end of January Czezowski was getting rather too embroiled in that to look after the band properly — and along came Stewart Joseph of Rough Trade and John Ingham of *Sounds* (and formerly *NME*) (who had just been dehospitalised following treatment for a collapsed lung, and was quitting the paper). Joseph and Ingham had plans for setting up a record label called Orwell (and still do) but wanted some more immediate involvement in "the scene", as it's known in normal circles.

With a carefree disregard for the nature of Ingham's previous employment, Generation X were only too pleased to have these cats as their managers. "He was still ill," Idol enthuses, "but he was taking like real rock and roll decisions, right?"

RIIIIIIGHT!!! — as we rock righters write

And then Derwood got bottled.

"That's right," Tony James avers. "We played that Leicester college gig. We felt like pop stars! It was like packed out, 700 people, colour TV in the dressing room . . . I thought 'ello, we've arrived.

"Then we got bottled after three numbers. We hadn't arrived."

Presumably this doesn't make you too keen to go onstage when there's a bad vibe situation nowadays . . .

"Well, it just makes you angry and more determined to carry on. But the worst thing, right, is all my life I've wanted to be in a rock 'n' roll group, right — and you finally make it to onstage and someone throws *bottles* at you . . .

"It is kind of disillusioning."

Shortly thereafter — for musical reasons — drummer John Towe left and Gen X went into hibernation until Mark Laff of Subway Sect approached them just before the White Riot '77 tour to offer his services. He joined when the tour ended.

BACK AT the Winter Gardens we *rap* with the One True Fan that all Div 11 bands seem to carry around to display to visiting journalists: look, he was at Liverpool last night and down the Marquee last week and . . .

He and his moll are the only punks in sight. Last gig I went to in these parts was with Judas Priest; this looks more like a J. Priest crowd than a Gen X one. One of the more amusing sights of the evening will be the spectacle of all that hair, which has been shaking in trad hunched-over style to the Sabbath disco, tentatively flopping up and down as its wearers essay the pogo for Billy.

Generation X rock extremely hard onstage. Billy Idol throws himself about with Roller-like energy, a teenybop spoilt brat, while Laff whacks hell out of his snare, James demonstrates some terrific fierce bass, and Andrews attacks a scrawny, chorded guitar.

It's a very monotone sound; Derwood's only got this one scratchy tone, and whenever he unchords the bottom drops out. A few of their arrangements, although simplistic by average tricksy rock standards, are too complex for the aggro that's piped into them, and it gets pretty messy in parts.

Idol's word are largely inaudible, and he doesn't astound me vocally: in the clearer environment of the demo tape, in fact, his voice has an awkward, flat quality to it.

Still, he looks great and the band's enthusiasm is contagious. The response is good throughout; and one girl is carried prostrate from the crowd during the very first song, while another swoons after it's all over in the dressing room.

"Billy's too much for 'em," quips their Billy Connolly lookalike roadie.

I keep hearing that they've got good songs, mind.

Well, I'm not sure. Yeah, they're memorable and musical — *and* addictive. But lyrically "Your Generation", "Listen", "Youth Youth Youth" and so on are merely the late '70s equivalent of lets - all - get - it - together and that.

They want the right to do what they want, but what do they want to do? Dye their hair blond and lacquer it into little spikes, play loud rock 'n' roll, that sort of thing.

It's only normal, right?

Right.

Pic: STEVENSON

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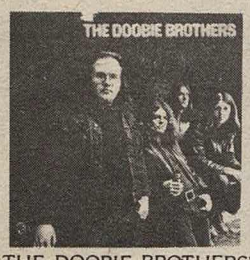

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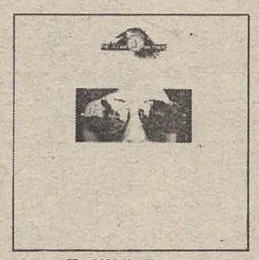
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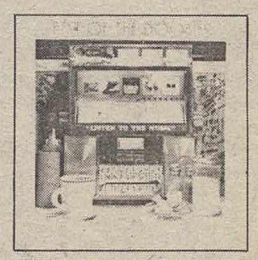
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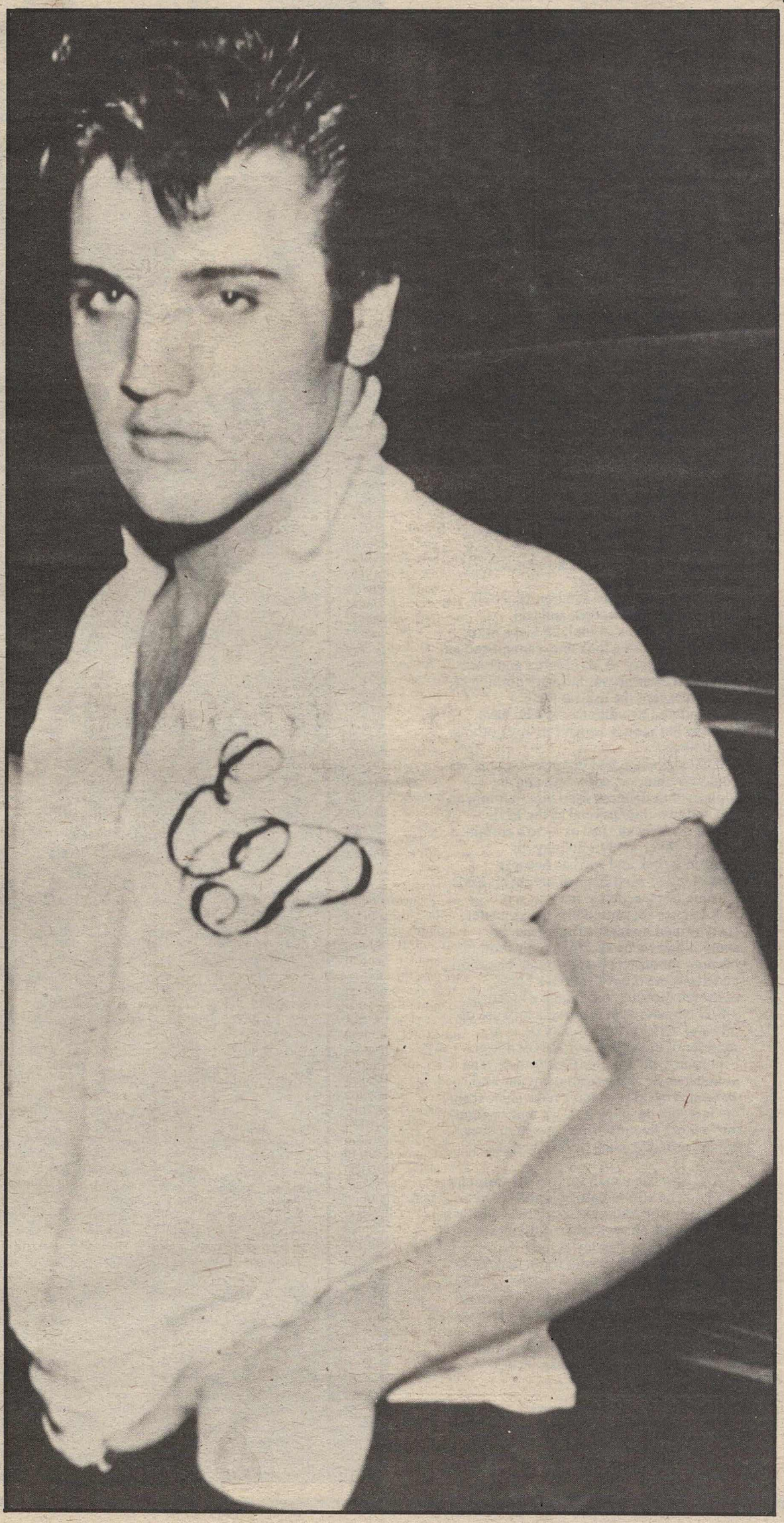
Elvis Presley



Pic from "The Films And Career Of Elvis Presley" by Steven Zmijewsky and Boris Zmijewsky, Citidel Press.

1935-1977

IT WAS ONE OF THE worst storms to hit London since God knows when. The thunder rolled, lightning flashed and the rain hammered into the roof. There's something about a storm that brings a sense of doom. It fitted so perfectly.

When the ITV news flash sign came on the TV screen everyone looked up. When the flash sign was immediately followed by a still of Elvis Presley, a quiet voice breathed, "Oh, my God."

"Reports are coming in that Elvis Presley, the rock and roll singer, died this evening at his home in Memphis, Tennessee."

We all looked at each other in disbelief.

"Elvis is dead!"

It didn't seem quite credible. And yet it wasn't the kind of shock that followed the news of J.F.K. being cut down. There had been so much speculation about Presley's mental and physical health that his death was unpleasantly predictable.

It was almost impossible to know what to think.

My first impulse was to pick up the phone and call a couple of people. I tried two numbers, but they were both busy. Obviously other people had reacted the same way. It was the kind of news that demanded to be passed on. Elvis had always been there. For more than two decades he'd maintained a unique position in too many people's lives. Despite all the depressing rumours it scarcely seemed possible that he'd gone, that Elvis Presley was dead at forty-two.

I guess the only word I can use is numb. Numb, and just very slightly embarrassed at the way I was reacting. It wasn't the ordinary kind of grief that you feel for a personal friend. There was no voice telling me that I'd never see Elvis Presley again. Jesus Christ, I'd never seen him, ever. I didn't even regret that I'd never get the chance to see him. The Elvis Presley I'd have given my right arm to watch was the wild hoodlum in the gold jacket who vanished into the US Army and never returned.

I'd mourned his passing many years ago.

I think, to be absolutely truthful, any grief for Elvis Presley has to be bound up with a grief for my own early youth. It's grief for that long vanished innocence, that virgin state in which it was possible to discover rock and roll for the very first time.

The moment when I first heard "Heartbreak Hotel" coming out of the radio was an experience that's impossible to reproduce.

It was a time when the radio didn't add up to much more than *The Archers, Journey into Space* and *The Goon Show*. The readily available music was all "Que Sera", "Love And Marriage" and "How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?"

AFTER "HEARTBREAK HOTEL" all that changed. Music had the power. It may have taken another six or seven years for Bob Dylan to

Continues over page

From over page

articulate it, but right from the start it was obvious that the times were changing.

If it needed a confirmation, it was right there in the way Elvis was condemned out of hand by parents and pulpit.

Elvis Presley was far more than just an entertainer.

He was something different to Frank Sinatra or Bing Crosby. He'd picked up the teenage banner that had been dropped by James Dean. He not only picked it up, but he picked it up and ran with it.

From the way he combed his hair to the sneer and the snapping knee, he was the beginning of the rebellion. You stopped thinking about being a chartered accountant and began to wonder if, just maybe, you could be Elvis.

Of course, the passing years brought disappointments.

He came back from the army to make all those awful films and often equally awful records.

The greatest white R&B singer the world had ever seen decayed before our eyes into a Hollywood clown who appeared to have no respect for his work, his audience or himself.

If it had been anybody but Elvis Presley he probably would have been quietly forgotten, but he was just too big for that. If it was only in the middle of the night, when listening to the old records, the magnetism still came alive in those attempts to recapture the first careless rush. It was a haven of simplicity in a world of "Visions Of Johanna" and "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby".

Presley had racked up so much affection in the '50s that it was even hard to blame him for his dire output.

More often than not the blame was laid at the door of Colonel Tom Parker. It may not have been logical, but even when he did his worst, it was hard to believe that it was Presley's fault.

ELVIS WORSHIP LAY dormant in a lot of us during the '60s. Just how many of us became noticeable by those who sat up and took notice when, at the end of the decade, it suddenly seemed as though our man was going to make a comeback with records like "Promised Land", "Burning Love", his TV special and his return to the live stage at the Las Vegas Hilton.

As it turned out, Presley didn't come back to us.

His return was for the blue rinse and double knit set. He was fated never to return to rock and rollers and overgrown juvenile delinquents who had sweated out their adolescence with him.

Once again the decay started. His public behaviour became erratic. It looked as though instead of coming back, Elvis Presley had dipped his toe into the real world, but had quickly withdrawn it again.

The rumours flowed out from behind the high walls of his guarded mansions. They talked about his custom built blondes, his drugs, his neurotic eating and violent temper tantrums.

His marriage came and went, and the figure who was once a hero turned, bit by bit, into a petulent, overweight pampered child.

It was sad. It was like watching an old friend, whom you hadn't seen in a long time, slowly going to pieces.

That may have been sad, but it was only a fraction as sad as the thought of Elvis Presley, maybe the biggest idol the world's seen yet, dying alone and disturbed in his luxury prison. There's just no way that you can help an idol.

Maybe, in the final analysis, the world can't support an Elvis Presley all the way to a fulfilled and peaceful old age.

The cliches come thick and fast at a time like this. Some of them are even true. Without Elvis Presley history would certainly have been different. Jagger might have become an estate agent, Dylan a rabbi, Lennon a bricklayer or Johnny Rotten a judge.

He probably was one of the tiny handful of artists who actually affected the course of human affairs. Maybe the load was too much for him to carry. I don't know. None of us can really imagine how it feels to walk around being Elvis Presley every day of your life.

All this isn't what's really important.

All I know is that the death of Presley has produced a kind of dull hurt that's hard to pin down. I can't exactly define why or how it hurts. All I know is something that used to be important to me has gone.

I guess that's the measure of the man and what he meant. At least, what he meant to me.

MICK FARREN

THE DEATH OF ELVIS Presley was truly the stuff of which nightmares are made.

The first great symbol of rock music as youth-culture jailbreak dying alone of a heart-attack brought on by an overstrenuous game of a squash, dying as a sick, obese, tortured hulk, dying lonely, miserable, dope-raddled, dying empty, dying exhausted, dying — finally — as a man who had everything he ever wanted but found it all wanting.

Elvis Presley was a symbol, yeah. He was an icon, he was rock and roll incarnate, he was an idol, he was a hero. He gave the kids a look and a sound and an attitude: he gave us his identity and once he gave it to us he was left with nothing of his own except the useless trash accumulated by millionaires who have nothing but money which can buy nothing but objects.

That was all he had because it was all we could give him: an adulation and an idolatry that dehumanised him, left him as flat and two-dimensional as the Elvis poster on my wall. Just as — to a certain extent — everybody who plays or consumes rock and roll has become something of what Elvis made them, Elvis became what we made *him*.

And once we turned him into a poster, transformed him into effigy, became something new by sucking on his soul, he became a monster: first a young, beautiful and awesome monster, then a bland, castrated monster and finally a hideous, pitiful monster who inspired a mixture of pity and derision and — may be — a shudder of mortality, a *frisson* of decay.

Dorian Gray for Our Generation. The human poster was gruesome by the end, and much of his pain must have come from the fact that he knew it. If we make a man into a God, he must suffer as a man does, but his suffering must be on a godlike scale.

And how can a man survive the torments of a god and still remain unscathed?

The bloated hulk that was Elvis Presley's body was the outward sign of the death by attrition of Elvis Presley's spirit.

He stuffed himself with food, napalmed his brain with smack and cocaine — even though, true to the dictates of his beloved deceased mum, he kept off smoke and booze, an All-American boy! — surrounded himself with more and more toys; any damn thing to make it stop hurting.

BY THE TIME I discovered the superhero of the '50s, he was already the bland-out of the '60s.

Everybody knew who Elvis was — he was a likely contender for the Most

Famous Person In The World title even though The Beatles and Stones and Dylans and Hendrixes were making their waves — and, for some, this memory of the golden creature who redefined "youth" created an indulgence for what Presley was becoming. For others it created contempt.

It seemed that the only one who didn't know who Elvis was anymore was Elvis. Obviously you can't be a teenage mutant from outer space/inner Memphis for all your life, but it seemed like a betrayal that Elvis was conforming to the dictates of '50s adult orthodoxy just as a new '60s generation — fuelled on Chess blues, Motown soul and the finest moments of '50s rock — was starting to tear down a new set of barricades.

Elvis the man and Elvis the living tabernacle were slowly beginning to move apart, and when the irresistible force and the immovable object were one and the same, then it is inevitable that something has to give. In the '70s Elvis made his heroic attempt to rejoin his severed selves, to come to terms with the legend, to roll away the stone and become unified once more.

He did the TV special, got back in front of people once more and for awhile it was an almost supernatural visitation once more, the resurrection shuffle.

And then the two images separated once more, the man and the god, the flesh and the spirit. Body and soul began to destroy each other.

The man grew ugly, the legend grew tarnished, the god became a joke.

ELVIS PRESLEY, ULTIMATELY, became the nightmare B-side of the Great Rock Dream. So you wanna be a rock and roll star? So you wanna be Elvis Presley? So you want to be someone who millions of women want to ball and millions of men want to *be?* So you want fame, talent, beauty, riches, admiration, love, power?

Have it, baby. Have it with my compliments. Have it and enjoy it and see if it's what you really want once you've got it. The only catch is that once you've got it you can't give it back.

Imagine, then, what Elvis Presley, 19-year-old truckdriver of Memphis, Tennessee, would have thought if somehow he could've had some prescient flash of Elvis Presley, 42-year-old superstar of Memphis, Tennessee, killing his pain with an obscene blend of cheeseburgers and scag.

If they could meet, the one with everything to come, the other with everything gone . . . would they still know each other?

Stardom kills. One way or another, it wreaks an awful destruction on all but those with the utmost strength and inflexibility and those with the utmost humility and self-knowledge.

And the kind of stardom that was visited upon Elvis Presley was simply more than he could handle. They made him a god, after all, and he was only a man, with a man's strength of mind and body and no more.

Maybe, if he'd have been able to see into the future, he'd've preferred to stay a truckdriver. As it was, we turned him into what he became, but *we* didn't have to pay the price.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

"UNEASY LIES THE head that wears the crown," wrote Shakespeare in one of his historical plays, and he was right. For in the court of The King who can be trusted? Who is truly a friend and who a fawning opportunist? Who acts from love and who from hidden greed and hate?

Possibly, Elvis never found out. Elvis lived like a mediaeval king — remote, safe in his walled castle, rich beyond the dreams of peasants (us), his every whim indulged — and like a king he was buried in pomp, circumstance, and a veil of tears; though Death, the great leveller, dealt him a squalid and premature end.

His remoteness was his tragedy, or at least part of it. For, apart from his art, which ranged from the sublime and magical to the maudlin and truly mundane — what most reaches out to us from his life is its immense loneliness.

For one of the world's most famous men (only Mao Tse Tung and possibly Muhammad Ali could be better known to the planet's masses), we know remarkably little of his real self. Though practically every picture of Elvis in the '60s shows him surrounded by *Playboy* visions of femininity, he appeared only to have one true love, while from all his court of good ol' boys not a single close friend apparently survives.

That he felt his estrangement fiercely there is little doubt — he was, after all, a peasant himself, while his habit of bestowing cadillacs on the humblest of aquaintances testifies to his desire to be well thought of. To be human — the one thing that was denied to him from the first year of his stardom.

His abrupt rise to the status of youthful godhead must have surprised even Elvis himself. It was unprecedented and has remained unequalled, and within a few years it had effectively destroyed him, as an artist if not as a person. For me, and I suspect many others, Elvis will always be the contradiction between what he was and what he became; between the majestic, leering young rebel with the swivel hips and the obese, pathetic caricature he became at the end.

For that change America as a whole and Colonel Tom Parker in particular was responsible. They tamed and castrated the young Presley as he followed the American Dream through commercial and personal compromise to its bitter sterile end. By the time the greasy motorcycle outlaw was stuttering and twitching his way through a press conference wearing the drab olive green of the U.S. Army, the symbolic castration was complete.

From there on, it was downhill almost all the way.

For much of the world Presley came to represent The American Dream more surely than anyone or anything. For me personally, he'll always be a cut out photograph on the bedroom wall of a short-trousered welfare state schoolboy; a distant unreal voice on the juke box, suggesting a promise of something more vital and colourful than the drab reality of 1950 Britain could ever provide.

But like others before him — Garland, Monroe, Hemingway, Jay Gatsby from Scott Fitzgerald's brilliant novel *The Great Gatsby* — what Presley found at the heart of the American Dream was disillusionment and death, munching cheeseburgers through the lonely cholesterol night, thinking up new ways to have fun and spend money.

That isn't the only side of The American Dream but it's the side most often shown us by Hollywood and Rock'n'Roll. At his start, Elvis suggested better than that and for many he continued to do so.

Remember him that way.

NEIL SPENCER

JAZZ

ARNETT COBB: Pic: VALERIE WILMER

The Texas Twister

Prairie Tenorman ***ARNETT COBB*** *passes through Pizza Express like tornado, talks up storm over moist breakfast.* ***BRIAN CASE*** *holds the guy ropes . . .*

ONCE HE starts to blow, the infirmity is forgotten. Arnett Cobb, The Original Partying Cat outa Houston, Texas, tenor-tantrum specialist to the Lionel Hampton band on "Flying Home No. 2", props the crutches in a corner of the Pizza Express, locks those wrecked legs the way stallions sleep, and lets the horn have its snorting head.

"Take The A-Train", veteran extroverts' number, and Arnett shoulders into it, vibrato like a busker, whooshy swoops and buffing breath giving way to flat clapping honks. He goes cross-eyed at the big notes, flutters flirtily over the diminuendo, weaving the big shoulders of his maple waffle-check jacket as the pace hottens, the generation that came up alongside of vaudeville, talking of Entertainment rather than Art and always with a weather-eye cocked for the long pole with the crook-end lurking in the wings.

He plays a bugle call one-handed, breaks off to signal a drum solo with a peremptory two-finger whistle.

Ladies 'n gennulmen — Arnett Cobb!

So what goes on under that wise old wig when he plays?

"I really don't have a thought. What I do, I try to study the house and the faces. I play it by ear, by the first number. This is one of the things I learned from Lionel Hampton. I study expressions to see if I'm getting through. See, I have maybe three different types of things for my opening numbers — if the first one don't come through, keep searching. See if they're diggin', reading me loud and clear, you know."

We are sitting over a 10 a.m. breakfast of brandy and Coke. He finished last night's gig after midnight, picked up his crutches and hightailed it to Ronnie's where he ignited a party under Dizzy's tail till four. Some old man . . .

Arnett and Jean Baptiste Illinois Jacquet hail from the same town, share the same high spirits. "Illinois told me you Texas tenors got the big sound from the marching bands," I report.

"That's right. See, we had a parade every year, the Armistice Day Parade on November 14th, and we'd practice and practice. Looked forward to it, got a big bang out of it." He's propped up on a hard chair, taste in his hand, memory going like a yearling's. "And wide open spaces, see. I useta practice my horn on the prairie, where we played ball in the evening behind the grocery store. I useta take my horn and music stand and sit in the middle of that field and practice. I'd just ring all out and I could hear myself. Well, before you got through, you had people around and you couldn't do what you wanted, but at least I could get it started.

"I started playing at about 13 years. My first job was four dollars and I played a picnic about 17 miles outa Houston. Between sets, I ran around and drank pop and ate barbeque, then after, I got on a hayride truck and I put my money in my shoe and went to sleep. I was just dead away. I got home, my shoe was untied, and no money. Somebody took it off me — my first pay! When I got home my mother reprimanded me for being so careless."

ARNETT IS self-taught. He didn't have the choice. Today, bandleaders like Woody Herman can recruit Herdsmen straight from North Texas State, confident that they can read and write. For the old-timers, college was the big band. Arnett learned on the job in the Lionel Hampton band, joining the long line of belting saxophonists that have passed through those unhallowed gates: Illinois, Dexter, Earl Bostic, Corky Corkoran, Jack McVea.

"I made myself because I had no instructors. I never had a private lesson in my life. In Houston we were isolated because we were black musicians. They had good white teachers, but they wouldn't teach ya. This is facts. We had one man, Abner Jones, he played drums and xylophone and he knew the theory, but he was too busy to teach because he was playing for the silent movies at the theatre every day. We learned some from him, talking on the corners. This is the way you come up: you learn a lot when you listen.

"I was the youngest one in the band and I worked six nights a week — and going to school. Pretty tough on me, but I made 30 to 40 dollars a week back in 1934. All the little girls were hangin' around me for the ice cream, and ice cream was nothin' but five cents! My mother did domestic work, making only 10 to 15 dollars a week, but I relieved her, bought my own things, clothes, and it helped.

All the big bands came in town, the Duke Ellington, the Earl Hines, Jimmie Lunceford, Tiny Bradshaw, Luis Russell — you name 'em. We played the after-parties so we'd catch the bands till 12, then after, we'd stand on the corners till six or seven in the morning talking to the big-time musicians, trying to learn something from them. I would talk to guys like Joe Thomas, Ben Webster, Chu Berry, Dick Wilson from Andy Kirk & The Twelve Clouds Of Joy.

"Only one guy didn't give me too much information — that was Chu Berry. I asked him how do you do such-and-such, and he said, Oh — I just do it. The rest of them was very helpful."

Arnett worked with Chester Boone 1934-6, and then left Houston with the Milton Larkins band until 1942, where he bumped into Illinois again, before replacing him in the Hampton band.

"I knew the whole family before they ever blew a horn. Illinois and his brother Russell were dancers. Their dad, Gilbert Jacquet, played the tuba in his own band, another brother, Lenton, played drums and a sister, May, she played piano. Illinois started out on a little soprano, the curved one, then switched to alto.

"Eddie Barefield made a record of 'Moonglow' with Cab Calloway, and Illinois played that solo verbatim within eight months of starting — this is how fast he is. Thinking, you know. It was Lionel Hampton who switched him to tenor."

Another of Gates' tenors was little Johnny Griffin, who came on the strength at 16. Griffin and Arnett tore into the obligatory tenor battles on stage, but were more like father and son off, with Arnett and his wife under instructions from Johnny's mother to look out for her boy. A father figure, but not an influence.

Arnett shakes his head. "See, he was a fast mover on his horn, and I'm more or less a driver. I punch. He said to me one day, Cobb — how do you do that? I said, It's simple, Johnny — just how you grab the note, how you syncopate it. So he started punchin', but he had me because he could go another route. I'm not a fast player, don't run a lotta notes because I don't think that fast. I'm concentrating in another vein to him.

"I learned a lot of this from Lionel because he could hit one note on the vibes, man, and hit it in such a way he'll drive ya nuts! He believes in swingin'!"

A vintage *Newsweek* report of a Hampton concert in Amsterdam captures a little of the old Malcolm Sargent Lollypop: ". . . audience wildly prancing, flinging arms, screaming . . . saxophonist lying on back during solo, copulates with his shining instrument . . . two black-booted city cops turn up, grab Hampton, take him off stage into dressing room. 'What did I do? Arrested for jazzing,' he moans. 'Call the ambassador!"

ARNETT TOO has come in for plenty of brickbats from the palefaces, who called it R&B and reached for the airwick. "May I say this to you," says Arnett. "Record companies have their conventions and their codes. R&B was black. That was on the race labels. When it come that the whites got into it, then they named it rock 'n roll. I didn't know what was going down during this period. It takes years to find out — but you ripped now! You ripped off! Now I know better. I went out and got my own publishing company which is a dummy, and put my own tunes in there for my own protection. Now when they use my tunes, like 'Smooth Sailin' which Ella and Kenyatta did, they goota come through me in Houston, Texas, to get a release on it. I learned this after I paid through the nose! You buy experience!

"We had a singer down in Houston, Joe Pullem — he wrote the tune 'Black Gal.' He never got a nickel for that tune and everybody sang it. He didn't know! He didn't know you could collect money off tunes! Who told anybody anything? All you got is the glory. No money."

Which brought us on to blues singers. Arnett got his feeling from the Baptist Church, and can unleash the heaviest soul, sacred and profane. These days, he takes his axe to church for Easter Sunday, and sits in with the organist on "The Old Rugged Cross". "I thought I'd balance my life out a little bit — been in the jazz field a good while, so lemme give a bit to the other side too.

"When we went to Chicago in 1942, we worked on one show with T-Bone Walker for two months. I was directing the show. T-Bone come on, man — they throwin' 20 dollar bills, 10 dollars, change . . . and I'm the picker-upper. Every show they do that and I'm pickin' up better'n 160 dollars a show.

"And when he do 'In The Evening' and he goes down with his guitar behind his neck and split, go into a splits — man, the money come pouring in! I'm going along the floor picking it up, so I give it to T-Bone and he give me maybe 10 dollars. Then he go upstairs, lose it in a crap game. I said, well — if he gonna lose it in a crap game, I'm gonna get some for myself now. I'm being honest with you. I made myself about 300 dollars off T-Bone in two months. He'd got addicted to gambling, and man, he loved to see the craps roll! He paid to see 'em roll too!"

ARNETT LAUGHS himself into a fit of coughing, takes a little shot to cut the phlegm.

He's learned to be careful with his money, bought property, joined the union, salted money away for his daughter. These days, he's a solid burgher of Houston, the Lonnie B. Smith library endowing a Cobb jazz collection and a plaque on the wall.

"I just wanna be comfortable," says Arnett. "I don't have any greedy for money. Howard Hughes was a billionaire. You didn't see a Brink Truck behind his hearse, did ya? You can get all the dead presidents you want and lay 'em down on the table and count 'em, but they can't talk back to ya. They ain't no company. Hamiltons, Washingtons — them pictures on the dollar bills."

About 18 years back, his legs were crippled in a car accident. Before that, he'd had two spinal operations and a hip operation. Didn't stop him partying. "Slowed me down a little bit. I can't go as strong as long as I useta could, but I can still go strong enough.

"I time myself pretty good in building. The main thing is to know how to bite on the horn, from the diaphragm to push. It's the experience and the know-how after 46 years. And a lotta people don't know you're only as good as your support. If they're not good you can't say anything — it's not ethical, panning musicians. I bulldoze it myself. You can't let yourself down. Keep pushin', though I might feel if I gotta fight it like that and take the lot on my own shoulders, it's like I been beaten across the back with a 2X4 when I get home and get into bed.

"It's so much easier when you can relax with a good drummer and a good chord structure man, then everything just falls in line like you putting a glove on that fits you. I wanna be happy. Yes sir.

"I'm very happy I come up in the era when music was music and melodies were beautiful, but the youngsters don't know. I talk to students and I tell 'em to do research work, listen to records. You go in one-sided and call yourself a musician, you won't be a musician. That's a broad statement.

"I've worked in commercial places where middle-aged people come in and request a melody because they associate it with when they were courting, or an anniversary. They'll say, when we first got married, my husband useta play this on the jukebox to me, and we'd sit and spoon over it. They can't dance unless they know the melody. I don't have any problem with that."

WE WOUND up on cutting contests. Most punters associate Arnett with that shoulder-to-shoulder proving ground and killing floor, the call ya and raise ya of tenor battles.

"I had one in L.A. Ben Webster and Kid Blanton come in the Ritz Club, and me and Eddie Taylor and a guy called Little Hawk, the three of us got together and said we gonna go up and we gonna team on him. Lemme tell ya what happened. They all had their horns out so me like a fool walk up there by myself, thinking they behind me — they've put their horns up and gone out the door. Got me up there, and I'm facing Ben Webster.

"First thing, he said, What do you wanna play, little youngster? I said I don't know. I'm scared and nervous, lookin' round to see where the rest of 'em was. So he called one, 'Blue Lou'. Well, I love to play that tune. That put me in, and we made good friends."

SELECTED DISOGRAPHY

Arnett Cobb: "The Fabulous Apollo Sessions" (Vogue), "Arnett Cobb Again With Milt Buckner" (Black & Blue), "Midnight Slows" (Black & Blue), "Sizzlin" (Prestige), "Ballads By Cobb" (Prestige-Moodsville), Lionel Hampton: "Steppin' Out" (MCA), Arnett Cobb and Eddie Lockjaw Davis: "Go Power' (Prestige).

Greater London Arts Association

Young Jazz Musicians '78

This scheme, offering contact with concert organisers throughout the region, is open to professional jazz groups of up to 7 players. The average age of each group must be 28 years or under and applicants must be resident in Greater London.**Details from:**

Music Officer, Greater London Arts Association
25/31 Tavistock Place
London WC1H 9SF
Tel 01 387 9541

ALBUMS

IGGY POP
Lust For Life (RCA).

IN WHICH The Ig gets into tone and David Bowie tunes him on a very high frequency actophonic radio.

It's quite good actually. Mister Pop comes clean and sounds in fine fettle. My personal angle on his previous incarnate states of soul torching disease was that I could only go some of the way before I became totally apathetic towards the gent's physical condition.

And as for Bowie, well him and me parted company in between "Station To Station" and those Wembley shows. You know it was "C'mon Bowie — entertain me!" Faithful duplication was not what I wanted and every time I came away from "Station" he made me feel like a wet Sunday afternoon.

"Lust For Life" on the other hand is some kind of a different Ig, with none of "The Idiot"'s sense that here was the man who sold the world a bad time. And rejuvenation in the Ig makes for an interesting vehicle for some very up Bowie melodies; from "Low" to "High" might just be the simple answer.

Besides, I don't feel there's much to be gained in my disseminating ole Pop's literary leanings in order to come up with The Answer. They're all staring out from the cover which has ex-forgotten boy grinning impishly at you in full black and white. Pity the words have been printed though; you lose the fun of working them out for yourself. An unnecessary diversion.

Yet Iggy cuts the mystery on vinyl in more coherent fettle than ever before. The opener, the title itself, has our hero undertaking a healthy dosage of who-needs-all-that-nasty-junk-stuff. Not that his life lust has anything to do with nut cutlets and wholemeal bread. Split level drumming by Hunt Sales starts the rumble into rock 'n' roll's speed gears. Iggy chants out his message (or not) round a devastatingly dumb Sandy Wilson beat — one of Bowie's fave rooky rhythms if you recall all that skeletal family jive.

On the whole Bowie adapts his limited musical vocabulary with reasonable results; he was always good at retreading the simplest toon. "Some Weird Sin" is like a thousand old Zig hang-ups except that Pop Jr. puts his balls on the ledge to disturbing effect.

A shade *too* melodramatic perhaps. The close up view on hysteria is put to better use when Iggy and guitarist Rick Gardner collaborate for "The Passenger". This is merely a continuation of Jim Morrison's invitations in "Five To One", the "*I have to get in this car and go for a ride with these people*" number.

Pop makes a fair job of his "Gimme Danger" vocal. A touch heavy on the deliberate and dangerous disturbances though the band play like men under a strange influence; of course it's no substitute for the real thing, but still pretty fine.

I can't vouchsafe similar heaps of praise for side one's two takeaways. "Sweet Sixteen" is a cursory little slice of the previous Stooge incarnate without the same conviction. Bit of leather, a pair of boots and not much cop. "Tonight" could have turned out better. A hugely titillating intro is dished by the Bewlay Brothers' insistence on sounding like Sacha Distel. This I do not need.

Misgivings are immediately turned to cries of bravo as we switch to "Success" which is "Fame" revisited only with overtones of distanced humour so often absent from the work of the maindog. All Pop's French fans will dig the last line *"I'm gonna do the twist, I'm gonna hop like a frog."* Thees Eegee, ee ees sow 'uman.

For some reason the lyrics to "Turn Blue" are missing and significantly this is about the only time we get to tread the borderline back to "The Idiot". A catalogue of horror unleashed, smack-shots, fine needle work and punctured madness 'cept that nowadays Jimmy Jewel calls on black comedy rather than the bizarre and grotesque.

The band come over to advantage on "Neighbourhood Threat". The Sales Bros weave around the curt guitar phrases from Carlos Alomar and Ricky Gardner' cheek to cheek with David's submerged piano and oddball production. Interesting that like most of the cuts the rhythm is in jagged punchcard time; the listener is constantly sucked along regardless.

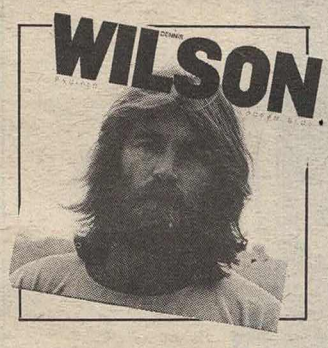
"Fall In Love With Me" comes from the same decadent chronicles as "Little Doll"; Ig suggests romance with a sting. It's not so much the words either, more the way he sings them which is just about how I always feel with this boy. Uncover it carefully and he could be singing to the mirror.

Exercises for improving your chatting up method: *"The way your hair is black / The way your heart is young / There's just a few like you"*. Oh no, they can't take that away from Ig.

"Lust For Life" is more onomatipeic music. Health and efficiency courses for lapsed degenerates from the man who put the pun into punk. Next time round he'll probably team up with Helen Reddy.

I can't dance to it but you can. Popalonganiggy.

Max Bell



DENNIS WILSON
Pacific Ocean Blues (Caribou)

THE OVERALL impression gleaned from "Pacific Ocean Blues" is that it benefits from the kind of lavish care and attention that has been sadly lacking on the last two Beach Boys albums.

Under the erratic direction of Brian Wilson, Brothers Carl and Dennis have unwisely chosen to subjugate their own material and pander to Brian's attempts to resuscitate the band's long-lost spirit of innocence. Whereas this, the first solo album from a charter-member, breaks free of the time-warp in which The Boys are trapped and offers an interesting index of possibilities.

As expected, the emphasis lies with imagery of sun, sea and sand — not so much fun-in-the-sun but, as "River Song". and in particular "Pacific Ocean Blues" illustrate, conservation.

In these depressed socio-economic times, the more jaundiced may feel such a stance to be a long-lost cause. How can you expect to save the whale when you can't save the human race?

If that's the case, then make The Big Exit right now, 'cause you must be terminally apathetic not to feel some thinge of remorse over a lyric like: *"We live on the edge of a body of water / Warmed by the blood of the cold-hearted slaughter of the otter / Wonder how she feels mother seal / It's no wonder the Pacific Ocean is blue / The flagship of death is an old whaling trawler / The people are rising over whale killing crawlers / You gotta holler more / Wait a minute can't you see / You gotta let 'em be"*.

Though Dennis Wilson may have been singlehandedly responsible for perpetuating the band's *American Graffiti* fantasies, unlike Brian, he's realised that correcting nature's imbalance is at least as important as the continuing quest for siliconed Sunkist California girls, orgasmic endless waves and takeaway cholesterol.

However, Dennis Wilson doesn't chose to make this album one continual protest. Once he's effectively made his point, he immediately moves on to reflect on his own lovelife in "Moonshone" and "Thoughts Of You", also on the vacuous nature of El Lay's highlife style in "Dreamer".

Taken altogether this album evokes an ethereal, wide-screen atmosphere of the location in which it was conceived and recorded. Its success owes as much to the imaginative arrangements of Dennis Wilson and Jimmie Haskell as it does to the skills with which it has been superbly performed, produced and mixed.

No way is this a surrogate Beach Boys album. There are occasions (the choral work on "River Song", the tension that prevails throughout "Friday Night" and the use of both rhythm and brass sections to heighten the neo-psychedelic menace of "Dreamer") That prove to be superior to anything the Beach Boys have produced since "Surf's Up".

Rich ribbons of sound are meticulously overlaid to sustaing interest during the more whimsical interludes. For example "Farewell My Friend" takes a simple melody line and an even simpler stock lyric over which Wilson and Haskell painstakingly construct a mural of sound which would brighten any Beach Boys album.

What with all the Genius Is Pain and Living scam, it must be difficult being one of Brian Wilson's brothers. Instead of going along with the whole charade, Dennis Wilson steps out of the murky myth and indicates there's much more to his talents than being the drummer in a rock and roll band.

Roy Carr

MANDRE
Mandre (Motown)

THE ABSTRACTION 'Mandre' is a slim disguise for Andre Lewis, and presumably his wife Maxayn and guitarist / hornman Hank Redd, who get name check on the cover of this Motown mystery item.

Also especially thanked, for no specific reasons, are 16 others including God (who's just about every American musician's buddy these days), Vanetta Fields, Johnny 'Guitar' Watson and a Boondoxatron, whatever the hell that is. Sounds like some kind of swamp cyborg to me.

We're not told who did what, if anything, to deserve the credit. Did God actually get to play with the Boondoxatron or vice versa? In fact we're barely told anything except the titles and composers of the nine tracks, the fact that Lewis produced and arranged the album and that "Stein is fine". Would that be a woman, a fella or the beer? Does any of this matter?

It's a reptilian album. The music of Mandre doesn't so much snap, crackle or pop as slide and squirm through electronic contortions, pulsing thoughtfully as it slithers from the speakers. Even the singer sounds closer to the ground than most of us. It'll drive mongooses (mongeese?) to distraction.

Some of it is sufficiently boring to upset my equilibrium as well. particularly the three-part, mainly instrumental opus which takes off on a "Solar Flight", disappears into a cumulus interlude and eventually sends back an obscure signal that there's a "Third World Calling". All of this boil down to an unnecessary example of Lewis indulging himself with various synthetic instruments and a rhythm section which is possibly human.

A drifting ballad called "Wonder What I'd Do" is barely more entertaining. These four tracks are the only ones on the album solely composed by Lewis.

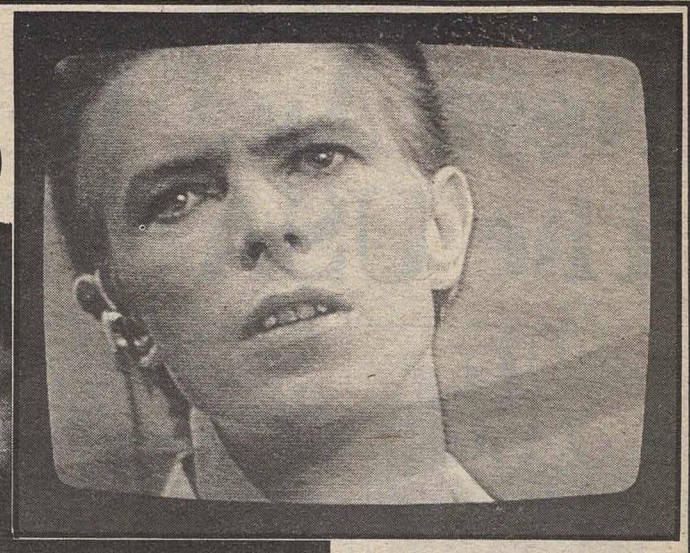
The other five tracks are mesmerically attractive. "Masked Music Man" and "Masked Marauder" effectively demonstrate what happens when Johnny Watson's "Gangster Of Love" and "Lone Ranger" ride into the late 70s in a vehicle piloted by a clone of George Clinton and commanded by a stoned serpent. Weird by wonderful.

Motown's oldest goldie "Money (That's What I Want)", is given a treatment that has the twin advantages of being considerably different to all previous attempts to improve upon Barrett Strong's original version and not at all disagreeable in its own right. Lewis-Maxayn's individual approach to the familiar keep-on-pushing ethic, "Keep Trying", is also very fine if you happen to like subdued and fluid funk marinated in synthosauce.

Finally on the acceptabilitimeter comes an equally personal interpretation of Zappa's "Dirty Love" which may or may not compare favourable with the original (depending on your choice between guitar and synthesizer as a suitable solo instrument) but does at least suit Mandre's peculiar aura.

I suspect that this is the most untypical album Motown has released in about a decade; award it a little of your valuable time.

Cliff White



GOG AND MAGOG?!

No, Dog And Maindog. A Pure Pop Person Pleads Sanity. MAX BELL Was At The Hearings.

New Age In The USA '77

JUST WATER
The Riff (Branded)
IN MANY ways this is the only garage album I've heard all year, been getting kinda bored with listening to most of the awful shit that passes through as new wave.

One listen to Just Water and I found what I've been subconsciously seeking since I realised that Rocky, Sky, and Alex won't make it because someone somewhere has cut them out as no hopers in the big stakes, not that it matters.

Just Water though, they could ride the train the whole way 'cos it isn't that often you hear a band who can document the seamier side of life in the crumbling city without shoving their concrete street ethics down your mush. "The Riff" captures the definitive appeal of teen dream melancholia which has been ever-so-popular since Chatterton ate his heart out, literally.

They got some guy called Mitchell Dancik taking most of the credits on writing, singing and blistering rhythm guitar. His particular bent is a depressant, minor key economy executed with a slow crawling confidence that makes me like him like I dig Dwight Twilley and Greg Kihn. On a subsidiary level they have a lead guitarist called Danny Rubin who passes all the guitar hero tests, namely the one that has you wishing you were him.

Just Water refuse to pay lip service to any bandwagon, their mystique has to succeed on its own merits because it's impossible to tell where they're coming from. Interesting lessons in obscurity. Like, "Mean and Rotten" is locked

Just Water: "Well Max thinks were better than Television, so there —"

in a sinister closet that is usually the stomping ground of far less powerful outfits. Dancik's ideas catch a ridge on your brain and tick over with the dreamy arrangement. His words always work despite themselves.

Drummer Guskind Martin and bassist Tom Korba contribute "The Devil Woman" with a perfect vocal meeting Rubin's neatly constructed up and at 'em solos. A unique Pollack ghetto solemnity whose rainbound toughness strains against the atmosphere, bad boys whiling away too many hours watching the cans bob down the East River. Dancik is so patently on the level that the result is colder than a coke freeze. Shoot yourself in the head and this is nearly as sexy as Shocking Blues' "Venus".

Rubin messes up the electronic signal on the title cut and simultaneously reveals their weak point. The Low Riders of the Metal Flake would dig the motif to death but Just Water fizzle dry. They need a good producer because they use technology well, but not one who tells them much.

Dancik's "Wayward Boys" crosses The Who when they were dirty with a lyric that just shows what a wasted old fart Lou Reed is these days. Gum chewing gauche from the boy and girl who *"get the love that's left at the bottom of the world."*

The Ramones are seen exiting in bloody ribbons during "Drastic Change". Dancik is always psychotic: here he's working after midnite with a steel cutting blade, counting the fingers he's lost with the money he's made. Sounds like a real hood, too. Just some crime under the sunlamp, nothing fake or phoney.

Only "They Live By Night" is a complete non-starter. For the rest some contemporary psychedelics on "Play It Loud" next to weirdo novelty pop facts about "King Kong". The punch out is "Down In The Riverbeat" where Dancik employs his dodgy Eastern European charm on the local girls, gets them to visit the rotting pier using arguments like *"Don't think about the reasons that make girls decide."*

Just Water are original, compulsive and oddball. They blunder through naivete occasionally and even that's a gas. They have the ability and an obvious bank of goodies in Dancik. Once again, American new age doesn't bother to hide its skills. This, the new Cheap Trick and Twilley on the way. Investigation equals satisfaction when you can get this now.

(This fab album is available from Branded Records, Inc, 233 Broadway, NY10007, USA).

Max Bell

LITTLE RIVER BAND
Diamantina Cocktail (EMI)
WE GAVE them electricity, indoor plumbing, Supercharge *and* the finest penal system in the world — so what do they do? They keep on trying to unload second division outfits on us, that's what.

I guess The Saints really are Australia's best band, 'cos Little River Band are extremely competent but *sooo* unexciting. Like Steely Dan without Fagen's nifty lyrics, like (the original) 10cc without catchy hooks, like Bazza MacKenzie without a few tubes of frosties.

There's strings, even, on "Day On The Road". Don't the Aussie's *ever* forgive and forget?

Monty Smith

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IMPORTS

REMEMBER THE time ol' Thistlewaite from Oldham had all those superstars working for him?

Chances are that the occasion has slipped your mind — or maybe nobody told you about it in the first place. But Imports Records of Reseda, California, haven't forgetten, and they've re-released "Colin Scot" (IMP 1009), a long discarded UA item, just to prove the point.

Y'see, Thistlewaite, who hails from Lancs, though he always claimed he was a Geordie, understandably changed his moniker to Scot so that he could get glamour-packed gigs like the residency he did at Coke Corner, Disneyland, in 1961 and then move on to bigger things. And ten years later, the ploy had worked so well that Bob Fripp, Brinsley Schwartz and Davy Johnstone all volunteered to play guitar on his album sessions.

The back-up vocalists likewise proved to be an impressive mob — namely Peter Hammill, Peter Gabriel, Jane Relf, Alan Hull and Jon Anderson — while such worthies as Bob Andrews and Billy Rankin (then both with the Brinsleys), Derek Brimstone, Phil Collins and Rick Wakeman (doubling on pintaphone) also joined in the proceedings.

But the album is not just a superstar jag, it's also attractive musically, Scot providing fine interpretations of Davy Johnstone's "The Boatman", Mickey Newbury's "Baby In My Lady", Neil Innes' gospelly "Lead Us" and Martin Hall's tender "Do The Dance Now, Davy". So grab yourself a copy this second time around.

"He taught me just about everything I needed to know — when and when not to make a stand, when a when not to show your hands, and most important of all — how to make love to a guitar." The words are **Eric Clapton's** and they bedeck the sleeve of **Freddie King** 1934–1976 (RSO), a memorial album to the great Texas-born bluesman, comprised of previously unreleased material emanating from sessions that took place in Miami, Dallas and Chipping Norton. Clapton swops licks with King on several tracks — in front of a band formed by Dick Sims (organ), George Terry (guitar), Carl Radle (bass) and Jamie Oldaker (drums- — while members of Gonzales aid and abet on such tracks as "Pack It Up" and "Shake Your Bootie".

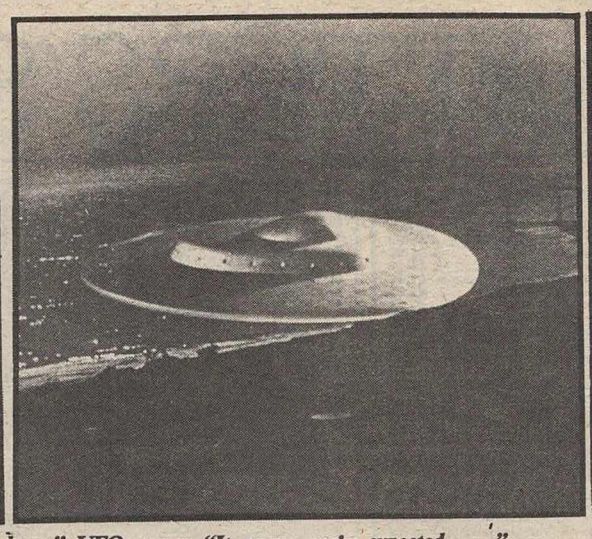
Though **Boz Scaggs'** "Slow Dancer" is still in the British catalogue, London's import shops are currently buying up recent U.S. copies — reason being that the disc has just been re-leased in the States, with a new and much improved sleeve. Meanwhile Oxford Street reports a considerable demand for the U.S. 12" version of the Brothers Johnson's "Strawberry Letter 23" single. The scam on this one is that disc is not only pressed in red vinyl it also pongs of strawberries.

Also around are "Tone Tantrum" (Blue Note) on which keyboardist **Gene Harris** is assisted by such sessioneers as Donald Byrd and Deneice Williams, "Rock'n'Roll Again" (Arista) the first **Commander Cody** album in yonks, **Saint Tropez's** "Je Taime" (Butterfly), **"Zbigniew Seifert"** (Capitol) from a violinist with an unpronounceable name, who's strong on technique but often as clinical as Harley Street, **Rufus Thomas'** "If There Were No More Music" (Avi), which finds the Astaire of R&B bumping through a fair workout on Homer Banks' "Who's Making Love To Your Old Lady?" and "Analine" (Takoma), a mainly solo effort from **Mike Bloomfield** — though Nick Gravenites (vocals), Bob Jones (drums), Roger Troy (bass) and Mark Naftalin (piano, accordion) move in on the title track.

Fred Dellar

Old H★pp★★s Never Die — They Just Release Live Albums

UFOs Over The UK '77.



Allen: "My God, they're here already —" UFO crew: "It seems we're expected . . ." Hillage: "I told you so . . ."

GONG
Gong Live, Etc.
(Virgin)

IN THE beginning, as evinced on much of these two records, Gong's very existence hinged around an almost Ionesco-like understanding of Life as manifestly Absurd.

Indeed, this impression was compounded the one time I observed the band attempt to record a live set. The gig was an obscure Northern French festival in the grounds of a chateau. The band started their set, they played a couple of numbers and then the power for the Virgin Mobile was switched on. Being France, however, this meant that the power supply to the band's equipment was dragged away to feed the superior demands of the Mobile.

There was more to it than that though; the band's communal existence as a kind of Franglais Grateful Dead was concerned as much with utter musical dedication as with any notions of the delights of country cottage existence. The music here offers warmth and good vibes.

Music is inevitably the product of the state of mind in which it is produced. Gong fully understood this. I remember Didier Malherbe once expounding on the jam — and there are many on this record — as being a complete breaking down of egos and a sheer interflow of creativity, the ultimate aim of every musician.

Gong, you see, was an exercise in self-fulfilment for both the musicians and the band's audience. There were few who became involved who weren't, in one way or another, changed for the better.

A degree of prior acceptance was of course necessary. The Flying Teapot mythology, anathema to many, was for me a delightful piece of whimsy containing more truths than the collected works of virtually every other quasi-art band put together. If you insisted that bands needed to have a constant line-up and that if someone didn't feel like playing then they must be forced to then obviously Gong were not for you.

There was another aspect to the band. It is naturally difficult to discuss music that works on your sub-conscious rather than on that fifth or sixth of our brains on which we normally operate. Whether this was a result of the band's being steeped in arcane occult knowledge is for you to decide. Generally Gong appeared to achieve an almost telepathic empathy with their audiences.

This is for the most part a delightful pair of records. Pierre Moerlen tempered by the leader roles of either Daevid Allen or Steve Hillage demonstrates an ascetic, classical percussive ability that could drum the kimono off Stomu Yamash'ta. His girl-friend Mireille Bauer's own rhythmic work (the Sonny And Cher of Percussion?) and Mike Howlett's mellifluous, springing bass lines provide the basis for the other musicians' thick, pungent hash smoke of exotic influences, as Malherbe, in particular demonstrates with his beautiful reed work — for more on this read the liner notes by the ascetic Angus MacKinnon.

With the exceptions of a couple of Gong attempts to break the singles market — "Ooby-Scooby Doomsday" and "Where Have All The Flowers Gone", both beautifully bizarre and utterly uncommercial — the material comes from the albums up to and including "You".

Rather than put out an album of a single continuous performance Virgin have opted to turn Gong's only live memento into a document of work by three different Gong line-ups-

The first of these plays through sides one and two and comprises founder Allen (guitar), Gilli Smyth (space whisper), Hillage (guitar and vocals) and Tim Blake (synthesisers) as well as Malherbe, Howlett and Moerlen.

The second line-up is as above with Moerlen absent and Rob Tate replacing him, also with Di Stewart on vocals and percussion. The third consists of Hillage, Howlett, Moerlen, Bauer, Malherbe, Miquette Giraudy (voices sonic) and Patrice Lemoine (keyboards).

Though the third line-up is certainly the most musically impressive, one notes how it lacks the innocence of the first and hints at the gradual edging out closer to the verges of humourless European cerebralism that were first made manifest on "Shamal" and then "Gazeuse". Indeed the most baffling aspect of the post-pixie albums has been that same utter lack of humour.

But to return to "Gong Live" — or more precisely the one sentence philosophy of the band expressed on the sleeve of "You": "Gong Is One And One Is You". Think on it.

Chris Salewicz

THE BERNIE LEADON—MICHAEL GEORGIADES BAND
Natural Progressions
(Asylum)

WAKE UP, you lazy sods — there's another washed-up West Coast band to listen to.

One's entitled to expect the worst. Nice lad though he is, Bernie Leadon never really set the world alight with his pleasant-enough contributions to the Burritos and Eagles, and Michael Georgiades' pedigree isn't quite as long as a baby's arm (he's been knocking around with Johnny Rivers, apparently).

And the beatific grins gracing the back covers seem to be wincing harbingers of the torpor to come. Except that it *doesn't* come. Believe it or not, most of "Natural Progressions" sounds the way the recent CS&N reunion *should* have — strong melodies, spot-on harmonies (natch) and, dammit, some urgent music here and there. So surprisingly urgent that you instinctively forgive the predictably puny lyrics (*"Life in its illusion really makes me wonder . . ."* blah blah, me too buddie).

The other major surprise is that it's not Bernard's (that's what he calls himself) songs that stand out — since all four of them are turkeys — but Georgie Boy's.

"At Love Again", "Rotation" and "Callin' For Your Love" are all punchy numbers, their inherent power accentuated by the wondrously spastic rhythm section of Brian Garofalo (bass) and David Kemper (drums). And "Tropical Winter", intriguingly opening like a slow-motion, serpentine J. Richman epic, develops into a song of which David Crosby (at his best) wouldn't be ashamed. A shame that his other numbers are rendered impotent by constricting strings.

As for Mr. Leadon's songs...Let's just say that it's a good job the lyric sheet — blue print on black — is virtually illegible (give the art director a bonus!).

Still, most of Georgiades' numbers works, so perhaps those tempted to lay out for "CS&N" might be wise to invest in this instead.

Monty Smith

RODERICK FALCONER
Victory In Rock City (UA)

WHILST IN total empathy with Roderick Falconer's affected contempt for the Soft Rotten Moden World (with the television on), I can't help thinking that the jackboot kick was a false step.

Fascists are notoriously corrupt and messy. Surely Communism, with its lethal power and purity of thought, rates much higher on the Idealogical Glamour Quotient?

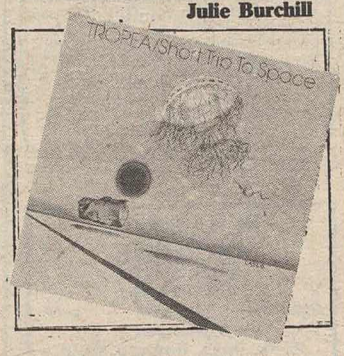
Disappointing also that Roderick hasn't been consistent in his Racial Purity mouthings; at least four of those involved in the making of this album would seem to possess names positively kosher in their alienation.

Glitzy lyrics are backed by jingly jangly pianos, hoity-toity strings and rumbustious arrangements straight off the "Rock Follies" soundtrack.

Roderick attempts to sound like Joe Strummer, Elton John and Bowie, comes over as Brian Protheroe caught in a tug-of-love between Mike Batt and Andy Mckay. Despite the apocalyptic ice-man cometh overkill image hustled as Roderick Falconer, not once does he even sence the insidious nastiness and langour of the end of the twentieth century.

The problem lies not with what nobler people might consider an offensive image, but with the man himself. He is Mediocre. He would be a mediocre Fascist, a mediocre Maoist or a mediocre Machine. Talking of which Falconer has not yet cottoned on to the fact that the true music of automatons is Disco— as was so perfectly, publicly executed on "Station To Station." By attempting to assimilate machine-hood with artistic pretensions Falconer only emphasizes his incompetence. A machine has no deceit.

Julie Burchill



JOHN TROPEA
Short Trip To Space
(TK)

STEVE GADD leans over from the drum stool and taps keyboard player Don Grolnick on the shoulder.

"Whose album are we making today Don?" he asks.

You see somebody had forgotten to put the artist's name on the drum chart, and Steve thought Tropea was just MD-ing the session for somebody else. But none of this will make much difference to the eventual outcome — most of the guys were down here last week doing some stuff for Eric Gale anyway.

No sign of Bob James or Grover Washington today though, but Rick Marotta is here to play drums alongside Steve and Will Lee is on bass as usual. Outside in the studio bar there's Dave Spinozza, Mike Manieri and the Brecker brothers; somebody said Ralph MacDonald will be down later.

John Tropea emerges from the control room, picks up his guitar and waves everybody quiet. The engineer gives a nod and Tropea silently counts the band into "Short Trip To Space". A few run-throughs and two or three takes is all that's required —Tropea will add synthesiser and string and horn arrangements later on.

Five songs or so later and Steve's thoughts are beginning to drift. Maybe it's about time to work up a bit of flashy style, get himself a contract and make some money — if Billy Cobham can do it, why not?

And look at John Tropea. George Benson has a number one album and they're all out for guitarists who might be able to do the same. So he gets his own contract and whenever he's got a few weeks between sessions he puts together an album's worth of this smooth, funky jazz stuff they've all been playing for years with CTI.

But Steve should worry, he's an established pro., like John Tropea, and his session sheet is fully booked at least three months ahead...

Ralph MacDonald arrives and they start run-throughs of "The Funk You See Is The Funk You Do", a standard jazz-funk get down that will probably be the album's opening cut. A smile flickers across Steve's face when he notices the irony in the title.

Monkey see, monkey do indeed.

Paul Rambali

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DAVID LaFLAMME
White Bird (Amherst Import)
SCARLET RIVERA
Scarlet Rivera
(Warner Brothers Import)

AS THE violin was my first instrument, I speak with bleeding fingers. The violin as a solo vehicle has never been conducive to rock and roll. Most practitioners of the instrument seem misguided since they're either classically trained dropouts or simply frustrated lead guitarists.

For my money, the only violinists who have transcended the obvious obstacles have been Eddie Jobson and his imaginative work with Roxy Music, Sugarcane Harris's sterling contributions to Zappa's "Hot Rats" and Papa John Creach either in or out of the Jefferson Airplane.

Dave Swarbrick and a few American cosmic cowboys are a power unto themselves. With the utmost taste and discretion, all these artists have successfully employed their skills to fit the requirements of their respective bands.

But David LaFlamme and Scarlet Rivera? I name the guilty players. For some reason I fail to appreciate, the first It's A Beautiful Day album has recently become a most sought-after collectors item. Stories of mint copies changing hands at anything up to £20 are not uncommon.

LaFlamme was It's A Beautiful Day's focal point and for his first solo album he's not only named his LP after IABD's most popular song, "White Bird", but has included it along with a replay of the equally popular "Hot Summer Day".

Classically tutored (and boy does it show), LaFlamme now looks like the local Operatic Society's romantic juvenile lead cosmeticised for the role of "The Student Prince" before going to seed. He sings like it as well, while, for the duets someone called Dominique fills in for IABD's Patti Santos.

This is the sound of earnest, boring and thoroughly redundant Height-Ashbury muzak boogied up with synthesisers and the Tower Of Power horn section for gentle, geriatric toe-tapping.

Scarlet Rivera is definitely crumpet and therefore it's easy to realise why Dylan, while cruisin' along New York's 13th Street one steamy July afternoon, slammed on his brakes and schlepped this beauty along onto The Rolling Thunder Tour.

You're left wondering if music had much to do with it since, if you're still not clued-up, Scarlet Rivera was the lady who played the violin like a strangled cat on "Hurricane".

Unfortunately, as almost every track of this album painfully illustrates, her pitch hasn't improved.

The six Rivera/Cardinale originals ping-pong between trashy Tzigane music (Hungarian gypsy boogies) on "Gypsy Caravan" and thoroughly aimless neo-classical practice studies on "Leftback". Art-rock pretentions reach a nadir when Scarlet lurches into "Wicked Witch Of The East" and "Earth Queen" and the tea-cup mysticism of "Ring Around The Moon".

Bob Dylan usually gifts those who please him with an original or two, but aside from a brief mention in the sycophantic sleeve note, the Zim is conspicuous by his absence.

Enough.

Roy Carr

THE METERS
New Directions
(Warner Brothers)

SINCE THIS album was recorded it's reported that The Meters have succumbed to the clash of personalities and aspirations that's dogged their career for several years. The two Neville brothers Cyril and founder-member Art apparently opted to stand by New Orleans, where they've formed a new group with third brother Aaron; the others presumably migrated to San Francisco, where these tracks were cut under the supervision of David Rubinson & Friends, Inc.

It remains to be seen whether a fresh line-up of Meters will continue to record under the corporate identity. Meanwhile it seems as if the migratory remnants have joined the prolific band of West Coast session men. For instance, guitarist Leo Nocentelli is involved in Patti Labelle's first solo album, shortly to be released on CBS, which was also produced by Rubinson.

If this turns out to be the parting shot from the near-legendary group it's far from being a glorious end to a decade of excellence. On the other hand, it's not as bad as some other reviews have suggested.

Despite the switch from Allen Toussaint to Rubinson and the album's ironically optimistic title, the basic ingredients of Meters' magic is evident throughout, thinly disguised by technical camouflage like a talking-box or voice-box or whatever the hell it is, phasers, and a general tendency on the part of the producer and arranger to smother the group in extraneous accompaniment.

Five of the eight songs were written by the group, two of which ("No More Okey Doke" and "Funkify Your Life") are in the same spirit as their earlier work and arguably rate equal as the best tracks on the album.

"Give It What You Can", written by Steve Cropper and others, is another good New Orleans style funk forum, and naturally enough Toussaint's "I'm Gone" is fairly typical of The Crescent City, even if it's not one of his most memorable compositions. Although roots reggae freaks may squirm, I also rate their handling of Peter Tosh's "Stop That Train", led by Art.

The remaining tracks are not outstanding but as I've already pointed out, this isn't exactly a killer album. Take care to listen before you buy — but do at least listen.

Cliff White

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EDDIE TAYLOR
I Feel So Bad (DJM)

THERE MUST be something more ludicrous than a "Golden Hour Of The Blues" album, but I haven't managed to think of it — yet.

"Readers Digest Presents The Collected Works Of William Burroughs"?

" 'Anarchy In The U.K.' And Other Great Hits Of The '70s" by The Black And White Minstrel Show? You get the idea anyway.

The crowning absurdity, however, is that the album in question not only really exists, but it's one of the best blues compilations currently available. Considering its price and format, it's a virtual banquet of the blues for the price of a takeaway and chips.

Actually "buffet" would be more accurate than "banquet", since you get seventeen tracks covering territory all the way from front-porch country blues to streamlined brass bound modern Chicago blues, plus the fact none of this material has been available in this country for the last few years.

It's drawn from the Vanguard label — principally, I think, from Newport Folk Festival albums and the three-volume "Chicago Blues Now!" series — and RCA, Vanguard's previous British distributor, didn't consider it worthwhile to keep these albums on the market when it picked Vanguard up from Phonogram.

The first side is mainly country blues — Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, Big Bill Broonzy, Jesse Fuller, Mississippi John Hurt, Sleepy John Estes, Lightnin' Hopkins and John Lee Hooker.

The latter's "Tupelo" is the most powerful, a hushed soliloquy describing the great flood that nearly destroyed Elvis Presley's hometown. A beautifully spare and evocative performance delivered over a quietly menacing repetitive guitar riff, "Tupelo" demonstrates Hooker's prowess as a storyteller.

Sonny Terry and . . .

From there on in it's South Side electricity, with the Muddy Waters band delivering a relaxed but powerful reading of "Ninteen Years Old" to what sounds like an ultra-respectful Newport audience. See, them white folkies don't cheer the hot licks and the killer lines like the Chicago club audiences; they stay quiet as mice and then just clap at the end.

Finally, Junior Wells turns himself inside out on "Stormy Monday" backed up by an ace trio featuring Buddy Guy on guitar, the brilliant Jack Myers on bass and drummer Fred Below. Poor old Buddy Guy — he plays the most exquisitely vicious velvet buzzsaw guitar on three Junior Wells tracks and one of his own, and he gets his name missed off the cover. No wonder he got the blues.

Turn it over and you get Elmore James' "Dust My Broom" performed by his cousin Homesick James — nothing special but okay — and James Cotton's "Blues Keep Falling" (it says "composer unknown" on the label, but the song is virtually identical to the late Junior Parker's "Blue Shadows Falling". Speak Junior Parker's name with respect; he wrote "Mystery Train").

Otis Rush does Little Walter's "Mean Old World" to a turn complete with sheet-lightning guitar, Big Walter Horton and Memphis Charlie wail away at each other on a rather nondescript two-harp instrumental called "Rockin' My Boogie" and the astonishing Otis Spann performs "Sometimes I Wonder" with only S. P. Leary's drums for support and manages to sound like a whole band.

There's a killer triple punch to close with: Junior Wells — backed by the same trio as on "Stormy Monday" — pays eloquent tribute to Sonny Boy Williamson with a gripping "Help Me"; Buddy Guy steps out to claw his way through Mercy Lee Walton's "One Room Country Shack" with spine-chillingly agonised voice and guitar, backed up by a stellar band including Otis Spann on piano and Wells returns — with Guy in attendance and a six piece horn section — to round things off with a flagwaving, hard-charging "Little By Little".

Brownie McGhee — to name but two

Dig this album. It's cheap, it's got a great photo of Muddy on the cover and it'll rock yer socks off.

AND JUST to prove that the blues ain't just anthology fodder for the sepia photograph trade, Albert King — currently the most prolific bluesman in business — releases his fourth album in two years.

It's more than 88 minutes of Albert and his road band working out in front of a berserk audience in Montreaux with guest appearances by Rory Gallagher, Lowell Fulson and Louisiana Red. Ignoring the disco funk material explored on his two previous Utopia albums, Albert draws on his Stax years for a winning combination of punchy Stax soul and urban blues power.

His mellifluous, unpretentious singing and economical, piercing guitar always sound good since he can adapt his stylistic devices to fit in with a vast variety of contexts, but here he's on his home turf and hits all the jackpots, no trouble.

From his triumphant entry to cook with the band as they warm up on Herbie Hancock's "Watermelon Man" right through the standards like "Stormy Monday" and "Kansas City" to the bravura finish with "I'll Play The Blues For You", Albert keeps the pressure on almost all the time, though "Jam In A Flat" (a medley of "Don't Throw Your Love On Me So Strong" and B.B. King's "Three O'Clock Blues" with Louisiana Red playing slide, Rory Gallagher jamming in for a few choruses and Lowell Fulson sharing the singing) drags badly in places.

It's unlikely that RCA will release "Albert Live" in its present form, since his British sales don't render such a package remotely as viable here as it is in the States. It could, however, probably be pared down to a superb single album for British release — are you listening, RCA? In the meantime, see what kind of a deal your local import shop is offering for it.

Finally, Eddie Taylor — a top Chicago session guitarist of the '50s specially notable for his work on Vee Jay records for Jimmy Reed and John Lee Hooker — has a solo album out, and once again it's the old excellent-sideman-but-dull-leader story.

Taylor simply doesn't have the authority as either singer or lead guitarist to front a band for an entire album, and while "I Feel So Bad" is certainly no turkey, it's little more than an optional extra for the blues collector.

Oh yeah — while we're on the subject, Sonet Records have released Son Seals' "Midnight Son" and Michael Bloomfield's "If You Love These Blues, Play 'Em As You Please", both of which I reviewed as imports, in this country.

The Seals Album is high-energy '70s Chicago blues, and Bloomfield's hugely enjoyable essays in blues guitar stylings ain't to be sneezed at either.

Better get 'em in your soul.

Charles Shaar Murray

ANDY GIBB
Flowing Rivers (RSO)

WHEN IS a Bee Gee not a Bee Gee? When his name is Andy Gibb. Although he looks more like a weenybop reconstruction of Eric Stewart, he's the younger brother of the famous Barry, Maurice and Robin. This is his first album and with Barry producing, co-writing and sharing vocals on two tracks you can guess who it sounds like.

At its best it's got some vague disco appeal, putting Andy into the Paul Nicholas bland soul bracket. At its worst it sounds like reject tracks from a Bee Gees record which never quite made it.

And the half-BG served his apprenticeship back home in Australia with a band called Zenta, playing both his own material and, guess what, old Bee Gees numbers, playing support on tours by the Sweet and the Bay City Rollers. Not the most auspicious background for a young man now trying to come on as a "serious" singer-songwriter.

The music on the album ranges from the diluted funk of "I Just Want To Be Your Everything" to the diluted country of "Flowing Rivers". Sometimes the two styles mix together in an even more diluted form, as on "Let It Be Me" and "Come Home For The Winter".

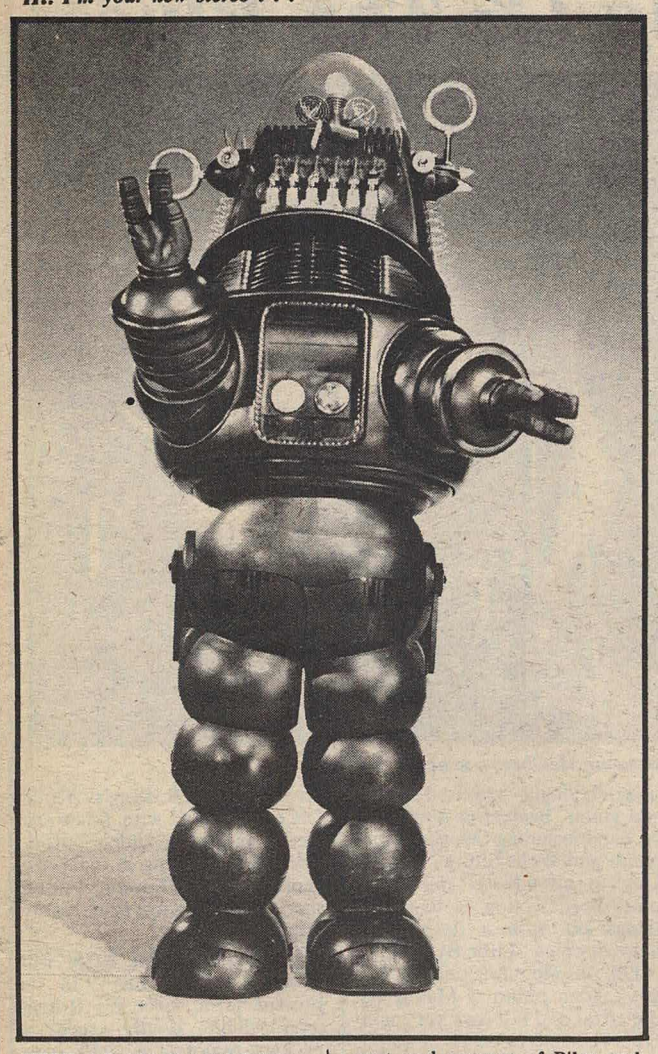
One cut sounds pretty much like the next and the album's title neatly sums up the overall watery feeling.

There's one remarkable David Cassidy copy in "Words And Music" whilst the tracks are generally spattered with emotional profundities like *"Love is higher than a mountain, love is thicker than water . . ."* Oh yes, and taller than a giraffe, I suppose.

There's an impressive list of session musicians on the cover, Joe Walsh for instance, but there's nothing here that really resembles a good song. And if Andy Gibb really wants people to stop comparing him to his brothers, he ought to stop sounding like a weak copy.

Kim Davis

Hi! I'm your new stereo . . .



YOU ROBOT, I BORED

Meanwhile back on board ship ANGUS MACKINNON goes super-nova, becomes the first humanoid to emerge intact from a neutron star, etc . . .

THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT
I Robot (Arista)
FOR WHOM The Project tolls.

Strip away the facile electronics, the choir, orchestra and spurious 'concept' to find straightforward entrails beneath the metallic sheen: several mundane, lyrically banal rock ballads performed by members past and present of Pilot and sung — or rather 'interpreted' — by the likes of Allan Clarke, Peter Straker and Steve (the same) Harley.

"I Robot" is essentially a sort of beggar man's "Dark Side Of The Moon"; the fact that Parsons engineered self-same album for Pink Floyd may or may not be worth noting.

Another lit. rock non-event. Last year Poe, this year Asimov, next year . . . Borges? Blyton? Still, the wretched thing's in both the US and UK charts with customary spare iridium spinal bolt, so who am I to criticise, eh?

Asimov's SF 'original' seems a better bet though, and cheaper too. You robot, I bored.

PAUL BRETT
Earth Birth (RCA)
IN WHICH Brett proposes and performs the first — or so it's claimed — suite for the 12 string guitar after only 18 months' familiarisation with the instrument.

Yes, it's carefully conceived with recurrent motifs and considered absorption of various idioms (folk, blues, etc) but despite such honourable aims "Earth Birth" falls far short of essays by other guitar architects.

Refer to Fahey's "Fare Forward Voyagers" and Kottke's "6 and 12 String Guitar" (both on Sonet) to measure just how far.

JEAN MICHEL JARRE
Oxygene (Polydor)
MONSIEUR JARRE may be the son of stringmaster Maurice *Dr Zhivago* Jarre, may have researched this and that at the Paris Conservatoire, may even cohabit with actress Charlotte Rampling, but "Oxygene" (French for *oxygen,* no less) is just another interminable cosmic cruise. The German spacers (Dream, Schulze et al) mapped this part of the electronic galaxy aeons ago.

Meanwhile, an editor person informs me that "Oxygene" has repeated its French chart success over here. Well, *comme disent les punks,* I (just) don't care — the album's still infuriatingly derivative. Explore its prime influences instead.

PACO DE LUCIA
Alopaima (Island)
NEW SKETCHES of Spain. If you thought flamenco meant two weeks in Toledo plus package extras, then reconsider. There's nothing so kitsch about De Lucia, himself from Cadiz and a — perhaps the — flamenco guitarist.

The eight pieces here succeed admirably in conveying the music's stylistic scope; all feature sympathetic accompaniment from other players and/or atmospheric arrangement.

De Lucia's mastery of his medium is total, the grace and near naked passion of his playing equally incontestable. In short, "Almoraima" — De Lucia's second for Island — rides countless highways and byways of the acoustic fretboard. Useful liner notes tell you more exactly how (and why) as the man cross-refers indigenous and Spanish-American traditions.

But can you rock to it? Not in as many words — you don't need to.

GARY BOYLE
The Dancer (Gull)
WILL THESE jazzrock gymnasts *ever* slow down? Guitarist Boyle, leader of the once promising, now deceased Isotope, fires off eight fusion forays. Their titles (eg "Lullaby For A Sleeping Dormouse", "Cowshed Shuffle") are as inane as their conception is unoriginal. Even the dread Return To Forever were managing better than this on "Romantic Warrior".

Boyle's friends in felony include Rod Argent, Brand X's Robin Lumley and Nova's Doni Harvey, all of whom should know better.

Waste product.

KWAKU BAAH AND GANOUA
Trance (Island)
KWAKU BAAH? That's Rebop, lately Traffic and currently Can percussionist. "Trance" catches him in the company of Moroccan master musicians, some of whom — the Joujouka — were recorded by Brian Jones in 1966, others of whom feature all too briefly on the stupendous new Ornette Coleman album.

The Ganoua themselves originated in the Sudan and are a Dervish sect — it shows. Suffice to say the rhythms — or more precisely polyrhythms — they stroke up with drums, voices and string instruments should turn your ears inside out; they're fearsomely complex, yet unavoidably natural (like Beefheart).

The contrasts between this effortless, unfathomable flux and flow and Rebop's supple congas underline the different African traditions at work through "Trance" as well as making the album doubly captivating.

Try it anyway and, if impressed, go for "African Drum, Chant And Instrumental Music" (Nonesuch), a useful companion volume.

DON CHERRY
Hear And Now (Atlantic)
SWEET LORD, almost incredibly, a *creative* jazzrock album.

Onetime Ornette Coleman sidekick/trumpeter Cherry keels through mantric swathes set in motion by exceptional (and mostly unfamiliar) backup players. Imagine a new, improved "Welcome"-period Santana and you'll have the primary colour key.

The carping swerve and birdlike flutter of Cherry's axe plus imaginative (Indo-latin??) arrangements add more strong ballast. Funk it may be, but at times "Hear And Now" reaches right for the *soul.*

Angus MacKinnon

THE O BAND
The Knife (United Artists)
SO YOU'RE after a marketing concept for your make-or-break album? How about exploitative cover art based upon a song about some junkie shoving a blade into a girl's piss-flaps?

No postcards protesting grossness, please, I'm merely being as graphically unpleasant as The O Band's title track. Very melodramatic and totally humourless. So that's what methedrine does to you.

It's quite nicely produced, though, and they also do a Spirit number so they must be hip.

Monty Smith

BLUE:
Another Night Time Flight (Rocket)
THE STRENGTH of Hugh Nicholson's song-writing has always been the delicacy of his approach. When it comes to generating emotion, he opts for a whisper rather than a roar. And very effective it is too.

Nicholson wrote three quiet, classic songs for the largely unlamented Marmalade: "Cousin Norman", "Radancer" and "Back On The Road". None of them were strident enough to draw renewed attention over the years, but that's our loss as much as Nicholson's.

Blue have issued a whole string of singles since their formation, and until Elton John got involved, each one seemed more self effacing than its predecessor. The result — an exquisite parade of flop-peroos.

The picture's altered somewhat with the arrival of Reggie and his mate Clive Franks. They produced this set, which includes the hit single "Capture Your Heart".

Blue still don't smash you over the head in an effort to attract your attention, but Reg and Clive seem to have provided just enough commercial muscle.

Inevitably perhaps, the title track and the hits are the standouts, but the rest barely lag behind. "Bring Back The Love" and "Strange Thing" are especially gently memorable.

In fact, the whole finely-crafted set is consistently appealing. More tasteful and mellow than this you just can't get.

Bob Edmands

THE JOHN RENBOURN GROUP
A Maid in Bedlam (Transatlantic)

IF YOU came to this album cold, having no no idea who the personnel were or what their pedigree was, it might strike you as a rather unadventurous first album by an up and coming folk band unsure of their ability as writing original material and taking sanctuary in a series of tried and tested folk favourites.

This is the first album from the new John Renbourn Group, erroneously called Pentangle II by some, inevitably I suppose since it re-unites Renbourn with Jacqui McShee from vintage Pentangle days. Also present are fiddler Sue Draheim, who played on Richard Thompson's magnificent "Henry The Human Fly" and was involved in an early incarnation of the Albion Dance Band, as well as flautist Tony Roberts and tabla player Keshave Sathe.

Quite how long they're destined to remain together is in the hands of the gods, but hope it's indefinitely. Judging by the manifold delights displayed on "Maid In Bedlam", there's enough drive, versatility and an intuitively right choice of material for the group to produce albums of sustained excellence for years to come.

Although the choice of material is catholic in the sense that it's been covered and interpreted by all manner of people over the years the group's arrangements — democratically split between all five — add new dimensions to such venerable material. Added depth comes from both Sathe's tabla playing as it weaves beautifully around Renbourn's guitar and the exemplary playing of Tony Roberts.

The arrangements work breathlessly well, creating complex layers of sound without subjugating the original appeal of the songs. An ideal example is the sublime "Gypsy Dance/Jews Dance" which starts off with renaissance-like dignity and flows into an exquisite blend of violin, guitar and tabla.

The harmonies of McShee and Draheim are flawless on "Black Waterside", "Death And The Lady" (incorporating all the essential elements of the traditional song) and the exquisite "Talk About Suffering", treated as an unaccompanied spiritual.

Renbourn's playing throughout is faultless; you sense how good he is without his having to resort to pyrotechnics to prove it. It's obviously his group, but he's had the sense to utilise all five talents in the most constructive way.

Now if only Warner Bros would get round to issuing the electric album he cut two years ago, it would provide an ideal opportunity to compare his styles. But I doubt if it could match the excellence of this album.

Patrick Humphries

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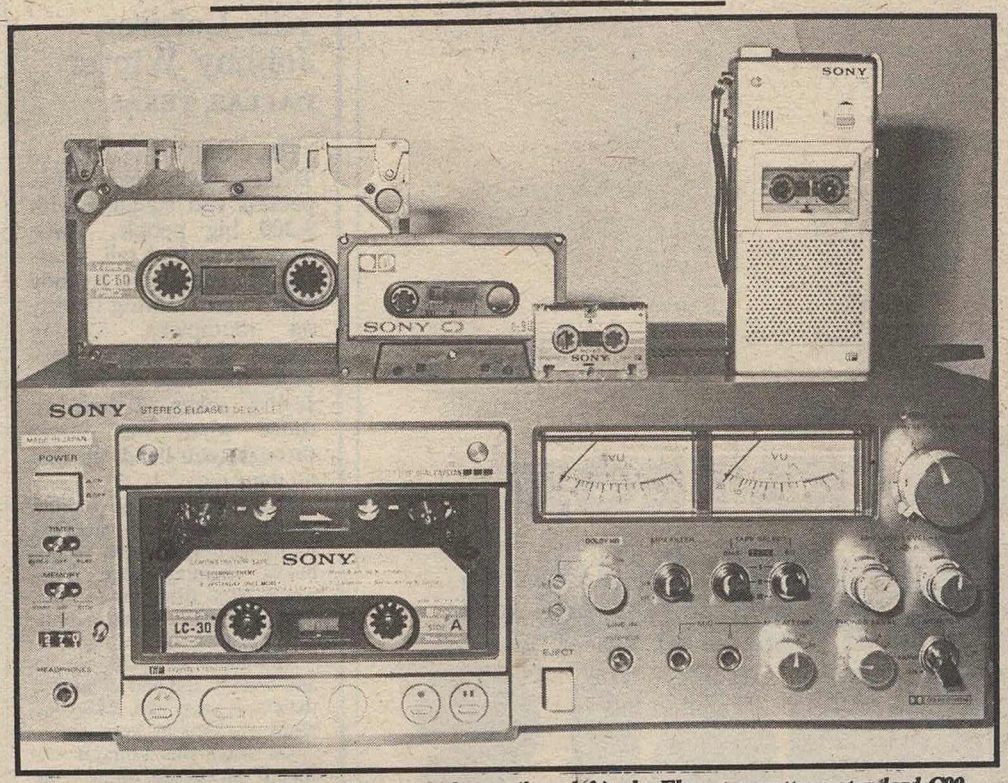
Real reel to reel on cassette

A major stride forward with the Sony EL-7 Elcaset Deck

HI FI: By ROY CARR



Bottom: the Sony EL—7 Stereo Elcaset deck; top (from left): the Elcaset cassette; a standard C90 cassette for size comparison; Sony Microcassette; The Sony M-101 Micro Cassette-Corder. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

THE LOGIC behind the recent introduction of both Sony's EL-7 Stereo Elcaset Deck and the M-101 Micro Cassette-Corder is quite ingenious. For while the EL-7 revolutionises the technical sophistication of what is referred to as the Philips standard professional/domestic stereo compact cassette and deck, the M-101 further miniaturises the pocket recorder to the size of a bar of Cadbury's Fruit and Nut!

No matter how much lucre you fork-out for a standard stereo compact cassette deck, the major obstacle in attaining audio perfection has always been the obvious limitations imposed by the standardised ⅛-inch/1¾ ips magnetic tape. Because of this the overall stability of sound and the general frequency response invariably leaves much to be desired in comparison to open reel-to-reel recorders.

The Sony EL-7 Stereo Elcaset Deck can be seen as the first major breakthrough, in that it streamlines the basic open reel-to-reel machine into a stylish compact cassette housing while at the same time allowing for off-tape monitoring.

Though not very much larger than most up-to-date heavy-duty front-loading stereo compact cassette machines (Dimensions: 17" x 6¾" x 12⅝" Weight: 28lbs 11oz), the EL-7 is designed so as to sit comfortably astride most domestic tuner-amplifiers.

Both the size and the lack of manufacturing quality control of the regular compact cassette (3⅞" x 2½" x 15/16") has, up until the introduction of Elcaset, been the main handicap in the hi-fi industry's persistent attempts to improve the technology of compact cassette recording.

Anyone who owns a cassette machine of one kind or another must surely be fully acquainted (and often dismayed) with the lack of precision in the moulding of the plastic shell and the assembly of the vast majority of blank and pre-recorded compact cassettes.

Elcaset all but eliminates the majority of these problems.

Sony has achieved this by manufacturing a sturdy plastic compact cassette shell that measure 5 15/16" x 4⅛" x ⅝", houses ¼-inch open reel-to-reel recording tape (60 and 90 minutes playing time), and when programmed for record-/playback travels at 3¾ ips.

As a result of this vast improvement in tape width and speed the extended frequency and wider dynamic ranges of signal-to-noise reproduction from the 4 track/2 channel stereo system is quite sublime.

RIGHT UP until the introduction of Elcaset, one of the biggest drawbacks of the standard compact cassette has been the lack of ample tape/multi-head room to adequately accommodate the three-head system. Furthermore, the fact that the actual recording tape is guided by a tape-guide roller that's built-in to the actual shell constantly interferes with the stability. Any slight inaccuracies in the manufacture or the assembly of the shell directly affect the quality of performance.

Due to its increased (yet still easily handled) size, Elcaset compact cassette tapes function perfectly on the three-head system — the tape being automatically pulled out and held stable by the recorder's transport mechanism.

Such is the excellence of the tape/head contact that this method bypasses any instability that could occur in relationship to the quality of the moulded shell. Naturally, this greatly improves the degree of wow and flutter, modulation noise, cross-talk (leakage of signal from one channel to another) and level changes which often plague the standard ⅛-inch/1¾ ips cassettes.

Surprisingly, Sony don't list a recommended retail price for their new toy. So be it. But if you're in the market for this latest item of sleek oneupmanship to supplement your present hi-fi set-up, then all that I can tell you is that the discount price for the EL-7 fluctuates from as low as £400 to a high of somewhere in the region of £525. As you can see, whenever you're buying hi-fi equipment it really is worth shopping around.

As far as the compact cassette tapes are concerned, one dealer I encountered retailed the SLM LC-60 and SLM LC-90 at £4 and £5 respectively, while the Ferrichromes were a quid dearer on both counts.

So it's quite a costly machine to both acquire and run, but then as with all hi-fi, it's basically all down to personal requirements.

NOW . . . WHICH buttons to press, nobs to twiddle and why! In particular, I liked the actual deck controls on the EL-7. *Light-touch* sensitive, they are far easier to operate than the standard *piano-key* controls on other machines.

As an added attraction (and an optional extra at £25), is the RM-30 remote control unit. A same-size replica of the deck controls (7/16" x 1 1/16" x 2"), it is attached by a 13' 2" cable, weighs in at just under 1½lbs and, if required, can be attached to a stand.

The RM-30 is an extremely practical device if participating in a live recording.

On the actual EL-7 module, situated beneath the push-button power switch, there's a three-position timer which, if connected to a commercial timer (an optional extra), can be preset for automatic recording/playback. Right below that, there's a Memory Counter Operator for precise programme re-location, a 999 counter, and a headphone socket.

The actual compact cassette tape carrier is worthy of special mention. The eject button cannot be depressed when the tape is operational, and when depressed to open the cassette holder lid the panel opens real nice and slow and doesn't, like so many machines, fly open with a clatter and dump the tape on the floor.

Other features include a Dolby NR system, an MPX filter which is crucial when recording FM stereo broadcasts and eliminates the 19kHz pilot signal and the 38kHz subcarrier, Bias EQ settings for Sony SLH, FeCr and CeO2 tapes and all the other kinds of nobs, dials and inputs one would take for granted as being incorporated into such a sophisticated recorder.

Aside from domestic recordings, the EL-7 is also highly adaptable for location assignments by either using direct microphone inputs or by first going through a compatible mixer unit. The inputs are connected to an attenuator switch — a device that enables the operator to compensate for overloading if, say at a rock gig, the microphone(s) are situated too close to the source.

VU meters tend to underread the peaks, and as the EL-7 doesn't incorporate peak lights to enable one to get accurate recording levels one can to take extra care not to overload the peaks.

When, as a test-run, I transferred disc and tape-to-tape and then made experimental live recordings, the playback was noticeably *brighter* than the original. Indeed, on every occasion, the overall sound quality proved most satisfactory.

For disc-to-tape, I chose an across-the-board selection to ascertain the standard and clarity of reproduction.

My playlist consisted of six 12-inch singles:

Bob Marley & The Wailers, "Exodus"; Television, "Prove It"; Mink De Ville, "Spanish Stroll"; Michael Masser & Mandrill, "Ali Bom—Ba-Ye"; The Boomtown Rats: "Lookin' After No. 1"; Bootsy's Rubber Band, "The Pinocchio Theory".

Next I recorded a selection of album tracks which ranged from the semi-acoustic "See The Changes" and "Fair Game" from the Crosby, Stills & Nash reunion, Johnny Winter hollering "TV Mama" from his latest "Nothin' But The Blues", two from Les Dudek, "Jailabamboozle" and "Lady You're Nasty" ("Say No More" LP), the entire first side of The Count Bishops' debut album, the title track from Bowie's "Station To Station", and then put every frequency on standby for the amped-up title from Yes's "Goin' For The One".

I chose the CS&N tracks because the finesse of the production and once again these revealed an extra *brightness*, while *all* the disco cuts and the hardnose rock tracks came vividly to life without any noticeable distortion and considerable clout.

In some instances, they sounded infinitely more powerful than the original source.

It's still early days, but with a few improvements (i.e. sound-on-sound) and a reduction in cost, Elcaset could emerge as *the* compact cassette system of the future. As yet, nobody is marketing pre-recorded tapes, but if the pre-recorded demonstration tape that accompanied the model is any indication, they could make current standard pre-recorded tapes redundant.

IF THE EL-7 expands the frontiers then the Sony M-101 Micro Cassette-Corder packs the whole works into 2 9/16" x 1 1/16" x 5 11/16" and weighs in at just 13oz. The compact cassette tape measures just a smidgen under 2" x 1⅝" x ⅝", and houses a 15/16-inch wide tape which records for 30 minutes a side.

The controls are placed so as to allow one-hand operation, can be slipped into the breast-pocket of a jacket, a purse, or into a femme fatale's stocking top for *discreet* recording.

Primarily an aural notebook or an impromptu interview gadget, it has a built-in Electret Condenser Microphone (but can house ECM-16 or ECM-200 microphones, a TP-5S telephone pickup, headphones or an eraser as optional extras), safety lock button, Review button and a Rec/Batt lamp using Light Emitting Diode. In fact, it has all the basic functions of any larger portable mono cassette machine and runs on two pentorch batteries.

Though designed for speech, it's possible to record music (disc-to-tape or direct) and though far from being the highest-of-fi considering the size of the 1¾-inch speaker, the reproduction is slightly better than a transistor radio of the same dimensions.

The RRP is £125, though I've seen one discounted to £94.

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NEW TRACKS FROM
THE ORIGINAL
ANIMALS

ON

Nils Lofgren
Johnny Winter

DALLAS, TEXAS.

THE UNIVERSITY of Texas auditorium was packed and standing with 3,300 big people. Some were seven foot tall, wearing Stetson hats, cowboy boots and chewing quietly on toothpicks, looking mean and nasty. Sometimes they told each other Jewish jokes. I hate to think what was going through their heads the rest of the time.

Others were huge hippies wearing headbands, smoking joints as if they were Woodbines, slapping huge hams which burst from rotten bluejeans embroidered with a marijauna leaf motif.

The ladies were tall, blonde and healthy and had all burned their bras years ago. Everyone there was looking very white.

On stage Nils Lofgren was slippin' and slidin' all over the place in his Swedish-Italian way, dressed for the occasion in an Amerindian loin cloth, trailing feathers and leather thongs, his shirt hanging out over his ass and somewhere under it all a pair of jeans covering rapidly moving little legs. All this paraphernalia gave him a very low centre of gravity (visually speaking) but wasn't slowing him down at all. Nils was playing some fine rock 'n' roll.

He silenced his group and prowled round the stage, soloing like a gypsy guitarist in a Spanish restaurant. He made the guitar say the most amazing (and the most absurdly funny) things.

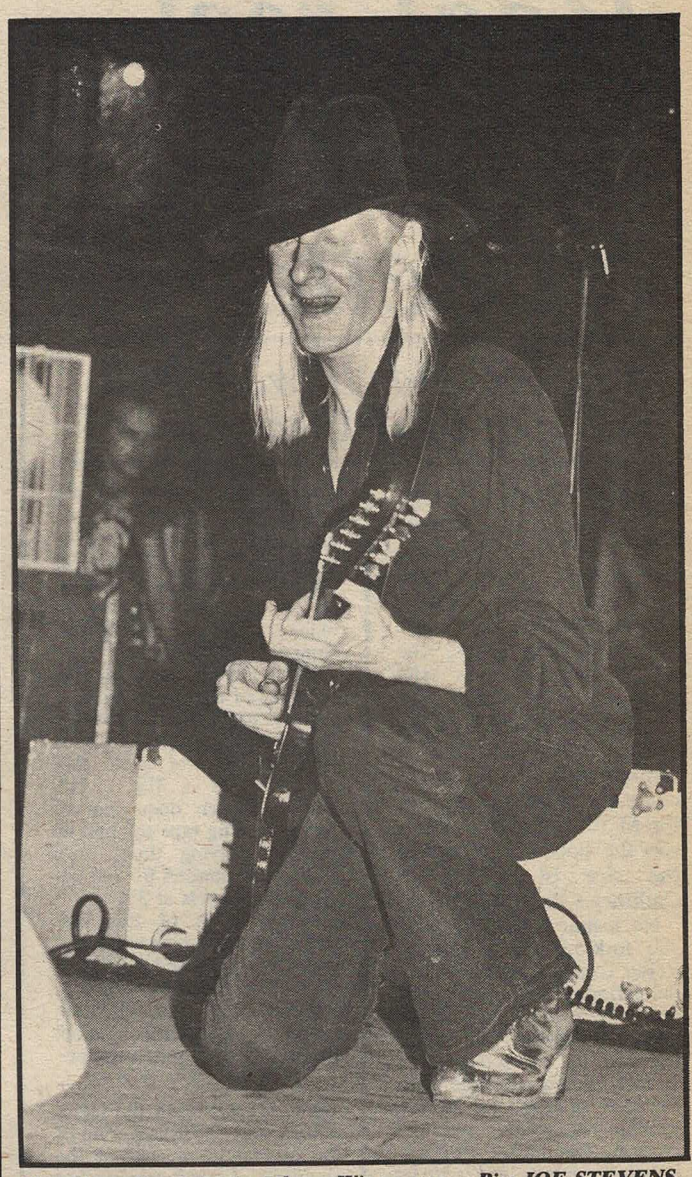
He jumped atop the stage monitor and played the guitar with his teeth (The Texans liked that), then he did a couple of sweeps of the stage at full - speed - Chuck - Berry - duck - walk, crouched so low that he could have bitten the bass player's ankle.

He restrained himself from doing that and instead, cranked his guitar up to full B747 landing feedback roar and set it carefully on its stand. He ran at the stage monitor, bounced off the top of it and did a somersault back onto the stage . . .

Clever little fella — follow that Johnny Winter!

Johnny had no choice — but it was no sweat. Here he was back in Texas, right, and the audience loved him and the scope and range of his music was as great as the 104 degree heat.

He looks deceptively frail — painfully thin and awkward. He moved around on stage like a stick insect, sometimes arriving at the mike to croak "Yeah! Yeah!", smiling to himself. Johnny knows he's good. It's not just a bunch of fast notes — he's tasty!



Play blues, lose hair the Johnny Winter way. Pic: JOE STEVENS

Sex Pistols

WOLVERHAMPTON

FOR DAYS rumours. Then a few flying phone calls supplied concrete confirmation; The Sex Pistols were playing Wolverhampton Lafayette on Friday August the nineteenth. A quid on the door (sure). Billed as the Spots, a within band nickname. Sex Pistols On The Stage, Sex Pistols On Tour. Secretly.

Be there or pick holes in your skin, rip your pimples out, sandpaper your cold sores.

Be there.

The idea, briefly, is that the band play small clubs with no billing and no advertising. No banning, no bother, no trouble. Yes, fun!

The risks inherent in such an admirable scheme, the drawbacks, if not as great as on a publicised tour, are nonetheless high. The whole endeavour is absurd in its furtive undercover operation, false and depressing the way the fans (McLaren's 0243'The Kids') were, at Wolverhampton at least, pushed and bashed, rigorously controlled, told repeatedly and provocatively, to be good. One false move and you're dead/Watch out babies, the nationals are here/Show them what nice people you are.

If it wasn't that it was the Pistols, the falseness of the situation — imposed directly by hysterical idiots whose token bans obscure and distort our rights but do not, couldn't possibly, totally deny them — would've been unbearable. That faceless, sickly ignorant dummies-with-power should force the greatest rock'n'roll band in the world to shuffle around almost incognito, to play in totally unnatural circumstances, is disgusting, frightening / and pathetic. Shudder.

Anyway, a coach load of us arrived about nine, and things seemed fine. A few Mancunians were already there to greet us, and a few dour Midlanders. The queue wasn't enormous and it seemed that the drop in at a moment's notice notion, letting word of mouth relay the deed, was going to work and keep proceedings intimate. The queue was good natured and seemed mildly unbelieving. Soon, though, perhaps inevitably, a mass of people thronged tightly round the small Lafayette doorway, still cheery, but unwieldy. The reluctance of the clubs owners to open the doors caused further problems. Local natives poked their heads out of their front doors, wondering at the commotion, police arrived. By the time the door opened it was almost as if the date had been known for weeks. Everyone massed around the door, fifteen deep pushing in from all sides and unrelenting. My ribs cracked, my lungs burst, but I oozed in exhausted. To stare straight at a gory day-glo poster mock-coyly proclaiming that a 'mystery group to be known for the evening as the Spots' were playing. (The Pistols weren't too pleased about the silly obviousness of the poster).

Now, as Pistols go

You are

The poster said it was going to be a quid. They charged one-fifty, which ruined many finely balanced finances, and after you'd been roughly searched by a surly gorilla, there was little chance to complain about the gazump. All along the dimly lit hallway into the club similar persons growled ominously, delvering gruff commands, herding the sheep.

Inside; the stage, tiny. Small stacks, medium amps. Gosh. memories of early Pistols recitals. The D.J. greeted us, one of the inane grinning breed. "Good evening and welcome to another evening at the Lafayette. We've got some good music tonight. Two bands, the Prefects and the, er, Spots." The (by now) ludicrous front maintained. More people filed in, the club steadily filled, McLaren cool at the bar. An atmosphere became apparent, a troubled mixture of unbridled anticipation and curious fear, joy and distaste.

The D.J. smugly revealed all and intentionally (I hope) but inanely poured on the provocation: "No trouble to-night or the bands *will not* play." A fight broke out; some people only present, it seemed, to cause trouble.

"Please, cool it. No trouble or the bands will not appear." A bigger fight.

"Look, this is the first Pistols gig since December. They are

THE TOWN

Tasty Licks From The Home Of The Whoppers

Which means that the US guitar hero is alive and well. Or not as the case may be.

Eat meat, grow a tail the Ted Nugent way.

"Time for a little rock 'n' roll!" yelled Johnny and the audience roared back at him — some of them were very big dudes indeed and could roar exceedingly loud. It was "Bonie Maronie" that Johnny played and to a background of continuous depth charges from Bobbi Torello's drums Johnny span out the familiar lines. They flew from his fingers straight and steady like going for a cruise down local 138 in your car to the Taco Bell or maybe even as far as Burger King ('The Home Of The Whopper'). Even his rock 'n' roll has big Texas space in it.

Johnny's act now includes a lot more blues. He did a slow Memphis Slim number in which the basic elements of his playing became very apparant — the speed and dynamic timing are in many ways more important than any individual notes or runs. This is how he tranforms often mundane riffs into forceful runs which can make your fingers tingle.

There's not much singing. Vocalist Pat Rush is actually not much better at it than Johnny but he has an obvious feeling for the blues and his conviction makes up for his lack of range.

The Texans don't clap all that much but they all seem to carry gas lighters which they lazily brandish. One huge Hells Angel near me managed to get an 18" flame from his, to the distress of his neighbours.

Johnny has adopted "Jumping Jack Flash" in much the same way that The Who copped "Summertime Blues". Though he didn't actually move around that much, he put so much concentration and energy into his playing that he left the stage exhausted and soaked in sweat after a final encore of "Easy Rider" (during which he climbed up among the drums on the dais).

He's back, he's playing the blues again and he's good.

Miles

Ted Nugent

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

WHY AMERICA is anxious to develop the Proton Beam Weapon, when they already have Megadecibel in the shape of Ted Nugent, is a question perhaps worthy of consideration.

Both are in many ways symptomatic of a puzzling American concern with bigger and better. Todd Rundgren succinctly caught the spirit of it when he said, "If a thing is worth doing, it's worth overdoing".

Quite so, and if you thought Grand Funk Railroad succeeded in battering every last ounce out of the monster then you obviously haven't experienced the subtle charms of Mr Nugent.

We could be unkind and call it overkill, but instead let's simply say that Ted believes in optimum aural assault. His stage monitors were as large as some house P.A.'s I've seen used at Hammersmith. His house P.A. was enormous. Leaving nothing to chance, there was even a second P.A. suspended high above the stage — thereby ensuring decibel decimation right through to the upper reaches of the balcony.

Why Ted Nugent should need this, and also a personal stack that puts the old banks of Marshalls to shame, is a question only his psychiatrist can properly answer.

Certainly, it was enough for the Detroit dementoid to simply walk on stage to get the entire audience out of its seat, remaining likewise for the duration of the performance.

And it was a *performance*. Nugent and his cohorts know most of the appropriate moves — and a few new ones besides — but they plunder the book of postures with enough enthusiasm to make it look like a whole new ball game. It isn't really of course, it's simply the old Heavy Metal barrage taken to newer and noisier limits.

The musical dynamics inherent in the Big Nuge's music are simple in the extreme (the riff, then Wham!! — then the same again). They rely a great deal on the visual dynamics that accompany them, which for some reason have a particularly high narcissism content.

El Nugo preens his way through numerous guitar solo histrionics and flashes his teeth frequently. The catalogue also includes an electric fan for the drummer to keep his hair flowing gracefully in the wind.

All this excess was matched only by the degree of adulation afforded it. "You don't mind if we try out a new song do ya?" said Ted in his yankee drawl, knowing full well that nobody would object. And the applause when he then told us the title was about equal to the reception given all the other songs — thunderous and devoted.

The three kids in front of me, though, had been behaving rather soberly until Nugent began his encores. He suddenly reappeared, standing on top of his stack, and hammering out the riff from "Stranglehold". Four bars later the band crashed in, Nugent jumped down, and flares exploded across the front of the stage — the house went crazy and those kids looked at each other in awe and amazement.

The reaction to this facile piece of showmanship, and the parents waiting by the exit with incredulous looks on their faces, reminded me of something else Todd Rundgren said — "There's always more".

Indeed there is, and following on from that I'd like to echo CSM's complaint about Black Sabbath and say that it still wasn't loud enough.

Paul Rambali

underground to play, it's your chance to play spot The Spots and challenge:

Johnny Rotten and I claim my right to listen.

PAUL MORLEY tries his luck.

on trial. Any trouble and they will not play the provinces again." Exasperatingly, some idiots caused a couple more fights.

"Hey, the National Papers are here to-night. Keep cool, any trouble and it will be all over the country to-morrow morning." Surprisingly that worked. Things cooled down, but everything seemed strange and distant. We were being watched; at least, it felt like that.

As it turned out the Prefects didn't play (shame!), as the Pistols did not apparently want a support band. The Pistols discreetly made their way to the stage. The lower level of the club filled, the mob directly in front of stage (catch the action in the front rows, where else) fluid and potentially uncontrollable, and people pushed hard against the railing of the balcony which runs around the club.

"Gericha." *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINGS*

Then the Pistols walked on stage, Rotten grinning and staring. Havoc. Anarchy in the UK. The only real way to start their first gig in this country for eight months. Ultra-havoc.

The intensity of those opening chords was ecstatic, dangerous and exhilirating. Rotten's painful whine careers into place and you forget the paranoia as your disgust with authoritive wimps intensifies, and anger explodes into the chorus along with Rotten, a chaotic resistance/frustration rite. Bodies plummeted forward involuntarily, a mass as one. An unabashed celebration. The established modes of assumed rationality crushed. Just like Rotten always wanted. No false simulation; triple action stimulation.

During "Anarchy" about ten huge, obscenely violent looking heavies appeared to control the anarchism of the audience's response. They heaved back the mob. That they were effective in controlling can't be denied, nor that they were necessary, but their methods of execution and obvious glee whilst shoving and lashing out was a continual spoiler. They stood in a line right across the stage, which was low, as was the ceiling.

So he could be seen, Rotten stood on a monitor speaker, one hand clinging to the ceiling, a paradox of apathy and total energy, sneering cynically yet loving every minute of it. "I haven't enjoyed a show so much in ages," he said happily, smilingly surveying the scene as the mob clashed tentatively with the heavies. Response, y'see, response.

"Second number," he stated laconically. It was "I Wanna Be Me." Accurately expressing that element of selfish individualism Rotten generates, the song bound loose, capable of bursting into carnage at any minute. Rotten works for himself but the rate at which he operates to satisfy himself means he can't but help reach almost everyone. The oddest perfectionist ever. His voice twists and turns acidly, bends athletically, slashes the audience with sheer unmusical impact into intimidation and submission. Who at this moment can sing rock-'n'roll better?

"Next number," he says, like he was elsewhere. "I'm A Lazy Sod". Identify with that, cos I can. Steve Jones plays clean, urgent, speedy and noisy; gloriously reactionary rock'n'roll guitar. Sid Vicious concentrates so hard it's endearing, but his simplistic bass performs neat tricks, bouncing with Jones' tunnel-riffs. He locks successfully with Cook's savage, correct smashing. The Sex Pistols are totally

● *Continues over page*

NATIONWIDE GIG

Reading Rock 1977

See under Friday, Saturday and Sunday listings for full bill.

Left: PHIL LYNOTT of Thin Lizzy

Right: GRAHAM PARKER Inset: JOHN MILES

THURSDAY

BATH Viaduct Hotel: McCOY
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BLACKBURN Lodestar: BETHNAL
BRADFORD Princeville: AMERICAN TRAIN
BRAINTREE Wagon & Horses: THE CRACK
BRISTOL Granary: TRAPEZE
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: FRUIT EATING BEARS / STREET KIDS
COVENTRY City Centre Club: BRUCE RUFFIN
COVENTRY Mr. George's: S.A.L.T.
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: NEW CELESTE / FINN McCUIL / MEDIUM WAVE BAND
FALKIRK Maniqui: CHELSEA / CORTINAS
FLEETWOOD Queen's Hotel: WENDY GROSSMAN
GLOUCESTER Golf and Country Club: WHITE PLAINS
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: STAGE FRIGHT
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: EATER
LIVERPOOL Halewood Hotel: BODY
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MONTANA
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MONTANA RED
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: J.A.L.N. BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS/ MARSEILLES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / THE DRONES
LONDON EUSTON Green Man: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: XTC
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: STAMPS
LONDON HIGHBURY Roundhouse: DEALER
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SQUEEZE
LONDON Marquee Club: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LONDON MAYFAIR Gulliver's Club: BODY HEAT
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: SLOWBONE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: STUKAS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PEMBROKE Freshwater East: JENNY DARREN
PENZANCE The Garden: HEAVY METAL KIDS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: TRICKSTER
POYNTON Folk Centre: AD HOC
ROMFORD White Hart: CADILLAC
ROTHERHAM The Windmill: THE 'O' BAND
SOUTHEND Railway Hotel: THE HEAT
SOUTHPORT Leisure Centre: STRIDER
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Dog: HOI-POLLOI
TRURO Plaza Cinema: STEELEYE SPAN
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: CRUISERS
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: JOHNNY TILLOTSON

FRIDAY

AYR Darlington Hotel: JOHNNY TILLOTSON
BARNSTAPLE Tempo Club: JIGSAW
BEDFORD Odell Castle Estate: STEPHEN HOUSTON / PTO / ANN GALLANT / TOM MORTON / MILLSTONE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKWOOD Oakdale Club: McCOY
BOURNEMOUTH Town Hall: FRESHLY LAYED / GRAEME EVANSTYNE BAND
BRADFORD Star Hotel: GRAHAM SHAW
BRAINTREE Rugby Club: THE CRACK
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE CRUISERS
BURTON 76 Club: STRIFE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE BOYS
EDINBURGH Clouds: ZHAIN
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: SWINGING BLUE JEANS
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: THE MOTELS
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: SECOND HAND BAND
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ZEKE DEIGHTON
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS The Grove: WENDY GROSSMAN
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: TANYA HYDE & THE TORMENTORS / DESPERATE STRAIGHTS
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: RADIATOR
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SLOWBONE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: HOTT WAX / STAN SMITH BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: WHIRLWIND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HOT PROPERTY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE MOVIES
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: SAMMY MITCHELL'S BLUES BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CHANTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON TWICKENHAM Albany: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON WEMBLEY Village Inn: SPECTA
LONDON W.1 SPEAKEASY: NEO
LONDON WILLESDEN White Hart: FLYING SAUCERS
LONG CRENDON Star Hotel: ROY BAILEY
LUTON Royal Hotel: THE LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LUTON The Unicorn: SMILER
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: JENNY DARREN BAND
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS & THE DRONES
MIDDLESBROUGH Marimba Club: BRUCE RUFFIN
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TRAPEZE
NEW BRIGHTON Empress Club: MONTANA
NEWCASTLE Guildhall: EAST COAST / HARD CORE
NORWICH Stuart Hall: THE KILLJOYS / THE UNWANTED
READING Festival: URIAH HEEP / GOLDEN EARRING / EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / FIVE HAND REEL / LONE STAR / WIDOWMAKER / U-BOAT / S.A.L.T. / STAA MARX
READING Three Tuns: RAILDOGS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: ELVIS COSTELLO
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: PAGE THREE
SKEGNESS Sands Club: THE REAL THING
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: GENERATION X
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: BETHNAL
WALSALL Bilston Cock Inn: McSHANE
WILTON LOCKS Bannaventa Club: WHITE PLAINS
WITHERNSEA Grand Pavilion: J.A.L.N. BAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: 999 / LONDON

SATURDAY

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: McCOY
AYR Darlington Hotel: JOHNNY TILLOTSON
BEADLOW Manor Country Club: BILLY J. KRAMER
BEDFORD Odell Castle Estate: AFTER THE FIRE / KENNY MARKS / NUTSHELL / ALWYN WALL BAND / EVER AFTER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM (Kings Heath) Hare and Hounds: McSHANE
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross Pub: COLD COMFORT
BRISTOL Punch Bowl: PEDRO'S PLAGUE VICTIMS
BRISTOL Turntable Club: OZO
CAMBERLEY Ragamuffins: JET HARRIS
CHASE TERRACE The Troopbadour: FORCE
COVENTRY Mr. George's: PAGE THREE
DUDLEY J. B. Club: ELVIS COSTELLO
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: BETHNAL
FALKIRK Maniqui: JENNY DARREN
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: HEAVY METAL KIDS
FROME Hexagone Suite: SOULED OUT
HITCHIN Town Hall: MIKE BERRY & THE ORIGINAL OUTLAWS / RIOT ROCKERS / DYNAMITE
IPSWICH Tracey's: J.A.L.N. BAND
LISKEARD Carlton Suite: JIGSAW
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: GENERATION X / LONDON
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: QUAD
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE MOVIES / LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE 'O' BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: HOTT WAX / BRAINCHILD
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ADVERTISING
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: BABYLON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: JENNY HAAN'S LION / GLASGOW
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: CRAZY CAVAN
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Marquee Club: SCARECROW
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: BONE IDOL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STUKAS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON WEMBLEY Village Inn: CYANIDE
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: GLASGOW
MALVERN Winter Gardens: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Danceland: THE REAL THING
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: TRACTOR
NOTTINGHAM Old General: SECOND HAND BAND
READING Festival: THIN LIZZY / AEROSMITH / GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / JOHN MILES / ULTRAVOX / LITTLE RIVER BAND / GEORGE HATCHER BAND / NO DICE / KRAZY KAT / GLORIA MUNDI
REDDITCH Tracey's: XTC
ROCHESTER Nags Head: PEKOE ORANGE
SHARPNESS Papilion Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
SKEGNESS Eastgate Leisure Centre: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT / SIDEWINDER
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: MATCHBOX
WIGAN Casino: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / THE DRONES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

SUNDAY

AYLESBURY Kings Head: OUT OF THE BLUE
BARROW Maxim's Disco: EATER
BASILDON Double Six: NEW CELESTE
BEDFORD Odell Castle Estate'; ALL SAINTS STAR BAND/EARTH/HEWITT/JOHN PANTRY/CANAAN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: HOI-POLLOI
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKPOOL North Pier Theatre: LOVELACE WATKINS
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Cellar: CATHEDRAL
BRADFORD Princeville Club: JENNY DARREN
BRIDLINGTON Royal Spa Hall: BILLY OCEAN / FLIRTATIONS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: SOULED OUT
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: CYRIL TAWNEY
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: BODY
KIRKCALDY Adam Smith Centre: SYDNEY DEVINE
LANCASTER No 12 Club: BETHNAL
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: RADIATOR
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: QUINTESSENCE II/BLOOD DONOR
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ELVIS COSTELLO
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open-Air Theatre: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochdale Castle: BABYLON
LONDON TOTTENHAM COURT RD. The Other Cinema: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON W.C1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE ADVERTS/999/LONDON
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: JOBE ST. DAY
PENRITH Tudor Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
PLYMOUTH Castaways: GENERATION X
PLYMOUTH H.M.S. Drake: JIGSAW
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: ROGER WHITTAKER
POYNTON Folk Centre: NOVA
READING Festival: SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND / DOOBIE BROTHERS / FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / HAWKWIND / RACING CARS / BLUE / THE ENID / TIGER / MOTORS / ELECTRIC CHAIRS with WAYNE COUNTY
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: TRAPEZE
WOLVERHAMPTON Victoria Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN

MONDAY

BATH The Bell: PEDRO'S PLAGUE VICTIMS
BEDFORD Odell Castle Estate: BRYN HAWORTH / MASTERPIECE / ISHMAEL / WELLIES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: DOOBIE BROTHERS / CRAWLER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotal: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: PALOMINO
BLACKBURN Lodestar: THE ADVERTS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: RACER
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: DEPRESSIONS
CHELTENHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: MATCHBOX
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: JOBE ST. DAY
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: BOOMTOWN RATS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ROGER WHITTAKER
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: CIMARONS
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
IPSWICH Tracey's: SOULED OUT
LANCASTER No. 12 Club: BETHNAL
LARGS Barfields: SYDNEY DEVINE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: JENNY DARREN
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RADIO STARS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE LURKERS / JAPAN
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STILETTO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: XTC
LONDON Marquee Club: THE ENID
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: BONE IDOL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: NEW CELESTE
LONDON WEMBLEY Village Inn: NASHVILLE TEENS
LONDON W.1 (Wardour St.) Vortex Club: CHELSEA / NEO / SWANK / BERNIE TORME
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Danceland: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: GENERATION X
PORTHMADOG Y Ganolfan: HOT WATER
PRESTON Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
READING Festival Site (afternoon): FOLK EVENT with RICHARD DIGANCE / FIVE HAND REEL / FLAKY PASTRY / JON BETMEAD & LITTLE FISH / TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS / FRANK JENNINGS & SYNDICATE
READING Festival Site (evening): JAZZ EVENT with JIMMY WITHERSPOON and the bands of CHRIS BARBER / HUMPHREY LYTTELTON / KEN COLYER / HARRY STRUTTERS / TOM COLLINS
REDCAR Open Air Festival: THE 'O' BAND
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / THE DRONES
SKEGNESS Eastgate Leisure Centre: BILLY OCEAN
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN
STAFFORD Top of the World: STRIFE

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKPOOL Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
BOGNOR REGIS Esplanade Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CHELTENHAM The Plough: ANGEL
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: THE ADVERTS
FLEET Fox & Hounds: JO-ANN KELLY & PETE EMERY
GLASGOW El Paso: THE MOTELS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: TOAST
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: ROGER WHITTAKER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HEAD OVER HEELS / PRAIRIE OYSTER

GUIDE

Below top: DOOBIE BROTHERS
Below bottom: AEROSMITH (Steve Tyler)

Above: ALEX HARVEY

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE MODELS / THE SWORDS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RADIO STARS
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: BONE IDOL
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ROD MASON BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: THE LURKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE PLEASERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON WEMBLEY Village Inn: COCK SPARRER
LONDON W.1 (Wardour St.) Vortex Club: 999 / NOW / ARTATTAX / FLIES
LONDON WOOLWICH The Tramshed: RED TRACK & VA VA VOOM
MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo: DOOBIE BROTHERS / CRAWLER
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Danceland: BODY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA

WEDNESDAY

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: SAM APPLE PIE
BARNSTAPLE Queens Hall: ROGER WHITTAKER
BECKENHAM Rising Sun: TENNIS SHOES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRADFORD Victoria Hotel: JOBE ST. DAY
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
CARDIFF Top Rank: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/ THE DRONES
CARLISLE Market Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CORBY Nags Head: BETHNAL
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: ELVIS COSTELLO
EXETER Catharsis: HORIZONS
LEICESTER Scamps: STAGE FRIGHT
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON BLOOMSBURY Bull & Mouth: DESPERATE STRAIGHTS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TYLA GANG/THE PLEASERS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BULLETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: XTC
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: ILLUSION
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: DOOBIE BROTHERS/CRAWLER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: PIG ON WHEELS
PAISLEY Silver Thread: THE ADVERTS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TORQUAY 400 Club: J.A.L.N. BAND

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: THE CHIMES
Thursday for three days
BIRMINGHAM Kings Club: THE DOOLEYS
Week from Sunday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: MIGHTY ATOM & ROY
Week from Monday
DERBY Bailey's: DELEGATION
Thursday for three days
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: ELVIN JONES QUINTET
Monday for two weeks
LUTON Cesar's: LOVELACE WATKINS
Week from Monday
MANCHESTER Fagin's Club: DAVE BERRY
Week from Monday
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern): LINDA LEYTON & THE STATESMEN
Week from Monday
OLDHAM Bailey's: GREENGAGE
Thursday for three days
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: FRANKIE LAINE
Week from Monday
SALFORD Willow Variety Club: LOVELACE WATKINS
Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: SWEET CHARIOT
Thursday for three days
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: FANTASTICS
Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: TOMMY HUNT
Thursday for three days
TOWERSEY (Oxon) Folk Festival: HIGH LEVEL RANTERS/MUCKRAM WAKES/PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN/MAGIC LANTERN/BILL CADDICK/JOHNNY COLLINS/HEMLOCK/ROY BAILEY etc.
Friday for four days
WADEBRIDGE (Cornwall) Folk Festival: WATERSONS/MARTIN CARTHY/OLD SWAN BAND-/MIRIAM BACKHOUSE/SEAN CANNON-/BRENDA WOOTTON & AL FENN/BOB CANN/VERNON ROSE/PETE WOOD/GRAHAM & IRENE PRATT etc.
Saturday for four days
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: MADELINE BELL
Week from Sunday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: SWINGING BLUE JEANS
Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

ARGUABLY the most interesting show on the box this week is BBC-2's "Roots, Rock, Reggae" at 6.30 pm on Holiday Monday. It's a documentary about the current recording scene in Jamaica and features **Bob Marley, Jimmy Cliff, Inner Circle** and **U-Roy,** among others.

Same channel's "Rhythm On 2" on Friday looks promising — it's devoted to Irish folk and includes both the **Chieftains** and the **Dubliners.** And there's **Ralph McTell** with **Cleo Laine** and **John Dankworth** in "And Now" (Thursday); **John Christie** in another "In Concert" repeat (Tuesday); and the second of **Tammy Wynette's** four shows (Wednesday).

It's surprising that, in their "Festival 1977" series, BBC-2 has chosen "The Multi-Coloured Swap Shop" to represent 1976. The edition they've chosen has **Noel Edmonds** introducing the **Electric Light Orchestra** and **John Christie,** and it's on Thurday.

Apart from the inevitable "Top Of The Pops" on Thursday, BBC-1's contributions include **Showaddywaddy, Mary Hopkin** and **Paul Nicholas** in "Pop At The Mill" and another **Spinners** show (Saturday); and the classic film musical **"Rock Around The Clock"** (Wednesday).

Pick of the bunch on ITV is the new **Marc Bolan** series "Marc", though unfortunately it's on at teatime when most readers won't be able to see it. Joining **Bolan and T Rex** in next Wednesday's edition are **10 c.c., Mud, Alfalpha** and the **Bay City Rollers.**

Still with commercial, **Flintlock** continue their own "Fanfare" series (Friday); **Roger Whittaker, Dana** and **Peter Gordeno** are in "Be My Guest" (Saturday); **Pearly Gates** and **Carl Wayne** are among the regulars in "Hi Summer" (Sunday); and **Dana** and the **Nolan Sisters** guest in "Night Out At The London Casino" (Wednesday).

Radio 1's Saturday schedules include a **Colosseum II** set in the **Alan Freeman** show, followed by a repeat of "In Concert" with **Jethro Tull.** And Sunday's "Summer Of '67" is subtitled "San Francisco", featuring such names as **Jefferson Airplane** and the **Steve Miller Band.**

Stuart Henry's weekly album chart on Radio Luxembourg has aroused considerable interest because, as opposed to over-the-counter sales, it's based solely on listeners' preferences expressed to 208 in their letters. This is the chart being broadcast on Friday at midnight:

1. **YES** "Going For The One"; 2. **DONNA SUMMER** "I Remember Yesterday"; 3. **"STEVE WINWOOD"**; 4. **BEBOP DELUXE** "Live! In The Air Age"; 5. **BROTHERS JOHNSON** "Right On Time"; 6. **NEIL YOUNG** 'American Stars 'n Bars; 7. **ELP** "Works"; 8. **BOB MARLEY** "Exodus"; 9. **STEVE HARLEY** "Face To Face"; 10. **CROSBY STILLS & NASH** "CSN"; 11. "The Best Of **ROD STEWART**"; 12. **FLEETWOOD MAC** "Rumours"; 13. **STRANGLERS** "Rattus Norvegicus"; 14. **GEORGE BENSON** "In Flight"; 15. **BARBRA STREISAND** "Superman"; 16. **BONEY M** "Love For Sale"; 17. **10 c.c.** "Deceptive Bends"; 18. **"MINK DE VILLE"**; 19. **"MAZE"**; 20. **HEART** "Little Queen".

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XTC's Andy Partridge spots punter who 'understands'

Virgin acts in mass communication shock!

X.T.C.
The Table
MANCHESTER

TWO POTENTIALLY special and immediately likeable quartets (both Virgin bands) injecting spongy fun, itchy rhythms and something particularly singular into tatty '60s cartoon pop formula and/or later '60s charming idiosyncracies, coming out four wrungs higher than, say, The Ramones (and thus in their automatic personal/versatile endeavours, not as timeless) and a couple or so wrungs lower than Talking Heads (who couldn't go wrong 'cos they evolved in the *right* environment).

Don't ask me what the ladder is, though.

X.T.C. and The Table at Rafters (a good double) *(Brandy, please — Ed)* both bands operating in the same playground. Smart, enigmatic, trickily nostalgic (nostalgic is such a dirty word, what I'm saying is these bands don't smother roots but try hard to re-work, update, invert — it's rather graphic actually — little taking, lotta giving), modern, mildly eccentic, and above all they're fresh and posses totally positive implications.

Basically, both emphatically New Wave, emphasising *New,* as in regeneration/exploration — however idealistic. (Seeing these two a few days after groaning/frowning through pitifully interchangeable / redundant / depressing sets by Chelsea and The Cortinas was like falling asleep alongside Rita Webb and waking up in Anouska Hempel's arms).

The Table forge towards lubricated consistency and a happyend sound, as they play more gigs (this was their ninth) they're playing less and less for their own indulgence and more for the audiences.

They are best when keep the songs short. Their enthusiastic, furiously infectious, repetitive (it has to be) melody riffs are made tightly palatable with the underlying intracacies, smooth /absent harmonies, solid, swerving internal dynamics and the lurking ideas which career through each song like grinning gremline —ludicrous, bizarre.

I'd seen X.T.C. a couple of times prior to their gig at Rafters. Once at the Roxy a few months ago when they were terrible (nervous, top-heavy, derivative), and at the Electric Circus a little later when they were better (but still flat). They've improved a hundredfold.

Simply, they've gained necessary confidence — a lot of it. No longer naive, out of town Swindon lads nervously peddling their wares, but assured musicians confident that their stuff is good and worth listening to.

X.T.C. are powerful without simply sustaining 4/4 and screaming, intelligent, subtle — even moving. And I never thought I'd be saying those kind of things when I saw the band before.

Highlighting their improvement over the last few weeks is their performance of "All Along The Watchtower". A hauntingly sparse bass-drum-organ - soft - reggae - shuffle, impassioned vocal, a struggling mouth harp on intro and outro. Before their re-work was bitty and hesitant, now it's tough and emotional.

Their own songs are incisively constructed, punchy and well flavoured, strangely melodic and angularly rythymic. Very modern.

A couple of goodies.

Paul Morley

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

ARE YOU BEING SERVED (U)
No doubt tiresome featurette taken from shopsoiled TV series.
(ABC)

SPY WHO LOVED ME (A)
The Bond box office breaker looks like being with us for a long time yet. Yawn
(Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER (A)
Juvenile fantasy picture for those with weak stomachs
(Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

PROVINCES

A BRIDGE TOO FAR (A)
The mammoth massacre movie is still pulling in the punters
(Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER (U)
More fun special effects in Dynarama from veteran Ray Harryhausen for undemanding adults.
(Selected ABCs)
Severe outbreak of Disney films still infecting most cinemas.

Out on the ABC subruns are: *Godzilla vs The Cosmic Monster, The Streetwalker* and *Bugsy Malone.*

● *From previous page*

compatible, and the tightness isn't divorced from the abrasiveness.

"Next number."

The last time I saw Rotten was during the ill-fated 'Anarchy' tour; he was obviously fed up and frustrated, the band too, and he scowled, attacking the audience bluntly, not provoking with a sneer. At Wolverhampton, he grinned and enjoyed. "Let's see, what sort of pop star things should I say? 'Allo, it's good to be back." But you could see beneath the cynicism that he really *was* happy to be back and playing.

"No Feelings", "E.M.I.", "Holiday In The Sun", "Pretty Vacant", "God Save The Queen", "No Fun". These numbers are gorgeous and they played them all. The set was over so quick.

For a while reality was suspended, which isn't as smarmy as it sounds; it was one of those really great gigs where you transcend mere watching. After the gig the bump was resounding. Not knowing where the Pistols were playing next, cops outside, the coach driver treating us apparent 'punk rockers' like we were animals.

I'd like to say it was the best gig I've ever seen but I honestly can't because the whole thing wasn't quite real. It wasn't natural. Not quite surreal, but more than just an event. It happened. Deep bitterness remains that people are being denied access to see the Pistols. In 1977.

It rests in your hands. Don't sit their groaning over your toast. Move.

Paul Morley

The Damned, The Adverts, The Fruit Eating Bears

SUNDOWN CHARING X

THIS WAS the Sundown's opening night as a punk venue. The management wanted the evening to run smoothly and wasted much breath begging the audience to keep off the stage and stop surging against barriers and other obstacles.

It was certainly too full for comfort. Something about the height of the stage meant that only the people at the front could see the whole show. When anything happened on stage the frustrated crowds bounded forward, 0he lucky spectators at the front got piled up and spilled onto the stage and no-one could see anything except from a distant, peep-hole balcony above. That's where I spent most of the evening, and it's out of touch to say the least.

The Fruit Eating Bears have changed beyond recognition. Last time I saw them they were a fast-playing, underrated '60s revivalist band. Now they've jumped the bandwagon with short, fast, predictable songs with better titles than content ("Egyptian P.T."?)

Not unexpectedly, the wildest reception of the night was given not to a band but to a record. "Anarchy in the U.K." had the whole massed, packed audience singing, bouncing, tumbling onto the stage, like a swarm of new wave lemmings. It took some time to clear things after the dust had settled, but there didn't seem to be too much strong-arm from security. Which is unusual and welcome.

It was the first time I'd seen the Adverts and they were

***ADVERT TV SMITH** as oscillating council rubbish tip.*

Let them eat fruit

Before the Adverts come on

even better than expected, one of the few new wave bands who manage to create songs that sound genuinely new and different, rather than trotting out the Ramones songbook or straight heavy metal. The Adverts' music came over as sharp and clear on stage as on record.

They started (and encored) with "One Chord Wonders" and if they were second rate musicians, as I'd been told far too often, the material was so strong it just didn't matter. "Bombsite Boys" and "Quick-step", "On the Roof", and a new two-minute epic "No Time to be Twenty-One", all qualify as great pop songs: the thing that all the best new wave bands from The Ramones to The Clash have got in common is the ability to write instant impact rock with obsessive choruses. "Looking Through Gary Gilmour's Eyes" could be one of the most memorable chants of the year, ranking with 'Gabba' and 'God Save the Queen.'

"Bored Teenagers" is almost as catchy with T. V. Smith, pencil-thin, flickering across the stage like a berserk puppet, trailing his broken strings behind him, hanging over the audience like a demented son of Pinocchio. And he has to keep moving, otherwise Gaye Advert, in precarious black jacket and glowing trousers, smouldering motionless beside her amp at the back of the stage, would be the focus of attention.

Smith keeps folding over at the waist, spitting the words out, a quivering, menacing hunchback without Rotten's magic but with commitment to spare. If I wanted to be esoteric I'd say Smith was playing Dwight Frye to Vanian's Lugosi, but perhaps I'd better not bother. The Adverts sounded and looked good, approaching the same league as the Clash, the Buzzcocks and, of course, the Damned.

But before the doomed quintet themselves, there's something happening above the stage. Everyone's breaking their necks to catch what's going on. It's a film show, no sound, but new wave fashion parades, mobile mug-shots of Mark P and McClaren, film of the no-longer Hot Roddies and, getting roars of approval from the sweating, staring audience, instant replays of Vanian's lunatic combo at some other venue.

With the stage cleared again, and without much warning, it's the Damned. Capt. Sensible's wearing shades so thick he tries to walk off the edge of the stage. I think I can see Brian James in some sort of orange waist-coat. Rat's at the back, testing the drums' resistance to pain. Somewhere in the corner, the mysterious Lu is prowling inobtrusively, looking as mean and wasted as a drug-crazed vulture.

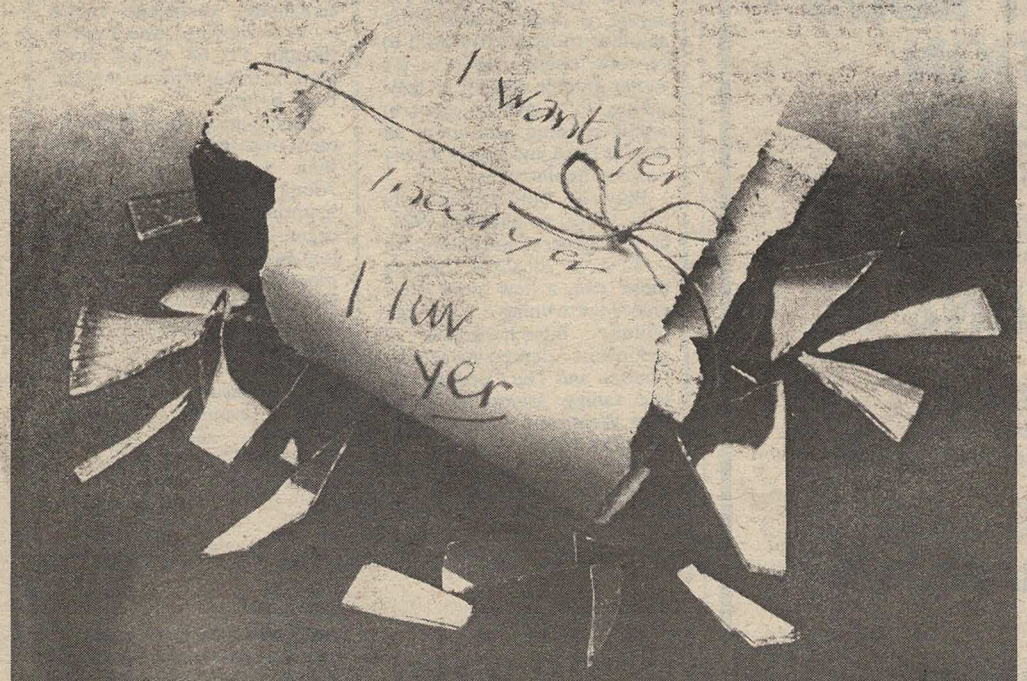
Dave Vanian started off in full Dracula gear but quickly shed slimy black accoutrements as the heat increased. His face looked whiter, his hair darker than ever before, and where T. V. Smith had stood above the audience, taunting them, Vanian seems to fling himself at them, weathering a storm of beer, spit and plastic glasses. He began the set by waving his hand at the audience in a gesture of contempt, but halfway in he's diving into the crowd, allowing them to heave him back onto the stage.

They play the old favourites from the album, some of them sounding better than ever with Lu's rhythm guitar allowing James not only room for fret-board manoeuvre but a chance to share more of the vocals than previously. The new songs don't sound nearly as strong, unfortunately. "Stretcher Case" is probably the best, but "Problem Child," the next single, doesn't have the punch of "New Rose" or "N-N-Neat."

"Politics," dedicated to the Nazi Party, is a new slice of elementary anarchy, and I thought, in the confusion of the moment, I heard the Captain dedicate "Sick Of Being Sick" to Presley. In case that's in bad taste I'll assume I'm wrong. "Take My Money" sounds promising.

With Vanian twining himself round the drum-kit like a mesmerised serpent, I was thinking this was about the best performance I'd seen from him. then things started to go wrong. The audience inevitably burst onto the stage and from then on the vocals were buried, Vanian was buried and Rat seemed to be trying to push the rest of the band much faster than they could go in those conditions. The second half of the set went from the blurred to the obscure. there's something about the venue that even two good bands had to struggle against. They say the place is going to be adapted and re-decorated for the new wave. It's going to be ". . . one big party." Perhaps they just shouldn't invite so many people.

Kim Davis



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Side Two
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Gatecrasher — **The Gorillas** *(January 1977)*
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Boomtown Rats/ Fruit-Eating Bears

SHEFFIELD TOP RANK

ONLY THE second "New Wave" night the Top Rank's put on, and the audience appeared to be even smaller than the first, a pathetically-attended affair featuring Slaughter & The Dogs and The Extras.

Even at the best of times, the place is cavernous; with so few people, the chances of a band creating any kind of atmosphere are practically zero.

It's to the Rats' credit — or, more particularly, vocalist Rob Geldoff's — that they ignored these drawbacks and came across as charged as in some small, sweaty club.

Fruit-Eating Bears, on the other hand, failed dismally — but then, their chances of arousing any reaction other than laughter must be pretty slim in any circumstances. The archetypal punk band, with no redeeming individual quirks and severely limited musical ability. Skin-tight leather trousers and comments like "This one's for all you old 'ippies with long 'air" do not a credible band make, especially when combined with indecipherable vocals and a dearth of musical skills. (Although they obviously fulfil some peoples' essential requirements).

I mean, surely a three-piece should be able to play *approximately* in time?

That they failed to obtain even *one* encore is a just reflection of their worth. The best thing about them, by a long stretch, is the name.

Interval time, and there's nothing quite as absurd, I realise, as a few dozen people trying to pogo but not really knowing what *exactly* they're supposed to do: like any other well-established youth culture, punk now displays a rigid reliance on Form which outweighs all the pro-individualist pleas of the Rottens and the Strummers. Missives from Central Office (the King's Road, natch) are acted upon with almost fascistic passion in the sticks. You expected anything else?

The Boom Town Rats, I am informed, are Not Punk. For one thing, they have a keyboard player: a dire transgression, *n'est-ce pas?* (Ah, yes. The Stranglers. But they're Not Punks, either, are they?). For another, their brand of high-energy R'n'B belies an overwhelming Stones influence, both visually and musically — and what could be more anathematical to a True Punk?

So who dictates these rules? The ones with bitten-off ears? The Boom Town Rats showed more grasp of how to *channel* energy than any band I've seen for a while; the brutalising tactics of such as Slaughter & The Dogs are simply clumsy by comparison.

Most of their live persona can be traced to vocalist Bob Geldoff, a front-man straight out of the Jagger mould: monopolising the view, stalking back and forth the length of the stage, a sneering bundle of malevolence akin to an angry caged tiger on speed. Even between songs, he's prowling around, taunting and threatening the audience, never letting the pressure drop, filling every available visual and aural gap. Cynic that I am, I was impressed.

The band were pretty hot, too, although they could comfortably exploit more fully the possibilities of the bass / drums / keyboards / 2 guitars line-up without losing any of their basic drive. Breaks were kept to a minimum, just the occasional guitar fillip to lend a song a hint of light and shade.

Where the Rats *do* have a few problems, though, is in their material. They're desperately in need of some good *tunes*, and lack a definitive "Ratstyle" to set them apart from other R'n'B bands. At present, their only memorable numbers are those with plundered riffs or styles: one song, called, I think, "Neon Light", has an annoyingly unavoidable resemblance to "Vicious" that devalues it completely; and "Joey", their most complex piece, shows that Phil Lynott ain't the only Irishman impressed by Springsteen. A street- life narrative about a friend of theirs in Dublin who died, it incorporates nearly all Brucie's trademarks, right down to the quiet, momentum-building middle-section and the "Papa sez he knows" — style chant.

"Lookin' After No. 1", their single and "New Wave" sampler contribution, was hammered home twice, but "Kicks", "She's So Modern" and "Do The Rat" remain with me only as names. And it's unfortunate that "Route 66" and "Barefootin' ", their two covers, have hooks with which the Rats' own material just can't compete.

Still, placed alongside most other punk bands (especially the execrable Fruit-Eating Bears), the Rats can't help but shine. What remains to be seen is whether their undeniable Stones resemblance is their making or their breaking. 'Cos there's no way of ignoring it.

Andy Gill

Once more the NME asks the question on the lips of thousands;

Is this woman a prat?

Yup, fraid 'so says PENNY REEL

Slits/Steel Pulse

CLOUDS, BRIXTON

"WE'RE THE SLITS — we play Slits Rock," lead warbler of this all-female four-piece instructed a mixed and bemused Clouds crowd last Friday night.

Billed as a "punk / funk / reggae gig", the entertainment attracted a motley audience of groovers. Slits fans *a la new wave;* black punks of the Donovan Letts variety — including the leader himself — adorned in locks, black leathers and "two sevens clash" motifs; soul souls of indeterminate sex and colour; plus various Clouds regulars. All of whom huddled in little groups among themselves watching each other dance.

The Slits have gained some notoriety for themselves on the premise of outrage. *"Oh, what a boring life,"* exclaimed their opening number, but The Slits looked far from bored delivering this nihilism. The lead guitarist was in a state of high sexual excitement, crashing out her crescending Heavy Metal riffs, while the lead singer obviously revelled in her rock'n'roll autonomy.

The remainder of the combo's set relied basically on the initial inspiration. Loud, spiteful, damning riffing, interspersed with reggae cliches — mostly culled from Tapper Zukie ah Warrior. A neat percentage of the audience, including The Slits' vocalist, sported their MPLA badges with pride.

"So Tough," "Slime", "Let's Do The Slit", "Love And Romance" — *"Right now the Slits have you under heavy manners, so pick up the rockers, strictly rockers I would play."*

How you mean, nah true!

Their final number was "No. 1 Enemy". The lady with the Patti Smith hairdo came over to the side of the stage where I was standing, pointed her finger at me, leered, and declared, "I'm gonna be your number one enemy."

"Babylon is public enemy number one," I yelled back.

"Shitcunt," she spat, "we're not into these heavy plastic safety-pin punk scenes — reggae is where it's at."

Yeah man, any man can go — but you can't go with no carnal mind to *rahtid.*

"Are you a journalist?"

"I-man a Rasta."

"It's people like you who're to blame."

"Have you felt the strain, Rasta took the blame, you no see't."

"I'm gonna be your number one enemy."

"Then take my fucking badge off."

Steel Pulse were a black, red, gold and green seven-piece reggae outfit. Doubtless, being thus complexioned, they've suffered as much shit as anyone. But . . . by contrast, their music was cool, restrained, adult and eminently danceable. The Slits and their followers crowded to the front of the stage to rock to the heavy beat, man!

"Run come rally round Rastaman camp," they chanted Freddie McGregor's classic, *"mek we chant some sounds."*

Between whiles, they dubbed it in an iffie dis company; sang the "Four Hundred Years" refrain *a cappella;* and sang "Respect For Jah", "Evening Time", "Weak Heart Back Weh, Move Arn Yah Now" and "Nyah Love."

"Long time, we no have no nice time, la la la la — think about that!"

If you feel like you have no reason for living, don't determine my life!

Penny Reel

JAZZ DIARY

ALEXANDRA Palace fouses a History of Jazz throughout September, with **Steve Lane's Southern Stompers** on 4th., the **London Jazz Big Band** and **Tony Lee Trio** on 11th., the **Ronnie Scott Quintet** and **Henry Lowther's Quarternity** on 18th., and **Barbara Thompson's Jubiaba** and **Julian Bahula's Jabula** on the 25th.

Jazz Centre Society's venues feature **John Stevens' Away** at The Phoenix on 24th. August, **Bobby Wellins Quintet** at the 7 Dials on 25th., **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia** at the Star & Garter on 27th., and the final presentation in the ICA Theatre's Jazz Now season on 28th., with the Barry Concert.

American singer **Joe Lee Wilson** is over here for a while yet, in great voice and turning up at all sorts of gigs, Pizza Express, 100 Club, Ronnie's. A real jazz singer like mother used to bake, he makes most pipes sound like plumbing. Catch him where you can. He's the best.

Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band starts its autumn tour at the Reading Jazz & Folk Festival on 29th., August, with special guest **Jimmy Witherspoon.** On 30th., August, the band are at the Esplanade Theatre, Bognor; 31st. **and 1st.** the Aquarius Club, Chesterfield; 2nd. at the Grand Prix Club, Brough; 3rd., 4th., and 5th., at the Town Halls of Stockport, Dewsbury and Kendal respectively.

In America Prestige have collared the three **Cecil Taylor** albums cut at the Fondation Maeght in 1969 — **Jimmy Lyons, Sam Rivers, Andrew Cyrille** — and re-released as a treble package. Fantasy have released a new **Bill Evans** album, 'Quintessence' with Kenny Burrell, Harold Land, Philly Joe and Ray Brown.

Pablo's recent output includes the magnificent 'The Main Man', which is incredibly drummer **Jo Jones'** first album as leader. Eldridge, Jaws, Edison and Dickenson are on hand, but the star is the old cat with the sticks. The boxed set of Tatum Group Masterpieces is being issued separately, which saves the punter from trading his mother, first crop being 'Art Tatum & Roy Eldridge', 'The Art Tatum Trio', 'Tatum, Hampton, Edison, Rich, Kessell, Callendar' and the indispensable 'Art Tatum & Ben Webster'. More from Oscar with 'The Giants', **Peterson, Pass & Brown.**

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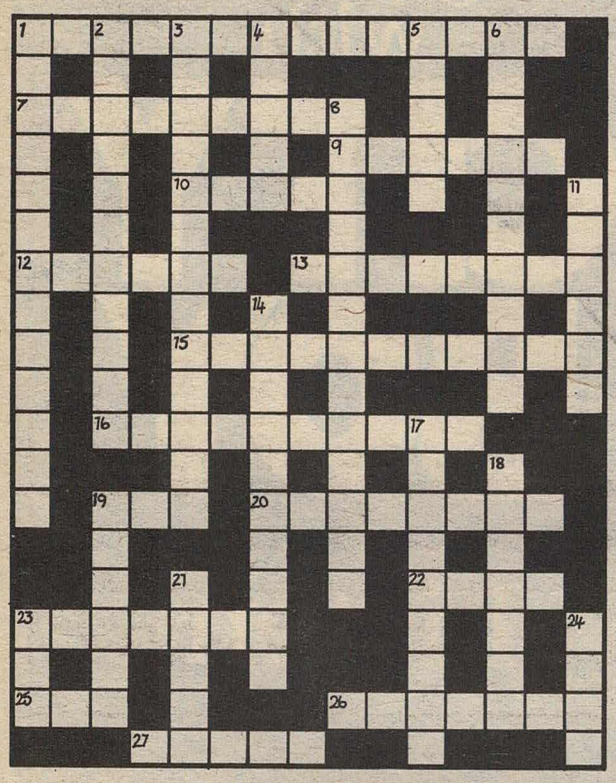

ACROSS

1 From de guys who brought you . . . uh . . . "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker" (7,2,5)
7 The Peter Green version Fleetwood Mac's two times hit
9 Whose Clown?
10 Old Slowhand's finest hour?
12 Joni elpee
13 Bouyant (ouch!) soulsters
15 Roxy Music in the Green Belt (7,4)
16 U.S. '60s girl group who cut the classic bikers' anthem
19 A Doctor of Madness with Eagles song connections
20 An Eagle with James Gang connections (3,5)
22 A Pistol with culinary connections
23 Jerry Lieber's writing partner
25 E.g. Simon & Garfunkel, Romeo & Juliet, that sort of thing
26 See 24
27 See 17

DOWN

1 There is no truth in the rumour that Willy DeVille wrote it after promenading on Benidorm pier (7,6)
2 Southside's boys from Springbean's park (6,5)
3 A.k.a. R. Penniman Esquire, the Georgia Peach (6,7)
4 Roller, or Dust Bowl Balladeer
5 Wooly hats and elaborately matted hair distinguishing features though this species often hides itself behind large clouds of smoke
6 Andre's ex-missus (4,6)
8 Zimmerman's ex-fiddler (7,6)
11 Sorta churchy music, like
14 Their "In The Summertime" was *the* summer hit of 1970 (5,5)
17 & 27 The new wave chart action started (approximately) here (7,2,3,1,1)
18 Teen idols as was . . . you've got to feel sorry for Little Jimmy — over the hill at (approximately) twelve!
19 Formed out of assorted Arrivals, a couple of Grease Banders and several others
21 New wavers, political wing
23 A. N. Other Pistol
24 & 26 "Lark's Tongues In Aspic" was their best latterday album

ACROSS: 1 Alessi; 4 Carole (King); 8 Little Feat; 10 King; 11 Randy Newman; 13 "Dreams"; 14 Deneice Williams; 16 Henry Vestine; 18 Wings; 20 Hudson Ford; 22 "Lay Lady Lay"; 23 Phil (Manzanera); 24 Al Stewart.

DOWN: 1 "All Around The World"; 2 Elton John; 3 "Silly Love"; 5 Rat (Scabies); 6 Lick; 7 Donna Summer; 9 Freddie Mercury; 12 "Made In The Shade"; 15 Lennon; 17 "Rag Doll"; 19 Foghat; 21 Dolby.

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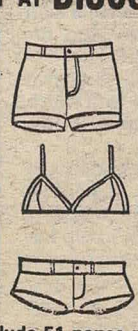

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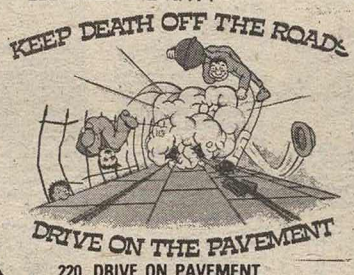

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WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

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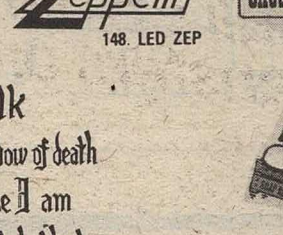
706. REJECT



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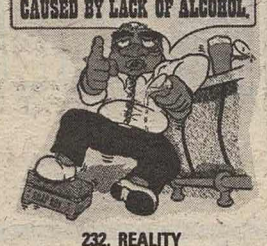

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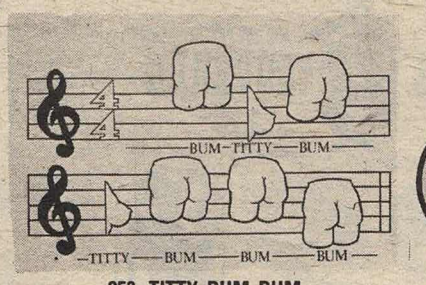
254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH



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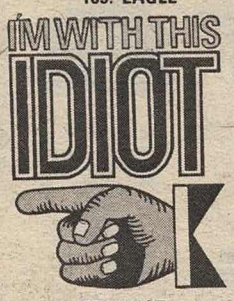

679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

214. BIONIC COCK

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

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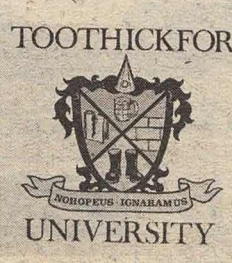

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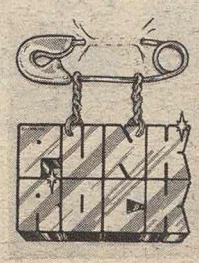

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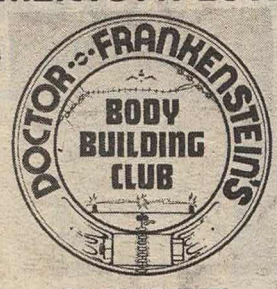

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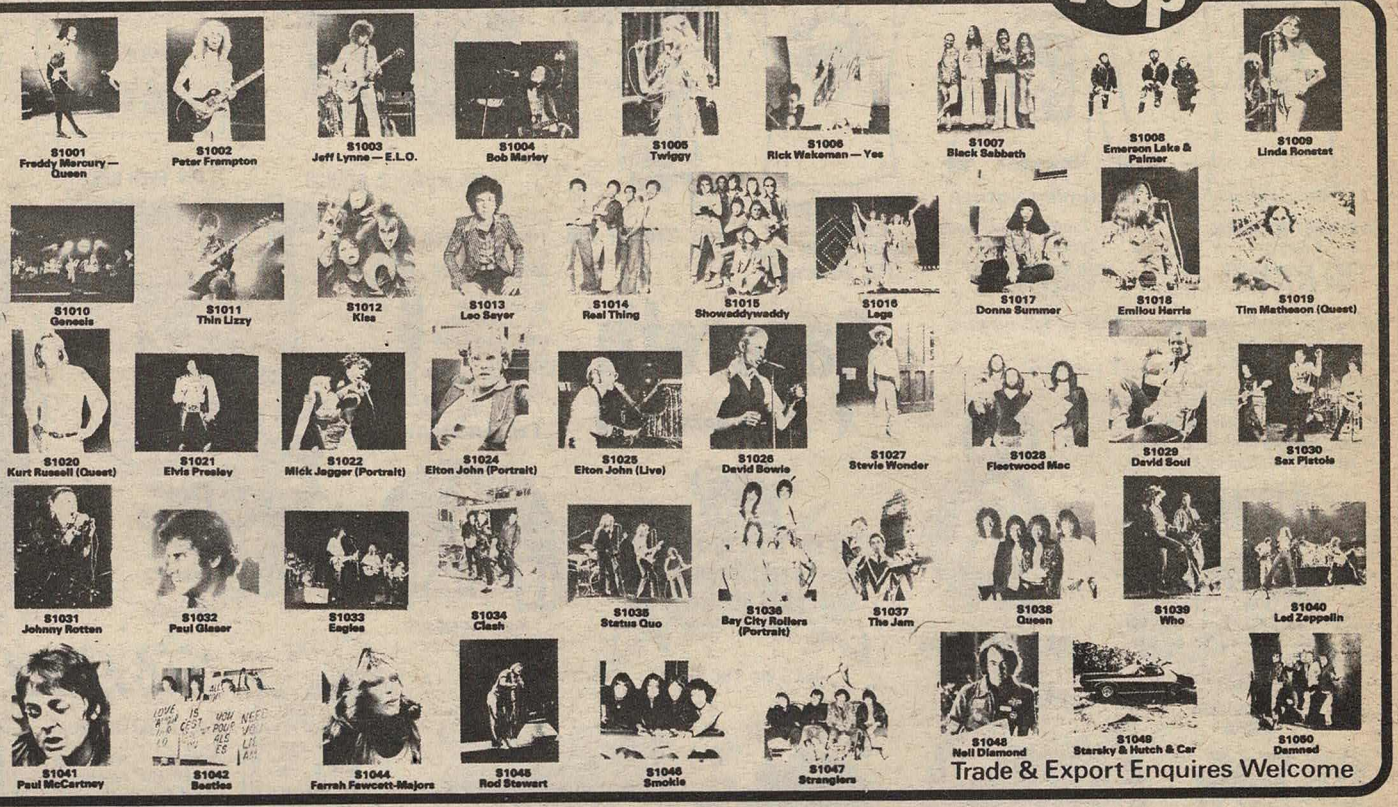

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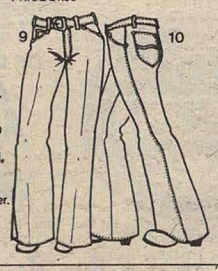

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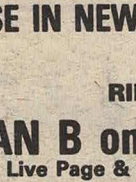

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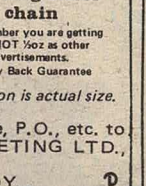

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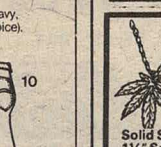
G13 Yes



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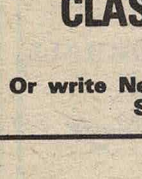


G2 Kiss

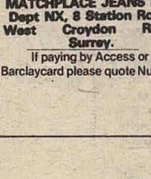
G3 Eagles

G4 Frampton

G5 Fleetwood Mac

G1 Wings

G7 Led Zeppelin



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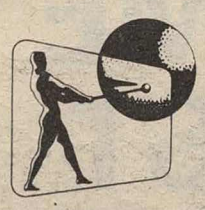

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I CAN'T say I was surprised at the article on the National Front march in last week's *NME,* but it still made me vomit.

It's doublethink, of course. The old "I have a right to use violence because my opponent is such a shit" line. One can't argue against such beliefs, unfortunately, because their proponents have such closed minds that the only argument they recognise is a knife in the gut, or a smashed skull.

The fact is that violence is wrong. Period. It doesn't matter whether it's the PLO attacking a Jewish school, Mugabe's henchmen blowing up Woolworths in Salisbury, Pinochet's tortures or the CIA's murders. It's wrong.

The National Front are a bunch of evil thugs — but so long as they don't break the law, they have a moral right (no matter how *amoral* their views), to speak, meet, and, yes, march. Just like the SWP. The NF aren't great respecters of the law themselves, but on this occasion they were ostensibly breaking none.

It's easy to say that they're so evil they should forfeit that right — but who then decides where such a line is drawn? And what if he also draws it at the SWP?

The SWP are just another NF with a different name — a sort of negative of the NF print. They're using the same methods, and with the same (yes, basically the same) objects. Power.

They know that in our society they will never exercise any power through the present legitimate processes. And why not? Simply because they represent nobody (but themselves). Certainly not the workers, or the blacks — though they'll use them, sure enough, and abuse them. Just like the NF. Power is their object — just like Pinochet or Chiang Kai-Shek or Kim Il Sung or Brezhnev. Ultimate, absolute power.

It's not enough to say, either, that the NF march was provocative. If we all had the right to physically prevent anyone who provoked us from expressing their views, we'd all be smashing each other to pulp.

No, the way to defeat the NF is by contempt not violence (which plays into their hands — they won more support on Saturday and Monday through the actions of the SWP than they ever would have done otherwise). Let them march, and let them be ignored. All they want is a black or a 'long-haired red' to throw a brick to have won (in their own mind, and in the minds of a great many ordinary, if dim, people) their argument.

This isn't the Weimar republic, and the NF haven't got an Adolf Hitler. Comparisons are nonsensical. The NF are fascists and we know what fascists have done and will do if given the chance. We'll deny them that chance — but not by violence. They will never gain power in this country unless the other fascists provide them with the ammunition (by way of using knives, clubs, and ammonia on the fuzz and disagreeable marchers) to shoot down what few freedoms we've gouged ourselves in this rotten little world.

The NF are moronic trash — people like Parsons and Burchill are little better.

Love and Peace

MIKE PARKER, London SE1

WHAT IS off-pissing is the way Parsons and friend apply the same presumptions and cant "rock impressionism" (saw you on the TV, Tony) that usually makes for good, if biased, copy when writing about music to the Lewisham clash and come to the conclusion that anyone with a conscience should be out there the next time hurling bricks and abuse.

Why the bricks? Unless you actually cut off all the NF members' heads, what good is this going to do except promote more physical friction on which the NF thrive (all the fuss which got them 3rd at Ladywood).

It's their ideas you're fighting, we're all fighting, and you can't do that by denting the skulls which encase them. You can't take away their freedom of speech without joining the ranks of those who would do the same to the Pistols — "sick . . . pathetic . . . twisted" — with the same justifications, no matter how passionately righteous you feel about it.

So the NF appeal to prejudice in a depressed era and haven't got any ideological basis beyond "kick out the wogs", but that doesn't mean you have to fight them with the same weapons they would use if they became large enough; the mobs and the violence. Let them be seen for what they are before it really is too late, speak for themselves, before the fervour lifts them far higher than they could climb.

And what's with the romantic bullshit about the horror of seeing the "police-escorted . . . NF? Come on, the police aren't on their side, however appealing it is to riot - of - my - own feelings.

And that crap about "our" music being "for the Revolution."

What fucking Revolution? 'Anarchy,' 'Self-rule,' or equally glib 'Love and Peace'? Do you snort it up your nose, take it down your lungs or shoot it in your veins? I bet Birmingham girls will think it refers to a new dance or disco, cos they're not very hip about lines, are they?

While your reporters are massaging their self-images and out-hipping the entire universe they are advocating a useless violence that can only increase NF stature.

Over to you. Yuk.

ADDY EICHMANN, Wantage

THE NAZIS got in in 1930s Germany because people got pissed off with the traditional right and the new left. The Nazis got themselves *elected.*

Fighting the Front on the streets like at Lewisham only gives the media a chance to label the left "Fascist Reds" and gives the Front cast iron proof that "law and order" is crumbling before our very eyes. The left get a bad enough press in this country without this street violence.

The real winners at Lewisham were the Front—were there any reports about them fighting the police? Britain's Policemen are wonderful, just and fair — try telling Mister Average Voter anything else.

Thus, as far as most people who read and believe the papers are concerned, the left were the real thugs and the real threat to "democracy." As far as I'm concerned they blew it completely.

Fighting the Front in the street is on their (the Front's) cretinous level. Instead of you advocating that as well, just keep your readership informed re. what a load of shit the Front is.

If the Front get elected it will be because the electorate have lost their faith in all the other parties, i.e. a last resort.

Finally, you gotta fight the Front with intelligence not muscle. Hitler was intelligent enough to realise that pure Jewbaiting wouldn't get him in. He toned down his act for the more delicate of his voters.

Attacking NF marches only gets the left a bad name and the Front a whole lot of misplaced sympathy. Sad, but political reality. Oppressed movements of all sorts have a habit of thriving best when most oppressed.

WORRIED, Chester

Some of us here agree (me and others), some of us don't (Parsons and Burchill). No-one's mention the fact that the whole thing could have been avoided by responsible police action — that is, banning the march. — N.S.

TONY PARSONS' review of Sham 69 really pissed me off. So Jimmy Pursey picks on some student in his audience who "stinks of middle-class blandness" (how brave of him).

One paragraph later Parsons tells us that Pursey "howls with hurt" because his "entire life" was decided by his birth. Well, what about his middle-class victim? What did he do? Choose his parents?

It's just one miserable example of the kind of reverse elitism that's crept into punk already ("I'm more street than thou") and what a drag it is. Punk's the best thing to hit us in ten years because it's inventive, creative and original, and I for one don't need to see anyone's class credentials before recognising those virtues.

Come to think of it, if that really is the attitude of Pursey & Parsons, then Sham 69 ain't a bad name for the group.

DAVID BOURNE, London NW4.

THERE IS a bit of double-think going on in Mr. Parsons' brain at the moment. I was considerably cheered to see in his review of Sham 69 that he obviously dislikes "the oh-so-fashionable romanticism of street violence by middle-class students who love the sight of blood . . . so long as it ain't their own". Really? So how come he turned up at the Lewisham Circus? Or was that written by Julie 'London Lady' Burchill?

SUSIE, an ex-middle-class-romantic student (now a labourer's wife).

I HAVE just read with interest your "Four pages of fun with the Sex Pistols". Most of it was very good as are most of CSM's articles. Why spoil an otherwise good story by including blatantly prejudiced bullshit?

I am referring to page 23, column 2, first paragraph.

"In Britain, if the police were informed that the Sex Pistols and/or their fans were getting the shit whacked out of them somewhere, the most you could expect would be that they'd show up an hour or two later to count the bodies and bust the survivors (if any) for threatening behaviour".

I thought that this was *NME* and not the *News of the World.* In nearly every issue you try to find a bit of scandal about the Police — a subject that you obviously know sweet F.A. about. If I saw an article about the Sex Pistols in *Police Review* it would probably be equally inaccurate.

As you may have gathered I am a Police Constable. During the course of my work I have to meet and deal with every type of person, and until they break the law they are all the same to me. It doesn't matter whether they like the Sex Pistols or Beethoven.

Why don't you lay off the Police until you know "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth"? While I have been writing this I have been playing "The Ramones Leave Home" and a rather good recording of The Stranglers live. I also have all three Pistols singles, The Ramones first album, and about 100 other albums, ranging from Steve Hillage to Black Sabbath. It used to be possible, in my younger days, to see me behind the turntables of my disco with a light and bitter in my hand and a joint in the other. I have since given up the killer weed but I daresay if it was legalised I would smoke again.

Perhaps this will show you that even the Police are human — or at least most of us.

GABBA GABBA NICK

CSM sez if he ever gets nicked, he hopes it's you.

HAVING JUST watched *All My Loving* on BBC 2, I cannot help but gain the following impressions:

(a) Tony Palmer was as ignorant in 1968 as he undoubtedly is today.

(b) A certain amount of hyporisy exists in the attitudes of a medium which feels it necessary to ban appearances of The Sex Pistols on the grounds of taste, yet allows uncensored atrocity snaps to be cut into TV film of Jimi Hendrix.

MICK CLADDEN, West Yorkshire.

(a) I'll let you in on something T.P. said in 1969 — the first rock record he ever heard was "Sergeant Pepper". How's that for middle class bandwagon jumping? (He was, after all, knocking on 30).

(b) Hypocrisy yes — but not because of Palmer's Vietnam atrocity clips but because of all the 'Starsky and Hutch' type series that glorify and promote violence, not to mention other lapses of 'taste' too numerous and horrific to catalogue. — N.S.

I THINK the Willy de Ville cover stinks. How about saving the snake as well as the whale?

Why persecute about 3,000 snake species just because 150 or so are dangerous? Mr. De Ville can count me out from buying any of his records, he won't get any of my money to help make him flash.

A CONSERVATIONIST.

Fangs for the thought *Gasbag* is the friend of all living creatures — N.S.

MY nomination for 'Hot young stud around town' goes to Nick Lowe because if it isn't Stiff it really isn't worth a fuck.

MICHELLE

You been reading too many record company T-Shirts. — N.S.

ARE YOU really employing graceless sexist M. Smith full-time on your organ? Did you really pay him good money for his review of the Bonnie Raitt concert? I would wax more splenetic, but I fear that the gent don't deserve the compliment of rational opposition.*

I don't read NME to be bored, Monty.

VIVIANNE CROOT, London.

* © Jane Austen. Some people say she did all right for a girl.

And quite a few readers said the same for Ms. Raitt. But before you go round calling Monty "graceless" you should see the way he balances a can of beer while typing. — N.S.

ELVIS Presley dead, we may as well pack up and go home. Come in Rock 'n' Roll your time is up!

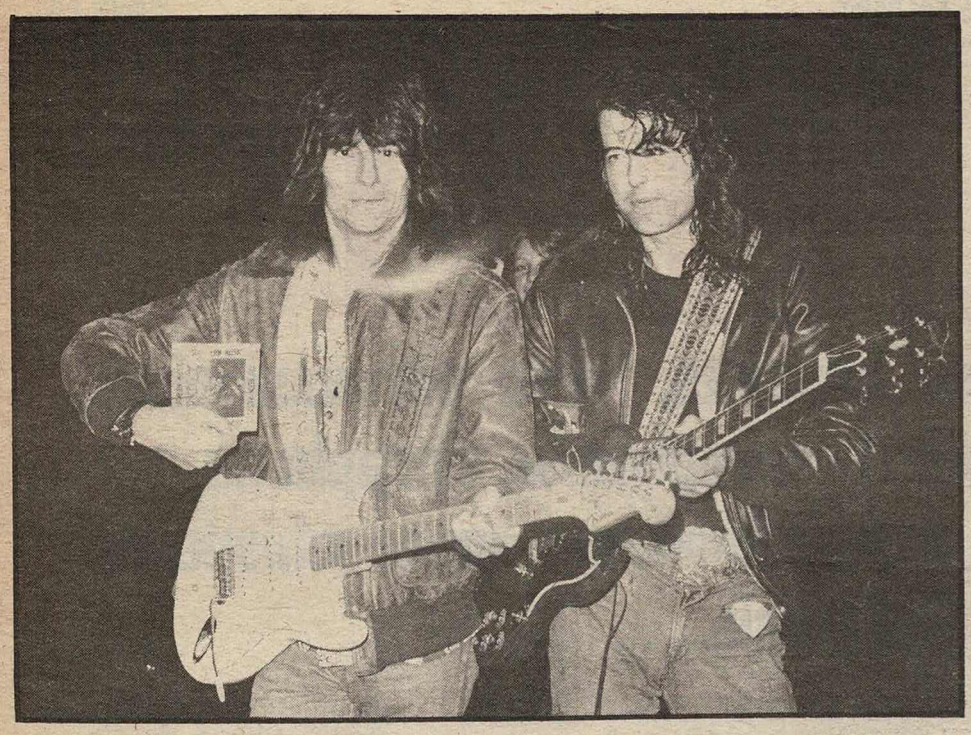
SHAKIN' STEVENS/PAUL BARRETT (Manager), Glamorgan, S. Wales.

Rock 'n' Roll's time was up a long while back, but thank God, it didn't know when to quit. — N.S.

Now The Bag says:

WHY HUMANS MUST COME FIRST

Readers' Letters Edited by NEIL SPENCER



HONEST RON WOOD (left) and JIMMY PAGE offering their services for a Presley Tribute. But this time it'll be better publicised than the Dynamic Duo's charity gig for under privile ged children (Teazers, last week).

teazers

SO SAD about **Elvis.** But firstly a pre-emptive explanation: the reason we've exercised a certain restraint in our coverage this issue is that it is now eight or nine days since the event, and we figured that most of you would by now have had your fill of tributes, life stories, secrets, rumours, innuendo, scandal and all the rest of it in less august journals than this . . .

But the memory . . . the memory lingers on.

The overwhelming demand for Presley products is causing London retail outlets all kinds of problems. Hammersmith's Flyover Records had one man spend £180 on Elvis discs in *two* days.

And it's not just the oldies shops that are experiencing difficulties in replenishing the browser bins — HMV are disconcerted at the stock shortage. It has been said that RCA sold two million Presley records in the 24 hours following El's demise, but publicist **Rodney Burbeck** was reluctant to confirm this. "Obviously the demand is considerable," said Rod, "But I would treat that sort of figure with some circumspection." However, Burbeck did confirm that some shops were having difficulty in obtaining sufficient stocks and that RCA were "coping as best they can" with demand . . .

Not only has **Diana Dors** sold her soul to the *Sunday People* (see *Thrills*), but **Dorothy Squires** issued a press release the day after Presley's exit insisting that he liked nothing better than listening to her rendition of "My Mother's Day". Cute . . .

Talking of tacky tributes, Thames TV's abysmal effort on Wednesday last ought to haunt them — and presenter **Michael Wale** — for some time to come. The programme closed with **Joe Brown** (sic) performing a couple of Elvis numbers as a form of "musical tribute" — at least Brown had the decency to look confused and embarrassed as to what he was doing there . . .

Following a film preview screening last week, the *Daily Mail*'s movie critic **Margaret**

KEEF

Hinxman, patently distraught at the BBC's extensive coverage of Presley's death, was heard to remark, "I just couldn't believe it. I mean, if he were **Joan Crawford** or someone . . ." Maybe she meant **Errol Flynn . . .**

And one US radio reporter, obviously tired and probably emotional, after viewing Elvis' body lying-in-state: "He was dressed all in white, had on a blue shirt, and looked extremely pale . . ."

So sad too that the great anarchist **Groucho Marx** should choose the same week to kick the bucket. He was 81 (but he told everyone he was 86) and although *The Times'* obituary was slightly longer than Elvis', Groucho was not afforded the dubious dignity of being addressed as *Mister.* The King was . . .

Orchestra leader and arranger **Johnny Spence** died, like Elvis, of a heart attack at age 42. Spence, best-known for his fruitful association with **Tom Jones,** had just been appointed head of MAM records in Hollywood . . .

Now that the Elvis aftermath has died down, the popular press are keeping the punters occupied with news of marital mishaps and co-habitating cock-ups. **Mick** and **Bianca,** it seems, are in an on-going on-off situation, whilst **Rod** and **Britt** have temporarily called it quits. Who cares . . .?

Best news in a black week is that **The Muppets** return at the end of September. Their guest stars include **Elton John, Judy Collins, Peter Sellers, Rudolf Nureyev** and **John Cleese . . .**

Going by an interview in *Circus* magazine, **The Dictators** want to be as 'universal' as **Kiss** and **Aerosmith.** "A lot of people would consider us Nazis and stuff," says **Ross Friedman.** "But I don't get that at all." **Handsome Dick Manitoba** maintains, "It's a tough name and rock'n'roll's supposed to be tough . . ." So what's **CSM** doing in it asks *Teazers* . . .

When Arista were bidding for **Tom Robinson**'s services, EMI sent them a telegram reading "Hands off". Tom, meanwhile, is itching to pencil in a Hitlerite moustache on the big **Cliff Richard** pic adorning Manchester Square's portals . . .

Punk rock? It's a plot to undermine Communism, squire. "No matter how carefully they try to clean it up, it will remain the most reactionary offspring of the bourgeois mass culture". So says the Soviet Young Communist League newspaper. What took them so long . . .?

Whatever, another punk band bites the dust. **New Hearts** are expected to sign a reputedly lucrative deal with CBS. "We hate the star machine . . ." say New Hearts, as lead guitarist **Dave Cairns** awaits delivery of his new TR7 . . .

Albion Agency's **Dai Davies** a mite miffed at **Phil McNeill**'s Roxy Club piece in last week's ish, in which McNeill asserted that Roxy's punk policy took Albion by surprise. Not quite true. From March 26 last year until the Roxy's autumn opening, the Nashville presented **The Stranglers** (16 times), **The Vibrators** (10), **The Damned** (thrice), **Wire** and **Chelsea** (twice), **The Boys** (once) and **The Sex Pistols** four times, including several debut public performances. The Red Cow also put on Stranglers, Damned and Vibrators many times. "A smack on the botty for Mr McNeill," says Dai . . .

Raymond Douglas Davies (no relation), meanwhile, probably has stiffer punishment in mind for Our Phil than a sore bum. The King Konk was visibly distraught in an airport lounge on **The Kinks'** last American tour, mainly because he'd just been reading Phil's marathon Davies retrospective (in *NME* a while back). With his fellow schoolboys in disgrace, Ray tore up the offending issue and then proceeded to soak *NME* in liquid substances not entirely unrelated to certain bodily functions. He should see what happens to Kinks records in our office . . .

But to return to the *other* Elvis for a mo'. Publicist Glen Colson ticks off *Teazers,* insisting that Mr Costello's glasses are for real. Moreover, when **Joe Strummer** tried them on he walked into a wall. But then wouldn't he have done that anyway . . .?

On **Mike Douglas'** daytime TV chat show in America, **Max Romeo** told his startled host that 'you folks' smoked dope to get high, whereas 'his folks' smoked for spiritual reasons. Quick cut to commercials, then Max was back with "War In Babylon", received by the blue-rinsed matrons in the studio audience in a stunned and stoney silence . . .

Obviously casting avaricious eyes at **George Benson**'s huge crossover success in the States, Elektra/Asylum — the folks who brought you **Joni, Judy** and **Jackson** — are launching a progressive (sic) jazz outlet. "It's the coming music," reckons chief talent scout **Don Mizell** (A Doctor) . . .

Bobby Zimmerman (A Musician) planning another **Rolling Thunder** bash in mid-November. His wife is not expected to accompany him . . .

A few surprising 'Desert Island Dates' in the *Sunday Mirror:* **Frankie Howerd** wants to be stranded with **Mary Whitehouse, Reggie Bosanquet** with **Muppet Miss Piggy** (Wiggy and Piggy?) and **Cliff Richard** chose **Farrah Fawcett-Majors** "so that she can give me tennis lessons". A likely story, Cliff . . .

When **The Dead Boys** played Toronto's Crash And Five club, over $200 was flung at them. "Youse guys piss and we've got money," was the Canuck fans reasoning. "Sure beats getting bottles thrown at us," commented DB **Jimmy Zero** . . .

Because of a recent *News Of The World* interview, **Dee Generate**'s mum and dad have had to move house after all their windows had been smashed . . .

999 now pro full-time, giving up jobs as postal clerk, GLC groundsman, hall porter and painter . . .

Johnny Thunders married last week to **Julie,** longtime girlfriend and mother of two-year-old **Little Johnny Thunders.** Lending moral support: **Leee Black Childers, Walter Lure, Billy Rath** and **Wayne County . . .**

Now that his Mercury contract is up, **Randy California** reportedly working again with **Jay (Spirit, Jo Jo Gunne) Ferguson.** But **Ed Cassidy** still doesn't figure in Randy's plans . . .

After a happy reconciliation holiday in Japan, **Gregg Allman** and **Cher** have been told that if he doesn't cut out da booze (beer and scotch mainly) he'll be a stiff stiff within the year . . .

Finally, to appease fanatical Neasden AFC supporter **CSM** (and because the Big Kick Off heralded the usual terrace high-jinx), it's a return for the cryptic football *Teazer:* Ashen-faced **Dave Sexton** (Man. Utd supremo) bids for *Pseuds Corner* in his recent instructional manual, wherein he compares ball control to the music of one **J. S. Bach.** Go tell that to **Norman Hunter . . .**

Actor BEN VEREEN (left) and chat-show host MIKE DOUGLAS flank MAX ROMEO. See Teazer.

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The DADDY of 'em all.

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GONG LIVE ETC.

Four guitarists, nine drummers, four bassists, three percussionists, two keyboard wizards, one flautist / saxophonist, vibraphone, xylophone and glockenspiel players, one violinist, one space whisperer and six years of beautiful music.....

GONG #1 APRIL 1971 to DECEMBER 1972

Seemingly experiencing a constantly shifting and shuffling personnel. Toured Britain in Winter 1971

Recorded 2 albums: 'CONTINENTAL CIRCUS' (French Philips label · 1971) and "CAMEMBERT ELECTRIQUE' (Byg 529·353 · 1971, and released in UK on Virgin VC 502 in June 1974).

additionally, these 4 played drums during this period

DAEVID ALLEN guitar/vocals · GILLY SMYTH vocals · DIDIER MALHERBE sax/flute · CHRISTIAN TRITSCH bass · LAURIE ALLAN drums (replaced) · PIP PYLE drums (returned to Hatfield & the North) · CHARLES HAYWARD drums · MAC POOLE drums · ROB TAIT drums · DI BOND drums

GONG #2 DECEMBER 1972 to FEBRUARY 1973

contributed to the Glastonbury Fayre album (recorded June 1971), released by Revelation Records

Having signed with Virgin Records, they recorded & released 'THE FLYING TEAPOT' · (Virgin V2002 · May 1973), which was their first real British release, although they had

DAEVID ALLEN guitar/vocals · GILLY SMYTH vocals · TIM BLAKE Synthesiser · STEVE HILLAGE guitar · DIDIER MALHERBE sax/flute · FRANCIS MOZE bass (see Gong #5) · CHRISTIAN TRITSCH guitar (Lost in France) · LAURIE ALLAN drums · RACHID HOUARI congas (had also been in Gong during the formative stages)

In Spring 73, Daevid Allen and Gilly Smyth packed it in for a couple of months

PARAGONG MARCH 1973 to MAY 1973

Did a few gigs during their boss's holiday

TIM BLAKE Synthesiser · STEVE HILLAGE guitar · DIDIER MALHERBE sax/flute · MIKE HOWLETT bass · PIERRE MOERLEN drums

Pierre Moerlen joined from the Strasbourg Conservatory, and Mike Howlett was formerly with two British bands – Quadrille & Highway

GONG #3 JUNE 1973 to JULY 1975

Most of the group played. Moerlen left after recording 'Angels Egg', returned to cut 'You', and left again – only to return in July 75

Recorded two albums during this period: 'ANGEL'S EGG' (Virgin V 2007 · November 1973) and 'You' (Virgin V 2019 · November 1974). There was also the first solo album by guitarist Steve Hillage: 'FISH RISING' (Virgin V2031 · April 1975), on which

DAEVID ALLEN guitar/vocals · GILLY SMYTH vocals · TIM BLAKE Synthesiser (left in March 1975 to go solo) · STEVE HILLAGE guitar · DIDIER MALHERBE sax/flute · MIKE HOWLETT bass · PIERRE MOERLEN drums · LAURIE ALLAN drums · ROB TAIT drums · DI BOND drums · BILL BRUFORD drums (to National Health) · BRIAN DAVISON drums (ex Nice, Refugee, David Essex Band)

at various times

David & Gilly left in April 1975 to return to their home in Majorca, where he is writing an exhaustive Tolkien-style history of the mythical planet Gong. He also found time to make an album with a local group called Euterpe. The album, 'GOOD MORNING' was released on Virgin V2054 · May 1976

GONG #4 JULY 1975 to JUNE 1976

Summer 76, the group split down the middle and half of them left

Recorded one album: 'SHAMAL' (Virgin 2046 · February 1976). Following their European tour of

DIDIER MALHERBE sax · MIREILLE BAUER xylophone glockenspiel & percussion · PIERRE MOERLEN drums · STEVE HILLAGE guitar · MIKE HOWLETT bass/vocals (left to work on a solo album in his London Studio) · PATRICE LEMOINE keyboards ex Catherine Ribeiro (Returned to Paris in July 75) · JORGE PINCHEVSKY violin (ex Clear Light..... joined in Jan, having played on 'Shamal') (Left in July 1976 after being refused re-entry to UK on grounds of being an undesirable alien.... numerous drug offences, etc.)

GONG #5 JULY 1976 to APRIL 1977

Malherbe, the only survivor from the original Gong, located the missing Moze and recruited new members to record the latest album 'GAZEUSE' (Virgin V2074 · Jan 1977)

ALLAN HOLDSWORTH guitar ex Soft Machine (to new group formed by Bill Bruford) · FRANCIS MOZE bass · MINO CINELOU percussion ex sessions · DIDIER MALHERBE Sax · BENOIT MOERLEN vibraphone · MIREILLE BAUER xylo/glock/etc · PIERRE MOERLEN drums

GONG #6 MAY 1977 to THE PRESENT

American bassist Rowe and are currently cutting a new album

Following the dispersal of Gong #5, the remaining nucleus found

HANNY ROWE bass · BENOIT MOERLEN vibraphone · MIREILLE BAUER xylophone/glockenspiel/etc · PIERRE MOERLEN drums

Having been de-barred re-entry into Britain when the Soft Machine returned from France in September 1967, Allen returned to Paris to set up "situations where as many people as possible can play and be together". His first post Soft Machine group ("a large number of musicians and singers") landed a gig at a Paris Club, "improvising around nothing for hours on end, completely stoned". A series of prototype Gongs played "total space music" until the Paris student revolution, after which 2 members of his current group were busted, and Daevid and Gilli were temporarily chased out of the city by "the Gestapo".

Allen subsequently signed with Byg Records in Paris (owned by one Karakos – "the Castro of the recording industry" according to Allen) and made 'MAGICK BROTHER MYSTIC SISTER' (1970) during the recording of which he met most of Gong #1. Also cut 'BANANA MOON' (Byg 529·345 – 1971). Now see above.

Steve Hillage left in December 1975, and subsequently found fame and worship as a solo artist. Released second solo album: 'L.' (Virgin V2066 · September 1976)

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